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SOME ASPECTS OF THE MODERN NOVEL.*

A great and portentous change is passing over the character and spirit of English literature. The startling development of our social civilization, which has advanced with an increasing rate of progression during the last half-century, has nowhere produced more significant results than in the field of letters. Old lines of demarcation, which severed the sphere of the novel from adjacent realms of authorship, are being rapidly obliterated, and an army of novelists invades territories hitherto held the special province of the scientist, the moral philosopher, the historian, and even the theologian. Works of fiction, treating of every conceivable subject, flood the book market, and the stream swells yearly in volume and rapidity. The ubiquity of fiction is manifest in every

direction—in the new publishing houses which have sprung into the front rank through the almost exclusive publication of books of this class, and in their intrusion into hitherto unwonted prominence in the advertising columns of those long-standing and stately firms which we have been accustomed to associate only with the issue of works of serious and standard value. Statesmen do not disdain to employ the leisure which the Front Opposition bench affords in criticism or appreciation of outstanding romances; and purple patches, culled from them, though not always openly acknowledged, find their place in pulpit utterances. The novel in varied guise, as short or serial story, forms the staple of the more popular magazines, and elaborate discussions of the

*¹ "Audrey." By Mary Johnston, Author of "By Order of the Company" and "The Old Dominion." (London: Constable and Co., 1902.)

² "The Lady Paramount." By Henry Harland, Author of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box." (London: John Lane, 1902.)

³ "The Hound of the Baskervilles. Another Adventure of Sherlock Holmes." By A. Conan Doyle, Author of "Micah Clarke, &c." (London: George Newnes, 1902.)

⁴ "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." By Ian Maclare, with eight illustrations from etchings by William Hole, R. S. A. Thirteenth edition, completing the ninetieth thousand. (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1901.)

⁵ "A Window in Thrums." By J. M. Barrie, with twelve illustrations from etchings by William Hole, R. S. A. Eighteenth edition. (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1902.)

⁶ "Colloquies of Criticism; or Literature and Democratic Patronage." (London: Fisher Unwin, 1901.)

⁷ "William Black, Novelist." A biography by Wemyss Reid, Author of "Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster" and "Life, Letters and Friendships of Richard Monckton Milnes, First Lord Houghton. (London: Cassell and Co. and Sampson Low, Marston and Co., 1902.)

foremost writers of fiction and their works are interspersed amongst articles on the deepest problems—political, economical, and social—in the highest-class reviews. Even the newspaper press—the proud aristocrat of contemporary democratic civilization—pays its court to fiction, and relies upon its aid to promote and sustain its weekly circulation. Among all classes, rich and poor, learned and simple, in these days of universal rudimentary education the novel sweeps the field.

Let anyone take up at random the notices of novels for a single month—say in the *Times* Literary Supplement—and he will gain some conception of the variety and extent of topics embraced in the modern novel. Here is such an illustration gathered from very recent numbers. The writers range from Venice to the Pampas, from the Essex coast to the gum country of New Zealand, from wild Welsh mountains to cosy riverside villas on the Thames, from Finland to the United States of North America, from the dwellers in New Grub Street to the Teutonic Knights of the Cross in the Polish Marches. The characters delineated and the incidents portrayed are as widely diversified as the scenes on which they are made to play their parts. We know nothing to which we can compare the industry of modern novelists in their search after fresh materials to work upon, save the indefatigable enthusiasm with which the scientific naturalist ransacks the remotest corners of unknown and virgin regions in quest of a fresh orchid or some uncatalogued lepidoptera. It might have been supposed that all available material was long since exhausted; but whilst real genius will always prove “the old, old story” to be worth retelling, modern ingenuity finds topics for imaginative handling in the most unpromising di-

rections—in the Zionist Movement, for example, in the *fin de siècle* company promoter, in the Tammany ring, in the wild ravings of a half-insane gum-digger, in the dissection and display of the innermost heart of a solitary Spanish priest “unhinged by vain passion and wandering amongst the dying gods of dead civilization.” The area over which the modern novelist roams is illimitable, and it will take ages before he will have to sit down and weep that no more worlds are left for him to conquer.

The future student of our time will mark with curious interest this singular feature of our literary development. The modern novel is not only ubiquitous, it is omnivorous, and apparently exhausts the literary productiveness of the day. An age of unexampled intellectual activity, as witnessed in the unceasing issue of new books, is for the moment barren of sterling literature. Since Tennyson and Browning we have no great poet; since Gardiner, Creighton, and Stubbs no great historian. Outstanding books on theology or moral philosophy, or, since Darwin and Tyndal and Huxley have gone from us, even on the physical science which is the boast of our era, are conspicuous by their absence. Ours is an epoch of criticism and commentaries, of minor poems and *vers de société*, of associated essays and tentative suggestions, of popular handbooks and co-operative dictionaries, of specialist periodicals, of dainty editions and aesthetic picture-books. The one section of contemporary authorship which manifests originality and vitality, and which commands and satisfies the public ear, to the exclusion of more solid thought and to the serious detriment (in many of its forms) of the national character, is the modern novel. Is this a sign of growing declension, of a civilization on the verge of decay; or is it only a

passing phase, to be succeeded by a more robust and vigorous outgrowth? We would fain believe the latter, although we confess to serious misgivings. In any case the existing state of things deserves careful study.

For the influence of the modern novel is not merely to be measured by the width of the area it occupies, but also by the enormous crops which are raised in its varied and fertile fields. We have no trustworthy statistics of the total circulation of works of fiction in this country to set before our readers, but it is certain that millions of copies in the aggregate are issued annually of the more popular stories, and the gross total must reach a stupendous figure. The gradual broadening-down of the consumption may be traced in the universal abandonment of the old three volumes, published at the aristocratic price of a guinea and a half, to the prevailing middle-class issue at six shillings, and thence, again, to the teeming millions at the cost of sixpence or even less. Yet at these prices the supply hardly equals the demand. Cheap editions, which can be remunerative only when put forth in large numbers, are speedily exhausted. Hundreds of thousands at the higher price are called for as soon as any book becomes famous or infamous amongst a public whose first desire is for stimulating pabulum. A good hit means at least a satisfactory balance at the writer's bankers—not seldom, a substantial fortune.

We are naturally curious to know how this enormous mass of fiction is absorbed. The majority of the "upper ten" and the great body of educated people do not purchase their novels, but are content to have them through subscriptions to Smith's or Mudie's or some provincial circulating library. How, then, are we to account for the scores and hundreds of thousands of copies in which the works of the most

popular novelists teem from the press? The answer is supplied in *Colloquies of Criticism*. The gigantic supply corresponds to a demand made by a vast middle-class, the inmates of the countless villas recently built on the outskirts of every town in England and the creation of the last thirty-five years. According to this writer's computation, "the upper fifty thousand, if one may call them so, are, as related to this novel-reading public as a whole, in a proportion of not more than one to forty-four" (p. 11), whilst behind these again there is another section of society in fairly comfortable circumstances which in this country numbers more than six hundred thousand. This sudden apparition of a new class of readers has completely upset the balance of criticism which prevailed a generation ago, and the reading world of that day forms hardly a hundredth part of the public by whom the fate of the modern novel is decided. This is a fact of the most profound significance in determining the character and influence of contemporary fiction.

For, with the change of audience, a corresponding change has passed over the spirit and tone of the piece presented for its approval. The new public has neither the homogeneity of social sympathy nor the unity of social vision which are marked characteristics of those whom it has largely superseded. Whilst life among the latter class has, beneath all superficial differences, a substantial uniformity, and whilst social intercourse amongst its members is regulated by the thousand impalpable conventionalities be-gotten of generations of high-breeding and the *nuances* of expression and manner which it instinctively yet rigorously exacts, the new public has no like common bond of union, no such common standpoint of judgment, no similar universal standard of pro-

priety and manners. For this new public the novel, the author of the *Colloquies of Criticism* insists, supplies that unity of vision which their predecessors unconsciously acquire in the ordinary intercourse of daily life. It consequently takes its novels far more seriously and values them more highly; but it demands, on the other hand, that a work, to be really popular, should be written from its own social standpoint.

This fact suggests the further thought that the modern novel is liable to a disadvantage to which fiction in earlier days was not exposed. Paradoxical as it may seem, one of the deadliest injuries to works of imagination arises from their unparalleled commercial success. The immense sums netted by popular novelists naturally have a tendency to divert the attention of writers from devotion to what is highest to that which will secure the largest pecuniary profit. It has been forcibly said that "when literature has been degraded to the purpose of amusing the public, and when mental endowment and words of the highest meaning have been profaned by men ignorant of the significance even of their own powers, there flows forth a stream of intellectual life through society cut off from its true fountain and diverted from its proper object." With the prevailing adoration of wealth and its accompanying universal indulgence in lavish expenditure, the temptation to prostitute literary talent to the production of work that will command the widest sale is almost overpowering. The modern novelist is exceptionally exposed to this temptation, as his lot is cast in days "when the intellect is vexed with the spur of competition, and the inspiration of heaven is bargained away in the dearest market."

A further and disastrous development of modern fiction presents itself

in the problem novel, a class of work of recent origin which exercises a specially baneful influence. Amongst the questions which modern learning, scientific discovery, and the conditions of our complicated social organization have opened, there are many which demand scrupulously accurate statement, special knowledge, severe self-restraint, and delicate handling. To fail in any of these qualities is to render their discussion at once worthless and injurious; to be absolutely silent about some of them, in works of imagination, whose end is joy and beauty, is the only seemly choice. Yet it is just those problems which are best left shrouded under cover of work designed for serious and professional study that are now dragged into the full light of discussion *coram populo*. The enigmas and perplexities of life, the relations between the sexes, the difficulties suggested by the modern doctrine of heredity, the religious misgivings of a highly critical age, are all dissected with unblushing audacity and dogmatic self-assurance. The assumption of infallibility by the modern novelist is consummate, and would be supremely ridiculous if it were not lamentably mischievous. The writer of the religious novel of our day calmly sets to work to destroy the Catholic faith which has withstood the assaults of nineteen centuries, and presents to his readers in its stead a brand-new creed of his own creation. As we read the airy self-conceits with which modern writers of fiction resolve all problems after their own fashion, we are continually protesting, "None of us is infallible, not even the youngest of us." We must be pardoned for adding that the gentler sex are the most audacious of the offenders. Women rush in where angels fear to tread.

The popularity of these stories, saturated with sham philosophy and pre-

tentious irreligiousness, may be traced to the same cause which has led to the deterioration of the romance pure and simple. Just as the new half-educated public only appreciates stories of modern life which are written from its own standpoint of social sympathy, but devours these with avidity to gain acquaintance with life beyond its own narrow circle, so also it is only interested in the discussion of man's relation to God, to his fellow-men, and to his own desires when they are debated on the level of its own intellectual platform, and therefore it betakes itself eagerly to problem novels of its own mental standard in the hope of learning through them the trend of popular philosophy and the opinions on social and religious questions which, as we say, are in the air. It is a consequence of the influence of this heterogeneous middle class (as the *Colloquies of Criticism* reminds us) that modern literature loses one of its chief charms, viz. that grace, dignity, "polish and reticence which it was formerly obliged to cultivate." An un-critical public accepts without misgiving the dogmatism of its self-appointed guides, is not shocked by rapid transitions from the temple to the music-hall, and adopts its philosophy of life from the principles inculcated in its problem novels.

Now, to "be free to understand and to enjoy" (it has been said) "is the claim of the modern spirit," and this claim is asserted in the modern novel in terms of the most startling distinctness. Freedom is claimed from all the restraints which religion would put upon it—first by undermining the authority of Christianity, and sweeping the supernatural aside as incredible and impossible in the light of modern scientific teaching, and then by representing man as the slave of blind law, which so works as to bind him in the indissoluble fetters of ne-

cessity. Thus we are free from moral restraint through the negation of our free-will and the contemptuous rejection of "the perfect law of liberty." The claim to understand is extended to all life's mysteries and all Nature's secrets, and no restraint is placed on the open photography of passion. It is as though science had invaded the realm of sentiment, and subjected emotion and motive to the action of the resolvent and the scalpel. It is a delusion to suppose that in any circumstances ignorance is bliss, and the prurient curiosity of the fleshly mind is only a legitimate thirst which should always be indulged and satisfied. Nor is it an unworthy climax to this popular philosophy that enjoyment is the chief end and purpose of life—refined enjoyment for some, under a coarser disguise for others. In this present miserable world let those who will indulge in dreams of immortal felicity. We may perhaps admire their self-denying efforts to reach it, or we may pity their blindness in still believing in it; but for ourselves all these bright hopes have vanished like morning clouds before the rising sun. The practical result is seen in the stories which portray characters that are utterly invertebrate. Strength of will is dissolved in hysterical emotion. Self-abandonment is at once man's fate and his highest wisdom. "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die."

There is, we repeat, a very large class of readers whose literary education at the most momentous period of their lives is entirely derived from novels, and this fact increases the responsibility of novelists to an incalculable degree. Yet this responsibility is rarely felt and acted upon even in quarters in which we might have looked for better things. Only recently we met with a story translated from the Russian by a Fel-

low of an Oxford College, and introduced by a laudatory preface which dwelt upon the merits of the writer and his work. The distinguishing features of the book were a realism which did not shrink from the portrayal of details neither necessary for the plot nor artistically suitable, and a ludicrous inaccuracy in describing historic persons and events. Yet the uneducated reader would naturally regard a volume issued under such auspices as a trustworthy record, nor, we are afraid, would this confidence be shaken on reading in the introductory pages that the author held both the Hedonist and the Christian creeds. We wonder how many who read this glaring absurdity were revolted at its transparent self-contradictiveness. What a marvellous solution of the problem how to make the best of both worlds! The same man at once a Stoic and an Epicurean, a Nominalist and a Realist, a believer in materialism and in transcendentalism, a follower of the gospel of self-indulgence and that of self-denial! What a priceless guide for pleasure-hunting, worldly-minded Christians! Yet such an instance is far from exceptional. Books circulated by tens of thousands inculcate as low-toned a morality and cast a scorn no less ignorant and baseless upon Christian truth.

It is mournful to reflect in this connection what serious moral mischief has been wrought by many female novelists. Women are in many respects exceptionally gifted for novel-writing. Their powers of rapid intuition, their penetrating insight into character, their skill in delicate analysis of motive, their innate recognition of the finer and more subtle shades of feeling, their capacity for sympathy and tenderness, even the superior sensitiveness and suspicion which are part of their peculiar armor in the battle of life, and more than all their imagina-

tive powers—in many cases so ethereal, fertile, and refined—all mark out the gentler sex as likely to be pre-eminently successful in this domain of literature. The very limitations which perhaps have excluded them from the lofty heights of tragedy are advantageous in the cultivation of the lower, yet fascinating, valleys of romance. No wonder that a whole army of authoresses marches in daily increasing numbers to seize upon a territory to which they possess so rightful a claim. Time was when to the exercise of the gifts and graces already mentioned, there was due, at least to the majority of English female novelists, the yet higher praise of having raised the prevailing tone of fiction by works which "did not contain a single line inconsistent with rigid morality or even with virgin delicacy." So Macaulay bore testimony to Madame D'Arblay and the accomplished women writers of sixty years ago. Could the same unqualified homage be truthfully paid to the entire work of English women now?

The answer must be an emphatic and sorrowful negative. The deterioration from the lofty tone which commanded Macaulay's admiration has gradually deepened since his day until some female novelists stand in the foremost rank of offenders against decency and purity of thought. So rapid has been the decline that authoresses only recently notorious for what are now termed *risky* stories—the epithet is one of those newly-coined euphemisms with which our age palliates well-earned and stern reprobation—are already distanced, and their books, once in wide demand, are no longer asked for, because they do not satisfy the jaded appetite for more highly-seasoned dishes. A cultivated taste for the abnormal on the part of reader and writer alike is apt to sicken at ordinary fare, and at the present rate of

downward progress it is hard to say to what depth of license the modern novelist will descend.

We ask those who may be tempted to consider our criticism exaggerated, and who have such acquaintance with the modern novel as entitles them to give a valid judgment, to recall the character of some of the most widely circulated works of fiction during the last few years. We purposely abstain from mentioning names. In one prominent instance it is only too easy to trace a gradual but continuous moral descent in the works of a writer once of the highest promise, due to the selection of abnormal topics for minute and curious handling. When a writer of fiction has once decided that sinners are more interesting than saints, and that sin in some of its most repulsive forms is suitable matter for artistic treatment, the door is already open for almost endless mischief. The more minutely observant such a writer is, and the more vividly she conceives the image she pictures in her story, the greater the danger will be of her dilating on details which refinement and delicacy peremptorily reject. It is only through the injurious influence exerted by the selection of types of character and circumstance in themselves exceptional, repulsive, and bizarre that we can account for the mournful issue of a book of which a friendly critic writes, "there are pages in it which, if read at all, can only be read through the eyelashes. They hurt like the sudden view of a street accident; they are as intolerable as the sight of a surgical operation." And this is the quality of a romance which probably commanded the widest circulation, and secured the largest class of educated readers in the first year of the twentieth century of the Christian era.

A variety of causes has combined to effect this deplorable change in the

character of the work of female novelists and in the too general tolerance of stories that should be universally and indignantly tabooed. Foremost amongst them is the modern scientific spirit, with its tendency to microscopic analysis and minute dissection, which begets a certain morbid taste for the investigation of the workings of passion, and so ventures upon hazardous ground that can only be trodden with cautious steps. In the next place there has been the terrible and baneful influence of the school of animalism under the guidance of such leaders as Ibsen and Zola. When the veil is torn away which the modesty of our predecessors drew over the secrets of Nature and the sores of sickness it is only the eyes of angels that can look on without contracting moral taint. A third and potent element is what we may term the recent literary enfranchisement of women, which has led to their intrusion into that purely modern domain of fiction—the problem novel. The subjects selected by some authors of this school recall Browning's stinging lines:

Then, there's the other picker-out of pearls
From dung-heaps—ay, your literary man
Who draws on his kid gloves to deal with Sludge
Daintily and discreetly—shakes a dust O' the doctrine, flavors thence, he well knows how
The narrative or the novel—half believes
All for the book's sake, and the public stare,
And the cash that's God's sole solid in this world.

Yet while these causes in some degree explain, they can in no degree exonerate, the choice of questionable themes by women. Out of the infinite mass of materials at hand it is only a diseased imagination that will pick the anomalous and the abnormal. If, as

Schiller insists, the end of all art, even that of the most poignant tragedy, is joy, the work of many contemporary writers is as gross a violation of the rules of art as it is of the canons of refinement, decency, and high moral feeling.

Nor is it to be thought that the injury done by objectionable novels affects only a select class of society, and that their discussion of religious or recondite questions influences or amuses only the inner circle of the initiated. The mischief penetrates into the most unsuspected quarters, creeps through the fences with which love tries to hedge round the young, promotes a taste which rapidly calls for further stimulant. Young girls devour books tending to shake their Christian faith and to sully their moral purity. Not long since *Robert Elsmere* was the book chiefly in request in one of the greatest English centres of female education. It is the testimony of a librarian of forty years' standing in a town largely inhabited and resorted to by the cream of the upper English middle class that there has been for some years past a continuous decline in the moral character of the novels most largely in demand. Stories which a generation ago were looked at askance as being risky and questionable are now entirely neglected in favor of more outspoken impropriety. So widespread is the mischief that objectionable tales even find entrance into school libraries, and schoolmasters have felt constrained to issue a public protest against the stamp of books they find placed in the hands of mere boys. It is hard to say whether the life represented in many cases with its minute and repulsive realism is more injurious to the untrained reader than the false sentimentalism and sham religiousness with which this class of fiction is commonly interlarded. External reality and internal

falsity—both equally detestable—make up work which is not infrequently diabolically clever. "I tell you all this because I don't believe it" is the hypocritical apology of the scandal-monger. "I describe the prurient details of a sinful career that you may see how wrong it is, and learn to avoid it," is the half-suggested apology of the modern writer. And when elaborate discussion of such questions as had certainly much better not be spoken of are intermingled with pretentious disquisitions on Wagner and Beethoven and Bach, so that the coarse topics seem as fitting for ordinary treatment as the refined ones, it is too late to enter upon the less attractive scenes of sorrow and remorse. The mischief has been already done. The glamour of substantial prosperity in the earlier chapters, where escape from the worrying discontent of a mean and narrow life is found through yielding to temptation, and where all that the young prize highly—wealth, fame, social distinction—are lavished upon the unrepentant Magdalen—has worked its baneful influence, which the closing scenes too often fail altogether to counter-balance. A taint and stain have been burnt into the mind, in the perusal of the heroine's temptations and falls, which her subsequent repentance fails to obliterate.

There is another class of modern novels, against which we would utter our most emphatic protest, in which the most sacred subjects and scenes are introduced merely to produce startling effects, and the arcana of the Holy of Holies are opened to the vulgar gaze as a sensational *mise-en-scène*. Instances of such prostitution of religious things will occur to all who have a wide acquaintance with the modern novel, and are too notorious to need any protracted illustration. In a widely circulated Hungarian novel, which in the English translation was

allowed admittance to English drawing-rooms, to the unbounded astonishment of our French neighbors, scenes of Christian worship are presented in the closest proximity with a picture of the Court of Nero, described with a fidelity of detail quite unnecessary. The natural repulsiveness of the animalism and realism in which some modern novelists indulge is rendered a hundredfold more hideous when thus brought into juxtaposition with what commands our deepest reverence and adoring admiration. In another story a mother's love in all its ineffable purity and tenderness is painted in the most delicate tints, which are thrown into high relief by dark shadows of the seductive lasciviousness of an accomplished courtesan. In a third the sudarium of a public bath in a Roman provincial town is realistically described just as the reader is fresh from learning how the power of child-like faith triumphantly sustains a young girl under the manifold temptations of a heathen home. Such perversion of things sacred to sordid purposes is unutterably shocking, yet it apparently passes without rebuke, or is justified on the plea that such things exist. Of course they do, and so do boudoirs and pigsties; but we do not place them side by side, so as to step directly from one to the other.

The native stream of impure literature, in itself of sufficient and unsavory volume, is perpetually swollen by the importation and translation of foreign books. It is difficult to understand on what principle the selection of foreign novels for reproduction here is made, unless it be a willingness to pander to the most diseased palates. In many instances the most objectionable in subject and treatment of a foreigner's books is chosen for presentation in an English dress. We could name French artists who are finished stylists, and some of whose works are

quite unexceptionable; but these are passed over in favor of tales which have with difficulty obtained the license for circulation in their own country. In such cases all the elegances of style—their sole redeeming feature—are lost in the process of translation; the grossness alone remains.

A further disfigurement of the modern novel is the gratuitous and offensive profanity in which many popular writers indulge. Quite recently the *Times* justly complained of the prevalent habit of using words from Holy Scripture as titles to works of fiction, but even this is a venial fault in comparison with the unblushing irreverence of a large class, including many female novelists.

We have before us the cheap edition of two stories by a lady who writes under a well-known *nom de plume*, and whose works are welcomed with a chorus of almost unqualified praise. The hero of the first describes to his friend the place where he is staying—"a village with a church, a public-house, and a Dissenting chapel—*one evil brings another*; and the rustic maid abounds, a creature of large feet, wide smiles, and limited innocence." He asks his landlady, whose industry excites his scorn, "if she did not think that the five wise may have lived to envy the five foolish virgins. She looked at me—as only a woman can look—and mournfully winked." The kitchen garden is depicted as "a modern Eden with a dash of the commonplace, and a clothes-line extended from the Tree of Knowledge to the Tree of Life." And an invitation to dinner calls forth the ejaculation, "God be merciful to me a sinner." It is quite consistent with such a spirit of irreverence—for these examples of it we sincerely apologize to our readers—that a young Oxford man, well born and of some high instincts, should in-

terlard his proposal to a very beautiful girl with plenty of oaths, and that marriage should be represented as almost invariably a mistake, and its victims as waking too late from their delusion and chafing helplessly against their chains. The companion story—a rapid and clever sketch of a house party in the country, composed mainly of disagreeable and vacillating people who change their minds and loves with the most singular facility—is sandwiched between a prologue whose purpose is apparently to hold religion up to odium, and a brief lyric epilogue full of religious sentiment, neither prologue nor epilogue having any bearing on the story. The action (as we are told on the title-page) takes place in the course of twenty-four hours, and the authoress deems it appropriate to add to this announcement, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." We shrink from all conjecture of the purpose designed in this strange juxtaposition. It is typical of a tone and spirit which mistake flippant irreverence in quotation for wit, and which outrage the Christian sentiment, "My heart standeth in awe of Thy Word."

What shall we say of the ordinary type of religious novel in its too common perversion to become the vehicle of misrepresentation, malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness? How commonplace and faded are its leading types—the High, the Low, the Broad Church, the Romanist, the Dissenting, the sceptical! We are weary of the lay figures dressed up in a conventional costume—the Jesuit in disguise, the milksop of a curate, the Dissenting preacher with a soul above his sordid surroundings, the odious Anglican painted by Romanists as a pendant to equally detestable and unveracious portraiture of the Popish priest as conceived by ultra-Protestant authors.

It is almost inconceivable that anyone should all unconsciously "give himself away," as do many novelists of this class of fiction. With what sublime innocence they write themselves down as transparently spiteful, hopelessly ignorant, and inveterately vulgar! Yet their caricatures are unquestionably accepted by scores of readers as truthful portraits, and they are not seldom commended in quarters where we might expect to find sounder judgment and more trustworthy guidance. It is not long since a leading Church newspaper spoke in terms of almost unqualified praise of a story which grossly misrepresented the English Church and clergy. It indeed put one saving clause in its elaborate eulogy, but so faint and brief as only to heighten its approval. The mischief wrought by the ignorant misstatements of religious novels is incalculable. The reaction consequent upon the exposure of their misrepresentations is at the root of many a perversion to infidelity or to Rome.

It is the bane of controversial novels, and takes away all real merit, alike as contributions to thought or as artistic works, that the side to which victory shall incline is already so predetermined in the writer's mind that the whole story is written with the purpose of reaching a foregone conclusion. In unscrupulous hands this necessity begets an untruthful delineation of incidents and character, both of which are distorted to suit the purpose in view. It may, indeed, be said, only too truly, that all controversy is liable to one-sided and partisan presentation; but the peculiar danger of controversy in fiction arises from the difficulty of detecting and exposing falsehood disguised in the garb of a story. The reader, in most cases unskilled in legitimate methods of discussion, is first beguiled and thrown off his guard by the interest of the

narrative, then his sympathy is secured, and finally, it may be, his convictions gained on behalf of that which he would have rejected if presented in a less alluring and deceptive shape. When to the art thus employed there is added the seductiveness of novelty, the crafty innuendo against religious belief and the widespread delusion that to call in question the faith "once for all delivered" is the mark of a superior and emancipated mind—these causes in combination may work with deadly effect upon those who are as lamentably ignorant of definite dogmatic Christianity as are but too many who pass through our secondary and higher-class schools. Can we wonder at the mischief, the unsettlement and practical infidelity which a pernicious section of novels works among this half-educated mass—mischief not so much of avowed unbelief as of the laxity which is bred by the dissemination of half-uttered doubt? As long as a man has a religious difficulty he has an excuse whose practical fruit may be seen in the growing neglect of public worship, in disregard of the sanctity of Sunday, and in the adoption of every form of self-indulgence, which are assuming the dimensions of a national disaster.

Yet how valuable this branch of romance may be, if treated with knowledge, dignity, and reserve, has been shown in a thousand instances—from the *Pilgrim's Progress* to *John Inglesant*. We select the latter as an almost perfect example of religious fiction. The careful statement of facts, the just appreciation of the adversary's standpoint, the recognition of what is truly admirable in the varied systems of life and thought portrayed, are worthy of the importance of the issues at stake; and then it is so high-toned withal in its quiet assumption of the supreme value of personal re-

ligion, and of the loss that inevitably follows on the neglect of it. There is no word of preaching at the reader; but how its lessons all come home! There is none of the sophistry so common in controversy to compass a passing and illegitimate triumph. As the reader is carried along the narrative of incident and the development of character, he is ever conscious of the intimate connection between the present world and that which lies beyond it, and is made to realize things unseen.

Shall we attempt to delineate what manner of work in the realm of fiction would be adequate to its enormous responsibilities, and make it the power for good which it might be and ought to be in our great Christian commonwealth?

The writer of romance cannot put into his work more than he has in himself, and his art must and will be the expression of his own inmost soul. He must then—to fulfil his high function aright—set out with the hypothesis of a Divine idea of the world, of a purpose of God in the creation of the universe, manifested indeed under serious limitations, and often seen only through a glass darkly, but revealed with increasing clearness to those who seek for it through long and laborious travail. By faith such a man understands that the things which are seen were not made by things which do appear; "conscious that God has a purpose in his life, and in remembrance of his home in Him, he travels through this mortal life as the citizen of a better land, and looks on Nature with other than human eyes." If the artist has in this way found entrance into the inner shrine of the counsels of God, he no longer views objects "in isolation dead and spiritless," or separates the different branches of study from their common origin and end, but he sees the end in the means, the un-

versal in the particular; he has a light from heaven to shed upon the meanest concerns of life. Such a light is, of course, not that of the common day, but it is the ordinary mistake to suppose that it shines—if it ever shines at all—unsought and unsolicited in the souls of an elect few; whereas it is won by painful meditation, by study of the inner secret of a lost but redeemed world, and by subordination of the intellectual to the moral understanding of the riddle of the universe. An author so inwardly equipped, fairly abreast of the intellectual culture of his time, and in full sympathy with its highest aspirations and its keenest sorrows, will be likely to produce work that shall be worthy of his high calling as a teacher, and in any walk of literature, in this twentieth century of the Christian era.

Judged by such an ideal standard, what can be said of the great body of modern fiction? We pass over, as altogether outside the reckoning, the great mass of books which fall from the press still-born, the works of authors absolutely incompetent and futile, the abortive productions of foolish people who, in their ambition to see their names in print, are willing to pay themselves for the issue of work which does not return half the cost of paper and print. If we are rightly informed, the quantity of such worthless waste each year is considerable. But of those which secure, and to some degree deserve, a better reception—or, to speak plainly, of the average mass of successful contemporary fiction, what proportion corresponds even remotely to the true conception of high-toned art? There is a plethora of ability, industry, and smartness in the modern novel. There is often sparkling brilliancy in dialogue, marvellous poetic feeling in describing natural scenery, skillful development of striking situations. In-

genuity of plot, fertility of invention, keen analysis of character, rapid and dexterous development of incident—all qualities of high excellence—characterize many contemporary novels. Yet in many even of the best there is the defect, which is felt even when not expressed, of any power

to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

For lack of this insight a large proportion of novelists, who excel chiefly in the development of character, depict a world absolutely without hope. They describe the butterflies of society as polished and kindly, yet frivolous, heartless, soulless, with no sense of anything better than the fleeting present, and no thought of the beyond. The more thoughtful characters in their pages are baffled by the perplexities of existence as they ponder the contradictions their own nature reveals to them. Take, for example, the most touching, thrilling picture drawn for us in *Audrey*—that masterpiece of truthful delineation, of poetic description of scenery, of firm portraiture of character. How singularly sweet and pure is the conception of the heroine—a simple child of Nature, tender, trustful, and true—timid, yet capable of patient endurance of suffering—in early womanhood a dreamer of dreams, from which she wakes to the consciousness of life's intolerable reality! How vivid is the presentation of Marmaduke Haward, with his fine instincts and his complex passions and his irresolution—despite his masterfulness—which breeds so much disaster, and his noble generosity to his bondsman, Angus Maclean! The gradual development of the story is singularly truthful and convincing. The difficulties inherent in the portrayal of a highly mixed and intricate nature are triumphantly grap-

pled with; the subordinate persons very vividly and deftly sketched in. Life in Virginia at the opening of the eighteenth century stands out in stereoscopic relief. The book is full of beauty and of a fascination which is all the writer's own, and it well deserves the praises so bountifully accorded it. Yet how terribly unsatisfying it is! How absolutely without suggestion or hint that the riddle of the universe which it proounds so skilfully has its solution! When all the characters are exquisitely mellowed through the softening fires of suffering and love, when Audrey and Haward are on the very threshold of happiness, so painfully won, the cup of joy is dashed to atoms just as they are about to quaff it. If Miss Johnson's purpose were to repeat the well-worn theme, "vanity of vanities," it has been accomplished; but with all its genius and beauty *Audrey* carries us no further. In thus marking the limitations of her romance we are bringing no complaint against the gifted authoress. It is well to point so beautifully the truth, "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all;" yet, when she was so close on the border-land, we cannot but regret that no hint is given us of the Delectable Mountains and the Celestial City—that no suggestion is made of a reality which would more than satisfy Audrey's brightest dreams.

The popularity of objectionable works of fiction is at once the more deplorable and the less excusable in face of the wealth of admirable and irreproachable romance which is constantly pouring from the press. To speak only of names which immediately occur to us, what delightful hours may be spent over the pages of R. L. Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling, of Stanley Weyman and Max Pemberton and Merriman, of Owen

Meredith and Guy Boothby and Henry James and Anthony Hope, of Conan Doyle and Rider Haggard, of Cutcliffe Hyne and Frankfort Moore. With what dexterity has the genius of Mr. H. G. Wells adapted the marvels of scientific discovery and speculation to the service of romance, and created a new department of imaginative literature! And these are but a fraction of the numbers which swell the great army of novelists. Take some of their latest issues, such as *Count Hannibal*, or *The Velvet Glove*, or *Lisbeth*, or *The Lady Paramount*, or *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. The first three are striking indications that the practiced hand of their authors has lost nothing of its cunning; the last two, though but slighter examples of the writer's skill, yet carrying the reader on unweariedly to the close. *The Lady Paramount* is a wonderful illustration of how much Mr. Henry Harland can make out of trifles light as air. There are only three persons in the story besides the hero and heroine, and all five of them—Anthony and Susanna, the grim old Commendatore Fregl, the old maiden lady Miss Sanders, and Adrian, the irrepressible, all of them are lovable. With its airy grace, and its really wonderful descriptions of scenery, and its "charm of earliest birds," and its facilities of a whimsical and pleasant talk, *The Lady Paramount* is like a graceful picture painted in tints of ethereal delicacy, which is yet not deficient in distinctness and firmness of touch.

Those who are curious to see a successful novelist at work will be gratified with Sir T. Wemyss Reid's biography of William Black. The book is written with all the enthusiasm of close and highly cherished intimacy, and presents an alluring picture. It repeats the old story of early struggles and chilling failures, and final success was—as success is alone worth win-

ning—step by step, through steadfastness of purpose, persistent high resolve, and unwearied toil. The countless readers of Black's charming stories may learn here at what cost of mental parturition the delightful creations of his fancy were brought to light. *Si vis me flere, fles ipse*, and Black's men and women were intensely real to himself before he introduced them, all instinct with life, to the world. He owed his wonderful descriptions of scenery to such scrupulous fidelity to truth that he paid a visit to the Isle of Mull amidst deep snow in order to paint its winter garb in *Macleod of Dare*. And the man himself was no less fascinating than his romances, if Sir Wemyss Reid's account of him is accurate, at the rare moments

when the veil of reticence in which he was so commonly shrouded was rent, and he bared his heart to his friends. Under no other conditions could one so fully realize all that he was—the poet, the thinker, the artist, the man of lofty ideals, the eager and untiring student of life, with its manifold, unspeakable mysteries, its awful tragedies, and its glorious possibilities . . . No jarring note was ever struck in those long talks; no ungenerous word fell from his lips, no mean or sordid thought. And yet his mood would change with startling suddenness, passing from grave to gay, from deep speculations on those questions upon which human hopes and happiness depend to the lightest and the brightest of the topics which attracted him, the beauties of some spot seen once far away, or the glorious uncertainties of salmon-fishing on the Oykel, or the delights of yachting in the Western seas (p. 221).

Doubtless Black had his limitations and his defects, some of them due to reaction against the stern Calvinistic creed in which he had been reared in early childhood. Yet, broadly speaking, his books are not unworthy of a man whom his biographer, with possibly pardonable exaggeration, calls

"one of the purest, manliest, most chivalrous souls the world has ever known."

A noteworthy, and we may add a satisfactory, element in the history of the modern novel is the immense popularity of what is called the Kailyard School. These stories have been circulated by hundreds of thousands, and the astounding success of the earlier and abler writers—Ian Maclarens and J. M. Barrie—has naturally produced a host of imitators, some of whom are not unworthy of their prototypes. The author of the *Colloquies of Criticism* suggests an elaborate explanation of their extraordinary attractiveness:

"Every novel," he says, "in which the narrative is written in the language of the highly educated, while the characters speak in some different and provincial dialect, implies that the readers to whom it is addressed are persons in a position superior to that which the characters occupy, and invites them to judge the characters by a set of standards different from, and in a certain sense superior to, the standards of the characters themselves" (p. 37).

To the subtle flattery thus adroitly and imperceptibly administered, and to the introduction of their readers to that Scottish mode of life and thought which to most of them is a new world, the writer insists that the signal appreciation of these books may be ascribed. We hold that this criticism—acute as it appears—is utterly inadequate, and that it entirely fails to apprehend the true reason why a series of tales of cottage life, with no plot and no catastrophe, with little external picturesqueness, dealing with that commonplace peasant life which is devoid of incident and narrow in range—why such stories should have been able to command universal popularity. The *Colloquies of Criticism* does less than justice to the broad human sympathies which fill the hearts of the thousands of dwellers in mod-

ern suburban villas, and to the unfailing and irresistible interest which real practical godliness, when deftly portrayed, awakens in every human breast. It is in the eye to see and the graphic pen to describe, in the genuine pathos salted with native and unexaggerated humor, in the singularly delicate touch of Nature that makes the whole world kin—it is in these that the true secret of the triumph of the Kailyard School is to be found.

Take, for example, the two works, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *A Window in Thrums*, which we regard as the masterpieces of the school. There is not a single superfluous page, there is not a line of padding, but a series of cabinet pictures, each in itself so perfect a gem that we know not to which to give the preference as we pass them in review, alternately grave and gay. The whole of "Domsie" and "The Doctor of the Old School" in the one book, and "Preparing to receive Company" and "The Last Night" in the other, are perhaps the most conspicuous instances of the literary skill combined with tenderness of feeling which pervades them. And the leading characters—Margaret Hoo, Dr. MacLure, Mrs. Macfayden (the sermon-taster), Drumsheugh, Hendrie, Leaby, Jess, and, last and best, James Soutar, the inimitable—what distinct creations they are! What a gallery of vivid, breathing portraiture! What an addition to the types we cherish in mind and memory! What depths of spiritual thought, what heights of spiritual aspiration, what vigor of practical spiritual life is revealed in the story of these outwardly grim and unattractive country folk! Yet all wear the unmistakable stamp of reality and paint with truthful touches the mellowing of character under the influence of simple and self-denying piety. The Christian thought and life here described have doubtless their marked

limitations, but as we read our heart is stirred with a godly jealousy of the religious training which can work so effectually on toiling rustics and homely weavers north of the Tweed.

Such books may exert a far more beneficial influence than that which is exercised by novels written with an avowedly religious purpose—a class of fiction of great importance at the present day. Incredible as it seems, there is a multitude of readers who are ready to accept almost any new-fangled creed presented to them in a work of fiction. It is easy to pour cheap sarcasm upon people who in their want of religious guidance think they can find it ready and complete in boards for six shillings, but the root of such delusion lies in the failure of the Church to inoculate the great mass of the English middle-class with a real knowledge of Christianity. Here is the explanation offered by a competent critic of the popularity of religious fiction:

"The readers of religious novels," she writes, "are ever on the watch for new faiths. Oppressed with a thousand sorrows as old as Time, they still press forward with unceasing optimism to try new recipes for joy. I think that we have here the real reason for the popularity of religious fiction; it is one more cure for the ills of a world that has 'ailed from the first.' Not an abstract love of truth, not even a deep interest in theology, is at the root of the demand for religious fiction; but the intensely personal question, 'Will this help to make me happier?'"¹

—a question, we may add, which presses on many minds in a day when men are intensely restless and unsettled, and, although better off in material enjoyment, are not so happy as their fathers.

What the ultimate result will be, if

¹ Miss J. Findlater in the "National Review," March, 1902.

(The Living Age, April 19, 1902.)

the popularity of injurious fiction and its continuous supply remain unchecked, is a question of grave importance. There are not wanting signs which indicate that the deterioration of the national tone in religion and morals is extending, and those who have the welfare of the fatherland at heart should speak out with no uncertain voice. The sister art to fiction exhibits like unmistakable marks of degradation, and there are plays presented in London theatres the popularity of which, without having an unnatural moral standard, we cannot but deplore. But the evil influence of objectionable plays is not a tithe in amount of that exerted by pernicious novels. If Christian fathers and mothers were more mindful of their duty, and insisted on the exclusion of questionable novels from their houses, an improvement might be effected; but we tremble to think of the conditions under which another genera-

tion will be brought up by mothers whose minds have been nurtured upon the garbage now so plentifully administered. If the pulpit were more plentifully used for its fitting purpose of warning against a real and pressing evil, not by sweeping generalizations, as was too much the habit among the earlier Evangelicals, who denounced all novels indiscriminately, but by judicious and sympathetic teaching, and by outspoken condemnation of the growing laxity of morals, the public conscience might be awakened to the urgency of the peril. And, perhaps more than all, if those in high places would set the example of discountenancing not only pernicious literature, but its authors, a higher tone of feeling would gradually obtain. The responsibility of those in position is greater than they realize, and the patronage extended to what seems only doubtful may have far-reaching and disastrous consequences.

Church Quarterly Review.

DEEMING DALE.

Who is it knocks at my window? Ho,
Who is it rides the gale?
"Yonder the Pitiless Ladies go
Adown the Deeming Dale.

"The cold of a cloud is over them;
Open the pane and see;
All the women of perilous dream
Go drifting drearily,

"One by one on the bitter wind,
Companionless and gray,
With empty sound of a host behind
To bring them on their way.

"But yonder, yonder comes the Moon,
And yonder see them turn:

Jewelled and fierce their hunting shoon
Fly flashing through the fern."

Now whither do they ride so fast
Upon the whirling wind?
"Fasten the pane against the blast!
Hasten and draw the blind."

Who is it knocks at my window? Ho,
Who is it rides the gale?
"And who would join the hosts that go
Adown the Deeming Dale?"

Richard Askham.

IMMORTALITY.

II. FROM THE SCIENTIFIC STANDPOINT.

In approaching the subject of Immortality from the side of Science, we must be clear what it is we want to do, and what we may reasonably expect to do. By Immortality is meant the persistence and continuity of individual life after death. This is a matter which (unlike the existence of God) is conceivably open to scientific proof, that is to say, it turns upon a question of fact which comes, or which might come, within the province of physical experience. If one came back to us in visible form from that bourne whence (it is said) no traveller returns, broke the silence of death and spoke to us, or in some evident and physical way made known his presence among us again, that would be a fact of which Science could take cognizance, which it could examine, test and finally classify, for no unclassified phenomenon has, properly speaking, reached the scientific stage. It is well known that men of undoubted scientific ability and attainment have, among other matters, this very one under consideration and experiment. It is also well known that it presents the most enormous difficulties

to investigation, and the greatest facilities for deception and delusion. That is no reason why success should not ultimately be attained, and though in the belief of many such researches are not only doubtful and difficult, but present distinct mental and moral dangers, that again is no reason why those who regard the importance of the end in view (scientific certainty one way or the other) as outweighing all other considerations, should not, so long as they maintain the cool and dispassionate attitude of mind which should be characteristic of all scientific enquiry, continue their investigations.

The course of these and the results so far attained are open to all who choose to study the publications of the Society for Psychical Research, and the present essay is not intended for their reproduction. Its aim is different. Apart from these investigations there is generally thought to be justification for what may be called a scientific presumption against the persistence of individual life after death, and if this be the case, a greater weight of evidence is rightly demanded than would other-

wise be necessary before it can be accepted as proved. Our object will be to enquire whether such justification does in fact exist.

In the first place it will be well to call to mind with what aspect of the universe and of man Science deals, so that we may see how far she has the right and power of interpretation. She does not occupy herself with the physical alone. The phenomena of mind as well as body fall within her ken; "Mental Physiology" and "Psychological Physics," as well as pure Psychology, are important and well-recognized branches of her domain, and have advanced at least as much as those of older date. Facts, whether psychical or physical, are material for Science; her aim is to reduce their apparent chaos to order, to discover and establish on a firm basis their relationships and sequences, and the conditions under which they are produced, to simplify as far as possible the expression of these relationships, sequences and conditions, making the necessary formulæ as few and as comprehensive as possible,—finally to be prepared at all points for the discovery of fresh facts, discarding any theory with which they are in evident disagreement. There is, however, one essential requisite for the work of Science. It is that the facts which are her raw material shall be located in space and time. If there be such things as facts or experiences which are non-temporal and non-spatial, with these Science in the ordinary acceptation of the term cannot deal. Clearly, therefore, any purely scientific interpretation of the universe or of man must be given in terms of space and time. Science has no vocabulary to transcend them. She cannot say that they are not transcendable or transcended; but she cannot herself pass beyond their bounds. We must endeavor to see what precisely this limitation involves.

Perhaps it may be most forcibly presented by the statement that the Scientific outlook is confined to the external aspect and significance of the universe, to the *body* of experience as we may say. Its soul, its inner meaning, eludes the methods by which Science works, because these are only applicable where space and time are applicable. Consequently no scientific explanation or interpretation can be more than partially satisfactory. There is always a residuum left unaccounted for, and that residuum contains the "why" of all the "hows" that with infinite pains and toil Science has accumulated and co-ordinated. The existence of this residuum can be ignored or held of no account by any who are content to regard the universe as meaningless, but those who are sure that it has a meaning, still more those who hope that the meaning may be discoverable, are fain to seek some method of interpretation which does not pre-suppose space and time. Hence arises the need for philosophy. Philosophy endeavors to go behind the postulates which Science perforce accepts unquestioningly, and to examine their credentials. It is not proposed to enter upon any such formidable task here. Our present concern is not with Philosophy but with Science, whose real value and importance are only appreciated when her limitations are recognized. She teaches us the course of things, not the reason of their being; she exhibits them in their relation to time and space and to the intellect of man, not in their relation to their ground and source, whatever that may be. Consequently she cannot reveal the secret or the meaning of their existence. Yet let none despise or underrate the work which is hers and which, though misleading, if supposed to comprise the whole range of knowledge, is essential to its truth and validity. We can have no reliable metaphysics unless we have first made sure of our physics. In

other words, without a faithful representation of the body of experience we cannot hope to penetrate to that inner significance which we have ventured to call its soul.

So much being premised, let us turn our attention to the teaching of Science with regard to man, remembering that in his case, as in the case of the whole order of which he forms part, she is and can be presenting only one and that the outer aspect of his being.

The first and most important consideration which presents itself is the demonstrated continuity of human life with the organic universe and with itself under very varying phases of existence. For our present purpose we may leave on one side the first half of this thesis, taking it as proved that man as we know him has—as a race—ascended from and through lower types of life to his present position as the crown and cope of the known organic world. We are concerned more immediately with his individual aspect, and this we will proceed to consider in some detail.

Each human individual commences life as a single organic cell, not yet so far differentiated as to present distinctive animal characteristics. The cell undergoes a complicated process of subdivision, multiplies, the daughter cells behave in like manner, their aggregate taking to itself a more and more specialized form until first the vertebrate and then the human embryo comes into existence. The latter grows, its sex becomes apparent, its various organs commence their functions. At the end of a certain time it is ready to be born into the external world as a fully-formed human infant. Through all these prenatal changes and transmutations the individual life has been continuous, the cell is not the embryo, the embryo is not the infant but the life of the infant is one with the life of the embryo and the cell.

After birth further development is undergone. The infant grows, he shows signs of consciousness, then of self-consciousness, he gains the use and control of his limbs, he begins to understand something of himself and his relationship to his environment, he becomes capable of sympathy, love, friendship, his bodily and mental powers increase, finally through childhood, boyhood and youth, he passes to the stage of fully developed manhood. And through all these changes, as through those that preceded birth, the individual life is continuous. The man differs from the youth, the youth from the boy, the boy from the child, the child from the infant, but the life of the man is the same life that was in the infant. More than this he identifies it as such. Since the first dawning of memory he knows that he has been the same. "It is I myself and not another who have passed through these transmutations. I was that child, that boy, that youth—I who am now the grown man." Nor do the changes cease here. The man has all his experience to accumulate, and as the saying goes this process makes a "different man" of him. He is different at 40 from 30, at 70 from 50,—different, for as he constantly asserts, "*I was so-and-so, and so-and-so, now I am something else;*" yet the same, for the difference does not consist in another individual having come into existence, but in one individual having passed through a continuous series of developments.

This fact of self-identity through difference is so entirely familiar, so completely a part (or rather the ground) of every-day experience, that the plain man simply takes it for granted, guides his actions in accordance with it; and seldom realizes that there is anything peculiar or requiring explanation about it. Let us for the moment accept this point of view, and turn our attention to another less immediately obvious

truth which a study of modern science brings very prominently to our notice. This is the increase of individuality apparent as we rise in the scale of organic life. It has already been observed that in the earliest stage of the human embryo, the future man is not even so far differentiated as to be distinctively animal. This fact is reproduced on a larger scale. All students of biology are familiar with those lowly and curious organisms which throughout their life-history retain both animal and vegetable characteristics, so that it is impossible to classify them correctly in either of the great divisions of the organic world. In higher organisms we no longer find this confusion existing, save in the earliest stages of their life-history. The adult forms leave no doubt as to the division in which we must place them; and as organic complexity increases, so does the oneness and distinctness of the individual life to which it ministers. Taking for convenience and brevity's sake illustrations from the animal kingdom alone, compare the individuality of an oyster with that of an ant or a bee, that of a bee with that of one of the higher vertebrates, a dog or an ape, that of an ape with that of a man. Individuality, it must be remarked, has a double aspect, the outward and the inward, the outward being that by which an observer distinguishes one individual from others of the same kind, the inward by which each individual distinguishes and identifies himself. Taking man (as we perceive must do) as our standard observer, we may notice that his difficulty in distinguishing one individual (of the same species) from another decreases in direct proportion with the degree of organic complexity attained. He would be sore put to it to identify an oyster, he would have little difficulty in identifying a dog or a horse; and it needs no argument to show that the oyster is almost if not totally deficient

in that sense of self-identity which is the inner aspect of individuality, and which is possessed to a distinct extent by the higher animals and to an incomparably higher degree by man. The inner and the outer aspects develop together; and man, who possesses both in the highest known degree, is the most individual being with whom Science has to deal. That constitutes the great difficulty of Science with regard to him. For despite her attention to details, and her accumulation of minute separate facts, she is very highly abstract in her aims. She descends to particulars only to attain generalization. Her great end is classification, her search is for types, and too persistent and assertive an individuality is her bane. She cannot away with it. Yet after all the type exists quite as much for the individuals as the individuals for the type, and forgetfulness of this fact has caused a one-sidedness in scientific interpretations of man which need not have been incurred.

Even had this error been avoided, however, Science could never give a complete account of man, and that because she cannot view his individuality from within. None but the man himself can do that. Psychology classifies his mental conditions, feelings, activities, emotions, but that very fact precludes any but an external understanding of him. From the internal point of view he cannot be classified: he is unique. When all his mental experiences have been placed under their appropriate heads, perception, ideation, intellection, and the rest, he himself is conscious that the central point has never been touched, that all this even when he has studied it in himself is knowledge *about* him, but not knowledge *of* him. That is still a closed door to which Science does not possess the "Open, sesame." It was perhaps inevitable, though infinitely to be regretted, that this being the case there

should have been attempts to interpret man upon the important but evidently incomplete data that Science could accumulate, and judgment was pronounced from the outside point of view, the result being that man was declared to be nothing but a bundle of impressions—a stream of consciousnesses which somehow or other (it never could be clearly stated how) wove themselves into temporary unity and evolved that illusory but very convenient notion of self-identity. Baldly stated, this doctrine, which Hume initiated and which has commended itself to various leaders of modern scientific thought, notably to Huxley, appears so difficult of comprehension, and when grasped so innately absurd, that the plain man may be safely trusted to discard it. Impressions without a something impressed, a stream of consciousness self-deluded into the recognition of a one and undivided non-existent self, appear to the ordinary mind sheer absurdities.

The difficulty of understanding, and the impossibility of classifying individual man have played their part in helping to turn aside thought from looking upon him as of any great importance in solving historical, social and anthropological problems. It is much easier to study him in classes and masses, communities, nations and races. Psychology itself is occupied with generic rather than individual man. It is difficult to see how it could be otherwise, for even in that analysis of consciousness which is one of the principal psychological methods, it is still always man as object who is under observation, *i.e.*, man as he can be known, not as he knows. This last knowledge is—in the sense in which we are now taking it—only possible to each individual man for himself, and even by him not classifiable, intuitive not reasoned. Self knowledge is impenetrable from without, incomunicable, in each case

unique, consequently outside the range of Science, for whom the unique is inadmissible. This being the case it is no matter for surprise that she should assume for her own purposes that man as she knows him, social, psychological man, is man complete, and treat that inner individual aspect which for ever eludes her as of little or no moment. For her own purposes she is justified in doing this, so long as she does not endeavor to impose her point of view as sufficient and satisfactory beyond her own sphere.

To attempt this would be to ignore what Science is pledged never to ignore, a great natural fact, to the recognition of which, as we have seen, all those biological processes which are one of her especial and most successful studies lead up. The increasing stress laid upon individuality, as we rise in the scale of organic life, denotes that in the economy of Nature the individual, however partially understood, is of great and peculiar importance. It is customary to say that Nature ignores the individual, that she cares only for the good of the species, the improved type, and that to secure her end, holocausts of individuals are offered up. Tennyson saw farther than this:—

So careful of the type? But no!
From scarp'd cliff and quarried stone
She cries, "A thousand types are
gone,
I care for nothing, all shall go."

But "all" does not go; there remains from stage to stage an election, an election among the "types," an election among the individuals that conform to the types. The "fittest" survive, and when that abstraction the "species" is brought down to concrete life, the "fittest," the inheritors at any given moment of all the treasures of evolution so far accumulated, are a certain number of *individuals*. It would therefore be quite as true, and often less mislead-

ing, to say that individuals rather than "types" are the special care of Nature.

There is, however, one fact undeniable till we come to man, viz., that the *raison d'être* of each individual existence apparently ceases at death. It seems to have no further possibilities but to have been exhausted by the demand made upon it in this visible course of things. Taking even the highest animals below man, this statement, where their life follows a normal course, is obviously true. With man, as we have seen, the case is different. So far from actual conditions exhausting his individuality, they rather seem insufficient to rouse its highest powers, or exhibit its full scope. His conscious demand for himself and his fellows is more time, fewer physical disabilities and mental limitations, a wider sphere, a fuller experience, a larger life. And making ample allowance for the truth which Weismann has so prominently brought forward, that as things are, the short duration of life among the higher animals is racially good because the function of reproduction is thus reserved to those fittest to exercise it, and a more vigorous vitality passed on to the succeeding generations, we cannot but recognize that in the case of man this benefit is conferred at the cost of an individual loss large out of all proportion to that incurred at any lower stage in the organic world. The possibilities of no human individual are exhausted at death, and the more highly trained, cultured, and intellectually or practically active his life has been, the more do we perceive that his capacity has been greater than his attainment. This fact is certainly no *proof* that his individual life does not terminate at death; but assuming (as in a future essay the

writer hopes to show we have a right to assume) a scale of values in Nature, and recognizing that if such a scale exists a premium is placed upon individuality, a *presumption* which we may justly call scientific is afforded that the individual man does not cease at death. If this be so, the result, so far as Science is concerned, upon the question of Immortality, would be the same as that in other cases of a scientific presumption. The suggestion would be accepted as a working hypothesis which a further accumulation and study of facts would either disprove or raise to the rank of an accepted theory.

Let us assume for the sake of argument merely that the latter alternative has occurred.¹ What would then be the position of Science with regard to the persistence of individual life after death? She would accept the fact as she accepts the fact of life after birth. She would note and classify the phenomena upon which her conviction is based. She would incidentally urge that conduct should be such as to subserve the interests (so far as from her point of view she is able to infer them) of life beyond as well as of life before death. She would encourage research into that as into any other unknown, or partially known, region of investigation. She would endeavor to ascertain, if possible to produce experimentally, the conditions of such life, and in case of success we should doubtless have a body of scientific men devoted to this special study and with continually improving methods of pursuing it. How far this might be an advantage to mankind at large it is difficult to determine, but one thing is certain, the inner significance of individual human life would be as far from the ken of Science as ever. She would indeed be

¹ In the opinion of some it has occurred already; but scientific men as a body have certainly not yet reached so far as the working hypothesis stage, and in the opinion of the pres-

ent writer never will, while they retain the presumption against the possibility of individual survival after death.

able to assert with even more confidence than she now too often denies its persistence after death, and this might produce a sobering and awe-inspiring effect on the thoughtful, but her material would still be the body, not the soul, of experience, and in presenting this new class of facts she would be as unable to give a complete and satisfying interpretation of them as she is of the facts pertaining to the life of man as she at present recognizes it.

These remarks are made in no carpings or fault-finding spirit, but to correct what seems to the writer a double misconception, viz., (1) that Science is justified in a presumption against the persistence of individual human life after death; and (2) that were the contrary proved she would be in a position to give an entirely different interpretation of that life as a whole. The considerations which have occupied us in the present essay show, on the contrary, that the true scientific presumption is rather for than against the persistence of individual life after death, and that in any case it is not within the province of Science to attempt a complete interpretation of the life of man, whether or not it persists after death in individual form. In this second statement we are only asserting that in the region of Knowledge, as in that of practical life, there is a division of labor, that though Science can do much, she cannot do all, and that her efforts need to be supplemented by work of another kind, to which her own is indispensable but which it cannot supply.

The presence—we might say the omnipresence—of individuality, not only in the organic world but in the known universe, might be illustrated in many ways. Man is only an extreme instance of that which is foreshadowed with ever-increasing clearness as his own status in the Natural Order is approached. That Order itself in its

entirety bears the impress of individuality. It is not one of a class, it is unique. It is this—and not that. Each event occurs because the universe is what it is and not something else, and so complete is its individuality (technically called the Uniformity of Nature) that even its possibilities—the things which may be or may not be—are limited to the kind of things which are in consonance with its characteristics as a whole.

One fundamental characteristic is the persistence of the same thing through manifold changes of form. What is known in physics as the Conservation of Energy is an illustration of this on a large scale. The technical definition of Energy is capacity for work, and by its conservation is meant that in the transmutations which this capacity undergoes, being now potential, now kinetic, appearing at one moment as mechanical motion, at another as heat, its sum remains the same. No "Energy"—science tells us—is ever lost. Yet this assertion needs to be qualified by another, viz., that in every transmutation some energy is "dissipated," i.e., the exact equivalent does not reappear in usable form. It escapes, and though still in existence is, for practical purposes, whether these be cosmical processes or the ends of applied Science, wasted. The scientific significance of this fact is that the course of things, as we know it, must come to an end in time. The time may be (though so far as the solar system is concerned it appears possibly predictable within some millions of years) immeasurable, but none the less it has a term; and when that term is reached the condition of the known universe will be what is best described as that of death. Its whole available energy will by then be degraded into heat of a low and absolutely uniform temperature, and the result will be absence of light, warmth and life. It should be remarked, how-

ever, that the shell—if we may so call it—of the cosmos will apparently remain. Science does not seem able to predict what will become of the agglomerations of matter known to us as Stellar Systems. Apparently the law of gravitation will continue to hold, and dead worlds will revolve round dark suns in hopeless and impenetrable mystery. The death of the universe, if such be a true representation of it, is thus infinitely more desolate and unlovely than the death of organic forms. These at any rate by returning to their elements minister to the continuance and furtherance of life and beauty. Though they themselves perish, their dissolution is instinct with promise and service,—but the dead Cosmos, so far as Science can speak, is devoid of promise and serves nothing. Perhaps this very fact, opposed as it is to all analogy with known cosmical processes during the ages of their duration, may point to the inference that scientific data are here insufficient for prediction, and that there may be, even from her own point of view, possibilities in the decay of the universe which she is not as yet in a position to suggest. However this may be, it is more important for our purpose that we should return to our consideration of the persistence of individual life through organic and super-organic changes.

A favorite analogy with those who believe in the persistence of human individuality after death has been the life-history of insects, the metamorphoses they undergo strikingly exhibiting the possibility of the same individual passing into totally different conditions of life, yet retaining its identity. This is an obvious and a picturesque illustration, but it is not in reality so striking as that which has already been drawn from the life-history of the higher

animals. The changes there exhibited are apparently more gradual; but they are as great, indeed greater than in the case of insects. There is more difference between the ovum of a vertebrate animal, and the adult form of that animal, than there is for instance between the chrysalis and the butterfly. In one respect, however, the latter analogy offers a suggestion which is not found in the case of the higher vertebrates, though in that of reptiles it to some extent exists.² The fully-formed butterfly emerges from the chrysalis case and leaves the latter behind to be resolved into its elements, having no use for it in the new and higher phase of life which has begun. Assuming that the human individual enters at death into new conditions of life, this analogy may assist us to understand that he need not be thought of as bodiless, because the body which sufficed to his needs under the old conditions has been left to return to its elements and be transmuted through natural processes into other forms to subserve other uses. If we may so express it, it is not the body, but the body-building power possessed by all organisms, which is the important matter. Part of the individuality of all living beings consists in the unique way in which in every case the body-building power exhibits itself. In the same organic division the body is always built on the same plan, yet no two individuals have bodies which are identically the same. Even in the case of twins this is true. The difference lies in some subtle individual idiosyncrasy in the body-building power, which so far Science is unable to penetrate. The individuality of the body becomes far more evident, however, as we rise in the organic scale, and is most evident in man. In him too for the first time the body-building power

² The reference of course is to the periodical casting of the skin, but the analogy is not so close or so striking as in the case of insects,

which enter into actually new conditions of life. Reptiles remain in the same.

seems to fail in providing adequate expression for the being to which it is linked. The man is more, is capable of more, than owing to his physical limitations he is able to make clear to himself or to others. It is for this reason that we feel impelled to speak of them as limitations. The body of a bird or of any animal does not strike us as limiting its individuality, rather as expressing it in a most complete and appropriate manner. The individuality of many a human being, on the contrary, seems to be fighting its way to expression through bodily hindrances, rather than clothing itself in a suitable and controllable form.

It would be unwise to lay too much stress on such considerations as the above, yet they are worthy of notice. They are among the facts which it should be the part of Science to note and classify; the part of Philosophy and Religion to interpret. In the present essay our concern is with the scientific aspect of the subject alone, and enough has perhaps been said to show that individuality is one of the most salient characteristics of the universe, that it assumes a special importance in the organic region of that universe, and in man is incomparably stronger, fuller, and at the same time less adequately expressed than in that of any other living being. Consequently the possibility in his case of its continuance after death deserves to be seriously confronted.

To do this we must have recourse to philosophical considerations, considerations that is, which, while accepting all the conclusions of Science within her own province, that of Space and Time, decline to regard them as final, but seek to penetrate the inner significance of facts of which Science can only give an external interpretation.

From the scientific standpoint, then, all we can claim (apart from those facts adverted to at the commencement

of this essay, the reality of which is still under test and discussion) is a presumption in favor of the persistence of human individual life after death, a presumption founded on the prominent place of individuality in Nature, and its presence in so high a degree in man that actual conditions are insufficient to give it scope.

One word may perhaps be added with reference to those alleged occurrences which if substantiated would, it is thought, place individual immortality beyond the pale of scientific doubt. If any reader will be at the pains to seriously question his personal friends and acquaintances, accepting only first-hand evidence, he will be surprised to find how numerous are the instances of *unsought* but apparently indubitable reappearances of, or communications from those who have died to those who are living. They are seldom spoken of for two reasons, (1) that such experiences are usually held too sacred by their subjects to be freely communicated to others, and (2) that there exists so great a prejudice against their reality that sensible and healthy-minded persons (and the evidence of no others in these matters could be accepted) shrink from laying themselves open to the almost certain accusation of an over-excitable imagination, a morbid mental or physical condition and the like. Consequently many occurrences which at first sight might, as it seems, be exceedingly important from the scientific point of view, are either never mentioned at all, or are kept back till owing to the length of time which has elapsed, and perhaps the death of the chief person concerned, they become unverifiable. This would be more regrettable than it is, were it not for the fact that save to this person, the one to whom the communication is made, it can never approve itself as reliable in the present state of scientific opinion. Experiences of the kind which the

writer has in view are, if real and unsought, so absolutely impossible to reproduce and so personal in their character and import, that though to their subject they may be absolutely convincing, and to those whose personal knowledge of him places his trustworthiness beyond doubt highly interesting and suggestive, they, like some other individual experiences, are not matter for scientific investigation. The occurrences which do so lend themselves either are or tend to be reproducible under known conditions. Consequently though as a rule they are infinitely more trivial in nature than the unsought experiences referred to, they are more valuable scientifically and more calculated to overcome prejudice.

But the true natural scale of values is not always the same as that of Science, and in another region of knowledge, which it will be our object to

explore on a future occasion, it may appear that those strictly individual manifestations have a worth and significance not to be ignored and despised. In the meanwhile we may close with the remark that save to the wilfully ignorant or prejudiced the existence of telepathy, that is communication between human beings under present known conditions, without any traceable physical intervention, is an established fact. Assuming that human beings exist under other and unknown conditions, telepathy offers a means of communication with those living the present visible life which it would be almost impossible to suppose would never be used; and this is a reflection full of pregnant suggestion to those who do not regard the known as co-extensive with the existing universe.

Emma Marie Caillard.

The Contemporary Review.

ANTON TCHEKHOFF.

English criticism is at present very much occupied with the remarkable writings of Maxim Gorki. The longest, but by no means the best, of his stories, *Foma Gordeyeff*, has already gone into several editions; and Western critics have tumbled over one another in their eagerness to acclaim its author as "the rising star on the Russian literary horizon." There is a general feeling that the orb of Tolstoy's genius, which, after dominating Europe for nearly fifty years, is now apparently setting forever, will leave behind it a great void upon the literary firmament; and, as criticism abhors a vacuum, regarding the succession of genius as an essential principle, it has been obliged in its own interests to find someone to carry on the great Russian literary tradition of

vigor, freshness and truth. But the transmission of this great inheritance into the young hands of Maxim Gorki seems a premature step. It is not the purpose of the writer to say anything about Gorki, his astonishing writings, and his still more astonishing life. The reference is made merely with the object of calling attention to a strange breach in the continuity of our knowledge of living Russian writers; and to show how in our haste to acclaim the rising of a new star we pass over a rival luminary of greater magnitude—a writer still living and still young whose achievements in literature are to-day creating a greater clamor of mingled rapture and repulsion than even *Tchelkash* and *Konovaloff*. That man is Anton Pavlovitch Tchekhoff.

That Tchekhoff's writings are entirely unknown in England is merely another way of saying that criticism, the least catholic of sciences, honors those works which lend themselves best to interpretation in its own tongue rather than those which are most highly honored in the country of their origin. Russian literature, as it appears in the diminished richness of a foreign language, is the best instance of this. Only three Russian prose-writers, Dostoyeffsky, Turgenieff, and Tolstoy have attained anything like celebrity in England. Yet Russian critics agree that there is nothing in the works of any of these three which surpasses in grace and genius the best work of Nikolai Gogol, the fiftieth anniversary of whose death is now being celebrated in Russia. But Gogol is quite unknown to English readers. The critic and the translator now make a skip from Tolstoy to Gorki; and leave unbridged the gulf which represents a generation in age and more than a generation in ideas. Apparently a literary era ends with the Tolstoyan dogma—the negation of force, the apotheosis of the omnipotent conscience; and a new era begins with the Nietzsche in a state of nature who calls himself "Gorki," with his strangled conscience, and his deification of force and fraud as the arbiters of justice and the meshes of fate. The antithesis though obvious is illusive, for an intermediate force exists; and it is against this, and not against the neo-Christianity of Tolstoy, that Gorki has risen in revolt. This force is represented by Anton Tchekhoff, the painter of the banal life, the analyst of the *Illusions Perdues* of an effete society, and the prophet of the folly of revolt against the overpowering baseness and the triviality of a soulless world.

There are very good reasons why the celebrity of Tchekhoff as the painter of this colorless life has been so little

heard of outside his own country. The career of his rival, Gorki, is a romance more entrancing than anything he has written. His hideous childhood, his ferocious struggles with poverty and hunger, his self-education, and his meteoric apparition in the Eastern sky, are alone sufficient to draw the gaze of a world ever on the lookout for sensation. Gorki's stories, too, are obvious in motive, built on heroic lines, and daubed with the excessive coloring of the pavement artist. The sharp contrast to this which is afforded both by Tchekhoff's life and Tchekhoff's writings, easily explains his relative obscurity abroad. Born in 1860, the descendant of a serf, a poor student at Moscow University, and a consumptive doctor, there is nothing remarkable in his career. By origin belonging to the poorest class of Russian society, his education and profession passed him at once into that middle-class medium, the portrayer of whose follies and vices he was destined to become. Tchekhoff did not burst upon the Russian literary world full-fledged as did Gorki three years ago. His earliest publications took the form of short stories and trivial sketches in the humorous papers *Strekoz* and *Oskolki*, and *feuilletons* in the *Novoe Vremya* and the *St. Petersburg Gazette*. He became known first merely as a humorist gifted with exceptional talent for devising amusing complications, and a weakness for making his characters despicable as well as ludicrous. But he rapidly fell under the influence of that intellectual indifferentism which has reigned in Russia since the decline of the reforming enthusiasms born of the Emancipation. The abandonment of all hope of political regeneration, the restriction of civic effort, and the closing of all careers for individual initiative had reduced Russian life to a hopeless chaos of stagnation from which even the joy of expectancy had flown. In these conditions,

with everything salient suppressed, the pettiness of everyday life was bound to assume abnormal proportions. It was Tchekhoff's fortune to seize upon this material. The torpid immobility of the country, the trivial fever of the towns, the meanness of a life without ardor or ideal became his subjects; and from the first he enlightened them in the light of a philosophy which is not disillusioned only because it has never known illusion. Both by the range of his subjects, and the method of his treatment, he became essentially the painter of the unprofitable life.

Tchekhoff's earlier stories are extremely short—some of them could be printed upon a single page of this Review—they gave no scope, therefore, for his peculiar descriptive skill and analytical talent. But his first sustained effort, *The Steppe*,¹ published serially in the now-extinct *Sieverni Viestnik*, was sufficient to convince Russian critics that a young eagle had arisen in their midst. *The Steppe*, though written at an early age, is not only one of the best of Tchekhoff's studies, but it affords a parable of the characteristics of his genius. In form it is nothing more than a series of descriptive panels depicting the drive of four utterly uninteresting individuals through an utterly uninteresting landscape. *The Steppe* in Tchekhoff's own words, is, "a country so monotonous, so empty of change that as you proceed on your journey you are forever fancying that you have turned the horse's heads, and are driving home across the country just passed through." On this monotonous background Tchekhoff set an extraordinary mosaic of colors and forms. As the battered, springless *britchka* speeds along the dusty track, the interminable steppe flashes past in a succession of glowing lights. The cloudless sky, the blazing sun, the exhalations from the

soil, the incense from a million flowers, the droning of insects and tumult of rooks by day, the song of the nightingale by night, the hundred indefinable impressions of an endless journey, are sketched with unerring skill. The uninteresting mortals, whose rapid drive forms the mechanism of this magic panorama—Deniska, the coachman, Father Christopher with his classic Latinity, and little Yegorushka, who, being dragged to school against his will, dreams of being spirited back to his mother on the knee of a beautiful countess, and awakes disenchanted with a hard piece of gingerbread sticking in his side—become as vivid and *spirituel* as the steppe itself.

When from painting nature, and writing genial little tragico-comedies for the humorous press, he turned to that analysis of character and motive on which his reputation is founded, Tchekhoff remembered the lesson of the steppe. As he had taken for his theme the least varied of all landscapes, and transfigured its apparent emptiness in a panorama of glowing colors and varying shapes, so he chose in the human world the most unpromising of materials; and achieved his triumph in the illumination of everything that in human nature is most trivial, insignificant and base. The peculiarity of Tchekhoff's talent is that while he has created a whole procession of living characters, who speak a living tongue and act like living beings, there is hardly to be found among them a single honorable, intelligent, and good-hearted man or woman. Stupidity is their commonest attribute; those who are not stupid are feeble and morbid; those who are merely wicked are always aimlessly so; and nearly all are given to gross habits and banal sentiments which produce in the reader a feeling of choking disgust. But arid alike in their vices and virtues, they are always interesting and lifelike.

¹ "Raskazui." Twelfth edition. St. Petersburg. 1898.

Tchekhoff's pessimism, however, does not stop with this; he paints occasional types of moral excellence and spiritual elevation whose purpose it is to make visible, by contrast, the baseness by which they are surrounded. But while he is far too much of an artist to exclude these redeeming elements, he is too much of a pessimist to admit their predominance or success. These people are therefore the failures of life, whose end is suicide or lunacy.

This is the motive of *Ward No. 6*,² which is regarded by many Russians as the best of Tchekhoff's novels. *Ward No. 6* is the lunatic asylum in a squalid, remote, and stagnant country town. It is a microcosm of the town itself, a pandemonium of brutality, corruption, and neglect. The patients are robbed and bullied by the master, the matron, and the nurses; the doctor sells the hospital stores to fill his own pockets; and Cerberus Nikita, the porter, preserves order by thrashing the inmates into insensibility. "Its windows are guarded with iron bars, its floor is damp and splintered; there is a smell of sour cabbage, a smell of unsnuffed wicks, a smell of bugs and ammonia, and when you enter the room this combination of smells produces upon you the impression that you have entered a den of wild beasts." The first six chapters of the book are devoted to a description of the past history of the inmates; and when you have read the subsequent chapters, it dawns upon you that the introduction was written merely to enforce the lesson that men of genius and virtue invariably end in padded cells, while scots and ruffians triumph outside. For while there are several men of respectable antecedents inside the asylum, there is only one who can be called respectable outside. And it is his destiny also to end within it.

² "Palata No Shestoi." Sixth edition. St. Petersburg. 1898.

This is the new doctor, Andrei Yefimitch Ragin, a cultivated, honest, and humane man. Ragin is at first inspired by the genuine zeal of the reformer; he detests the abuses which he sees around him, and determines to sweep them away. But while his intentions are admirable, he is totally lacking in the resolute will of the successful reformer. His character is such that he cannot even control his own household. When he feels hungry, instead of ordering his dinner, he coughs irresolutely and says "I was thinking of dining," or "suppose I were to have a cup of tea." When the superintendent of the asylum brings him accounts, which he knows to have been falsified, he reddens, signs them, and feels himself more guilty than the transgressor. His hopeless feebleness of will wrecks all his efforts at reform; weary of the struggle he, in the end, neglects his work, and spends his days at home poring over books. Among the callous, stupid and illiterate townspeople, he has only one friend, Mikhail Averyantich, a good-humored ex-cavalry officer, who borrows his friend's money and cheers him with ponderous witticisms and pointless anecdotes of military life. Ragin soon loses all his private practice, and drifts rapidly into a transcendental state of indifference to distinctions which, he deludes himself, justifies the neglect of his duties. "It is true," he argues, "that Nikifa beats the patients with his fists, and that the mad Jew Moseika begs in the street and gives the money to the porter. But after all, in essentials, there is no difference between my asylum and the best hospital in Vienna." At last a new light breaks in upon his life. On one of his rare visits to the asylum he gets into conversation with a patient, Ivan Dmitritch Gromof, who has been imprisoned as a madman since his early youth. Ragin soon discovers that Gromof is an intelligent and cultivated

man, who, because he was honest, good-hearted, and laborious, went through a series of indescribable misfortunes, which drove him out of his mind. "I have lived in this town twenty years," he says, "but this man is the first I have met who was worth talking to." Gromof is, as a rule, perfectly lucid. He talks philosophy with the doctor, combats his transcendentalism, and tells him that his indifference to others' suffering springs from the fact that he has never known suffering himself. "You despise pain," he says, "but squeeze your finger in the door, and you will howl for your life."

Ragin now gives up all his books and his speculations, and for hours at a time sits on the lunatic's bed and learns true wisdom. The townspeople, who have always suspected the sanity of a man who has never been seen gambling or intoxicated, look at him strangely when he passes down the street. The nurses whisper together when he enters the ward; the superintendent's children, whom he was wont to pat on the head, run away, and his only sane friend, Mikhail Averyanitch, advises him to give up vodka, and tells consolatory stories of companions in arms who, though at the point of death, yet recovered as the result of abstinence. The crisis comes when Ragin is summoned to the Town Hall to meet all the local authorities, and a doctor from a neighboring town. For half an hour the party discuss business and gossip about their private affairs, and then the strange doctor asks Ragin what is the day of the month, how many days there are in the year, and whether it is true that in Ward No. 6 there is a remarkable prophet. "It is time, old man, for you to take a rest," says a friend. Only then does Ragin understand. He loses his position, travels for change to Warsaw in company of Mikhail Averyanitch, who borrows his money, and drives him nearly to the

point of real insanity with his ponderous wit. When he returns he attempts to lead his old life. But the townspeople persist in regarding him as a harmless lunatic. His successor, Khobotoff, pays him daily visits, and doses him with bromide of potassium and rhubarb pills; and Mikhail Averyanitch looks at him pityingly and tries to cheer him up with barrack-room jokes. At last, driven desperate by their importunities, he drives both from the house. That seals his doom. He is now, they argue, a dangerous lunatic, and must be got into the asylum by force or fraud. The same evening Khobotoff returns, pretends to treat Ragin as a sane man, and invites him to visit the Ward for a pretended consultation. Ragin consents; the asylum door shuts behind him, and Nikita marches forward with a dressing-gown and slippers, and shows the doctor his bed. Overcome by his misfortunes Ragin has not the courage even to protest. "I am glad! You drank other men's blood; now they will drink yours," screams Gromof in a paroxysm of madness. "Give me a kopeck," cries Moseika. After a short imprisonment Ragin joins his companions in a revolt. But Nikita is used to revolts. He bangs his fists on his old master's head. Next day Ragin dies.

Ward No. 6 is not only one of the best of Tchekhoff's stories for the pictures it gives of Russian provincial life, but it expresses more comprehensively than any other single story the philosophy which is embodied in all. Be base, brutal and insignificant, says Tchekhoff, and, though you will not be happy, the worst misfortune that will befall you will be that you will be pursued throughout life by a stupid, uncomprehending sense of your own ineffectiveness. Emerge for a moment into honorable aspiration or even into misguided passion, and you are face to face with a tragedy. Lunacy or suicide, therefore is the end of the few aspiring men

who appear in his pages. That most men escape both lunacy and suicide Tchekhoff explains by painting the majority of them as feeble and insignificant. In the gray and circumscribed lives of his heroes and heroines there is no ambition, ardor, or exaltation, no enduring passion or consistent wickedness—only an infinite grinding of the petty against the base. There is an inherent cowardice and irresponsibility, in the human soul which so controls things that great crises are invariably determined by petty accidents in themselves of no account, rather than by the passion or resolution of the persons concerned. Analyzed in this way, Tchekhoff appears as the exponent of a particularly ugly and hopeless pessimism. But though that is the final impression which his writings create, it is impossible to class him as a pessimist at all. His pages sparkle with the delicate humor and an irresponsible gaiety of a man who finds the world more charming than any optimist has ever found it. Yet the motive is insistent, and when you argue that all these men and women might be just as amusing without being quite so contemptible, Tchekhoff answers by returning to his thesis that if they were not contemptible they would be tragical.

Stupidity and callousness, and the eternal banal, argues Tchekhoff, are the guardians of most men against misfortune. In his own words, "the nervous, conscious life is incompatible with restful happiness." Against tragedy, barring the door, stands bathos; and it is by their irresponsible levity and meanness of soul that most men avoid shipwreck. This is the motive of *The Neighbors*^a (*Sosyedi*), one of Tchekhoff's most characteristic stories. Zina Ivashin, a young girl, has run away with Vlasitch, a married man, separated from his wife, who lives in

the neighboring village. The defender of the Ivashin's family honor, Peter Mikhallovitch, sits moodily at home and wonders what he ought to do. In her bedroom, in despair, weeps his old mother, the maids speak in whispers, and even the men-servants look reproachfully at Peter Mikhallovitch. But Ivashin does not rise to the occasion at all. He knows that his sister and her lover are both "Liberals," which in Russia implies freedom in religion and in morals as well as in politics. They have therefore a conscious justification of their action, and cannot be treated as sinners from vulgar passion. Nevertheless, something must be done; and Ivashin determines to drive to the seducer's house, denounce Vlasitch as a villain, strike him in the face, and either kill him or be killed in the inevitable duel. Personally he has not the slightest desire for any such tragical solution. But this remedy is simple and obvious, and he can think of no other. So, foaming with artificial blood-thirstiness, he drives to Vlasitch's house. Vlasitch is in his shirt-sleeves, driving nails into a broken shutter. "It's you, Petrusha," he begins affectionately, "I am delighted. . . . The rain will be good for the oats." And for an hour he babbles on childishly concerning the weather, his past life and his literary pursuits. "Yesterday Zina and I spent a most delightful evening after dinner. I read her aloud an admirable article upon the emigration question. Read it, brother, it is absolutely essential. I could not restrain myself, and wrote to the author a note expressing my gratitude. Just a line, 'I thank you from my heart, and warmly press your honest hand.' " And so on. Overcome by Vlasitch's stupidity, and the banality of the situation, Ivashin's bloody intentions disappear. He discusses the weather with his sister, and in the end drives home, escorted part of the way by the erring

^a "Povest i Buskazul." St. Petersburg, 1880.

pair. He is disgusted with his own weakness and cowardice, and can think of nothing but a story which Vlasitch with incredible stupidity has told him of a Frenchman who flogged to death a peasant whom he found making love to his daughter. "Olivier acted like an inhuman monster, yet . . . he decided the problem . . . I have only mixed things up, and have decided nothing. He said and did what he meant to say and do, but I say and do exactly the opposite. . . . Yes, and even what I did intend I myself do not know."

Essentially the same motive, though in forms varying so much as to be hardly recognizable, appears in nearly all Tchekhoff's longer stories. In *Babye Tsarstvo*⁴ the familiarity of an impudent servant is enough to wreck a nascent romance. The heroine of this story is Anna Akimovna, a young, pretty and rich woman, the daughter of an illiterate mechanic, and the unexpected heiress of a wealthy iron-master. Anna's tragedy is that she wants to marry, and that an equivocal social position cuts her off alike from gentle and simple. She knows that her manager swindles her, that her workmen are neglected and live in filthy dens, that she receives every day anonymous letters denouncing her as a blood-sucker, and that she is getting on to thirty years of age. By accident she is brought into contact with Osip Pimenoff, one of her own employés, a healthy, honest, and intelligent man, living a clean life in clean surroundings, and devoting his spare hours to bettering his position. With his earnestness, his respectful devotion to herself, his practical knowledge of the factory, and his Atlantean frame, Pimenoff, she feels, is the one man who could at the same time make her happy and take from her shoulders the intolerable burden of responsibility for two thousand lives.

⁴ "Povesti i Razkazul." St. Petersburg. 1890.

But, like most of Tchekhoff's heroes and heroines, Anna Akimovna is unfit to direct her own destiny. She rejects Pimenoff, not because she does not love him—though she is not even sure of that—but because the trivial elements entirely outweigh the essential. "If you set him at dinner with Victor Nikolaievitch and the general, he would die of fright," remonstrates an impudent footman. "Good heavens, ma'am, he doesn't know how to hold his fork."

"Mishenka's grin, his words, his short jacket and his whiskers produced in Anna Akimovna a feeling of uncleanness. She shut her eyes to avoid seeing him, and, in spite of her feelings, could not help drawing a picture of Pimenoff dining at the same table with Luishevitch and Kruilin, and his respectful, uncultivated face seemed to her pitiable and helpless, and filled her with disgust."

This incorrigible levity of the human soul in face of great crises runs through nearly everything Tchekhoff has written. The hero of the story *The Problem*,⁵ Sasha Uskoff, having squandered his scanty allowance, forges a bill of exchange. His good-natured uncle to save the honor of the family, pays the amount. But Sasha, so far from being touched with penitence and gratitude, only draws the lesson that there are more fools and gulls in the world than he had imagined. When Uncle Ivan Markovitch, having won over to clemency a whole college of hostile relations, came out of the council-chamber, he is met by Sasha with the demand for a hundred roubles. Ivan Markovitch refuses. "Then I shall give myself up to the police," threatens Sasha, "and all your efforts to save the family honor will be wasted." Ivan Markovitch pleads, argues, hesitates—and hands over the money. And triumphant Sasha, as he goes off to join his boon

⁵ "Razkazul." Twelfth edition. St. Petersburg. 1898.

companions, for the first time realizes that it is a foolish thing to commit forgery when the fruits are to be had by such simple means as threatening to commit it.

But Tchekhoff is never satisfied with pouring upon his heroes and heroines the vials of a merely objective contempt. Feeble, paifry, pusillanimous as appear the children of this world to one another, they are in each of these respects more lacking in manhood when examined under the microscope of their own minds. Tchekhoff revels in the analysis of insulted and humiliated spirits, who, while flaming with indignation against an unappreciative world, are at the same time penetrated through and through with contempt for themselves. The descent to this Avernus of self-contempt is ever easy for his sensitive heroes. A word at a social gathering, an imagined insult, a trifling unintentional slight, are sufficient to drive them into a course of pessimistic introspection in which the whole nakedness of their souls is held up to their own laughter and to ours. It is not sufficient for his heroes to be insignificant and insipid—they must know it, and to the analysis of their self-revelation Tchekhoff devotes page after page. We have already seen Ivashin, disgusted with the banal part he has played in his miscarried tragedy. The *Master of Literature*⁶ is another of these spiritless weaklings, humiliated by the sense of his own ineffectiveness. He has been asked before a roomful of guests whether he has ever read Lessing's *Dramaturgie*, and the fact that he, an authority upon literature, has been obliged to admit that he has never read so important a work, drives him in the end to the verge of insanity. In another story *Perekladin*,⁷ a petty official, goes home from an evening party

in rage and humiliation, because he has been told by an impudent youth that he is not an educated man. Perekladin has been in the Civil Service for forty years, and his insulter bases the indictment on the fact that although he may punctuate his papers correctly, he cannot give any conscious reasons for the employment of the different signs. Tchekhoff draws a most ludicrous picture of the offended Perekladin writhing on his conjugal couch at the thought that he can give no reason for doing what he has done correctly after forty years' experience. At last, with the aid of a more accomplished wife, he gets a fairly accurate definition of the various signs. "A note of exclamation?" cries his wife. "Why everyone knows! A note of exclamation is used after expressions indicative of rapture, indignation, terror, joy, fear, or any other feeling." And as Perekladin's memory goes back over forty years of his monotonous official career, he realizes that although in that period he has written thousands upon thousands of official documents, he has never once had an opportunity to express rapture, indignation, terror, joy, or fear.

In stories like these Tchekhoff poses for a moment as a humorist. But it is never as a good-humorist, and alike from shadowy uncompleted sketch and elaborate analysis, rings out the reiterated lesson that life is not a chain of tragedies, passions, or infatuations, but a tedious recurring cycle of vulgar weaknesses, continuous humiliation, and ultimate self-contempt.

The story *At the Manor*,⁸ with its hero Rashevitch, is in this respect typical of Tchekhoff's art. Rasevitch is an ignorant, poor, and mean-spirited country-gentleman, with two daughters of more than marriageable age, and a single hypothetical suitor as their only hope.

⁶ "Povesti i Razkazni." St. Petersburg. 1898.
⁷ "Plostrige Pakzazul." Twelfth edition. St. Petersburg. 1898.

⁸ "Povesti i Razkazni." St. Petersburg. 1898.

At bottom he knows himself to be a good-humored, even a playful old man, yet he is pursued by some strange fatality which makes him quarrel with everyone. The suitor, Meyer, is a man of no origin, yet such is Rashevitch's incorrigible love of hearing his own voice that he cannot resist forcing upon him a wholly meaningless argument as to the virtue and dignity of the "white bone" (blue blood). Rashevitch, who has never read a scientific work in his life, pictures himself as "an incorrigible Darwinist, to whom, therefore, race, aristocracy, noble blood, are no empty sounds." The insulted suitor leaves the house in anger; and Rashevitch goes to bed with the exclamation of his disappointed daughters ringing in his ears: "The toad! the toad!" But it is not Tchekhoff's method to be content with leaving the sequel to the reader's imagination. He pursues the wretched Rashevitch into his bedroom, and revels in his humiliation.

When he got to his room Rashevitch sat upon the end of his bed and undressed himself slowly. He felt whipped in spirit, and was tormented by a feeling which made it seem to him that he had been eating soap. . . . He was thoroughly ashamed of himself. When he had finished undressing he looked for a time at his long, veined, old man's legs, and remembered that all over the district he was nicknamed "the toad," and that never a long conversation passed without leaving him thoroughly disgusted with himself. He was convinced that he always entered into conversation quietly, kindly, and with the best intentions, calling himself genially an "idealist," an "old student," or a "Don Quixote," but, as if by some fatality little by little and imperceptibly, he passed into calumny and abuse, and dogmatized upon art and science and morals, although twenty years had passed since he had read a single book or been farther than the government town. . . . Rashevitch awoke in a fright, and, first of all, remembered the misunderstanding of the

evening before, deciding that in all probability Meyer would never set foot in his house again. He remembered that the interest must be lodged in the bank, that he must find husbands for his daughters, that he must eat and drink; and he thought of old age, illness and unpleasantness, that winter would soon be upon him, and that there was no wood. . . .

It was nine o'clock. Rashevitch dressed himself slowly, drank a cup of tea, and ate two large slices of bread and butter. His daughters did not appear; they had no desire to see his face, and that offended his pride. He lay awhile on the study sofa, and then took a seat at the table, and began to write a letter to his daughters. His hand trembled, and his eyes itched, but he went on writing. He wrote that he was growing old, that nobody wanted him, and that nobody loved him, so he begged his daughters to forget him, and when he died to bury him without ceremony in a plain deal coffin, or to send his old body to Kharkoff to the Anatomical Museum. He felt that every line breathed malice and affectation. But he could not restrain himself, and wrote on and on and on. . . .

And in the midst of his composition come the hissing voices of his offended daughters: "The toad! the toad!"

This shameless stripping of the last rags of dignity from the human soul is Tchekhoff all over. There is a pitiless assiduity, a wanton ferocity in his pursuit of his victims which is absolutely without parallel outside the pages of Swift. But Tchekhoff's writings, unlike Swift's, do not contain from beginning to end a single word of open or implied satire upon humanity as a whole. The method of his art is wholly objective, and therein lies its effectiveness. It is the persistency with which he creates, in varying scenes and under varying circumstances, whole processions of men and women differing in nearly every moral and intellectual quality, but united by a common bond of vacuity and feebleness that betrays his philosophy. Taken singly, his stories read like

good-humored banter of the idiosyncrasies of commonplace men and women. It is necessary to read half-a-dozen before you suspect that there is a subjective tendency, which, though skillfully hidden away by the author, is the secret motive of each. But the cumulative impression of the whole is an impression of overpowering consistency and universal application. That life is a nightmare of abysmal emptiness, that all men are ridiculous in one another's eyes, and contemptible in their own, that no man is master of his own fate, and that genius, courage and virtue are, by a law of nature, inevitably shipwrecked in a world for which they are by nature unfitted—such is the final impression.

Tchekhoff is never more vivid and convincing than when he insists upon this last and most melancholy of lessons. How he works it out in *Ward No. 6* I have already shown. But it appears in others of his stories. In the interminable sea of desolation which he delights to paint, an heroic head emerges now and again; you watch for a moment the gleam from the eye of genius and faith, and feel that even the pitiless analyst is longing to clutch the outstretched hand. But where the nature of life—life base, uncomprehending and banal—is not too much for these exceptional men, some trivial accident intervenes, and the struggler goes under forever. Such is the fate of Likharyoff, the hero of *On the Way*,^{*} the most brilliant and despairing story that Tchekhoff ever wrote. Likharyoff is of a type very common in Russian literature, a "Dmitri Rudin," or, as Matthew Arnold phrased it, an "ineffec-tual angel." He embodies those qualities of faith and defects of feeble ness which Russian writers agree upon as inherent in the character of the Slavs. "The Russians," said Dostoyeffsky,

"are all ardor, imagination, and faith." "The Slavs," said Turgenieff, "all suffer from instability of will." Likharyoff's faith and ardor are strong to the point of infatuation, but in nothing has he the steadfastness of will to pursue a single purpose to an objective end. "Nature," he says himself, "has set in every Russian an inquiring mind and an extraordinary capacity for faith . . . but all our qualities are broken into dust against our indolence and shiftlessness." It is the life confession of this impassioned and ever-infatuated man which makes up the story *On the Way*.

It is worked out in twenty pages of dazzling wit, pathos and incomparable descriptive beauty. The snow-bound country-inn, with its roaring stove-pipe; the guest-room intermittently illumined by a guttering dip, its rude pictures of seraphim and Nasr Edin; the whining of little Sasha as her father's extraordinary life-story, poured forth in torrents of naive eloquence, keeps her awake through the long night; the amazement and sudden comprehension of Likharyoff's auditor, Mademoiselle Ilovaiskaya; and the sudden breakdown of both when, blending their voices with the peevish child's complaints, all sob together in a discord of common misery, form a series of pictures overwhelming in their pathos and reality. In the morning, Mademoiselle Ilovaiskaya, having awakened a vain hope in the perishing Likharyoff's heart, drives away through the snow, and he, whose temporary, but as ever over-mastering, infatuation had persuaded him that this sensitive, sympathetic girl had forgiven him his age and misfortunes, and was ready to go after him to the ends of the earth, is left standing enraptured in the snow "till the traces of the sledge-runners had been effaced forever, and he, enshrouded in snow, began to resemble a white rock, his eyes all the time con-

* "V. Sumerkakh." Thirteenth edition. St. Petersburg. 1890.

tinuing to search for something through the clouds of snow."

"Russian life presents itself as a continuous series of faiths and infatuations, but negation or unbelief it has not—if I may so express it—even smelt. A Russian may not believe in God, but that is merely a way of saying that he believes in something else." This is the keynote of Likharyoff's confession (a note the antithesis of Tchekhoff's own); and it is worked out on the narrow canvas of twenty pages crowded with living imagery and delightful humor. "I was a believer from my earliest childhood," says Likharyoff. "My mother used to make us eat a lot, and when she fed us used to say 'Eat, children, there is nothing on earth like soup.' I took my soup as a religion, and swallowed it to the point of loathing and nausea. When I learned to read the Bible, I tried to become a monk, and hired boys to torture me for Christ's sake. But when I went to school, and was taught that the earth goes round the sun, and that white light is not white at all, but is composed of seven primary colors, my head fairly went round. At home everything seemed hideous—my mother in the name of Elijah denying lightning conductors, my father indifferent to the truths I had learnt. Like a madman I rushed about the house. I preached my truths to the stable boys. I was driven to despair by ignorance—I flamed with hatred against those who saw in white light only white." And so on all through life. The infatuation for science declined when Likharyoff, having been told that zoology counted thirty-five thousand species of insects, himself discovered a thirty-five thousand and first. But with an equal ardor he thrust himself into Nihilism; and from this passed to maniacal adoration of the lives and creations of the common people. He had been in succession a Slavophile, an Ukrainophile,

an archaeologist, and had boxed the compass of beliefs from willing martyrdom in the name of Christ to perverting nuns to atheism and infidelity. "Five years ago," he concludes, "I served as the negation of property; my latest faith was non-resistance to evil."

Likharyoff, admirable even in his extravagance and pathetic in his end, is an exceptional figure in that aggregation of apes and oddities which makes up Tchekhoff's world. His fate becomes him in a world too circumscribed for humane enthusiasm or exalted faith, and he has escaped that deluge of the banal which has submerged the rest of his kind. Having rid himself, as he is convinced the world rids itself, of abnormal embodiments of virtue, Tchekhoff returns with whetted appetite to his pursuit of the feeble and foolish. The quality of his genius admirably equips him for this. He has an unerring eye for every little vulgar trait, whether of manner or mind, that makes men and women ridiculous. He seizes on those actual, living words and phrases, which we hear every day, but seldom see in print, and compresses, as men compress in real life, into a single vivid but untranslatable sentence a whole life of vulgar emotion. His trick of repeating again and again a single phrase, and sometimes using an expressive sentence as the motive of a story, produce upon the reader an extraordinary effect. That the mere expression and analysis of the banal ideas of banal persons uttered in banal words could sustain a continuous interest seems incredible. But the glowing verisimilitude which comes from actual observation, the cunning of a restrained hand that excludes the slightest intrusion of the superfluous, and the sharp objectivity of everything, turn the base metal in which Tchekhoff works into refined gold. He is at his best when his scenes, his characters are at their worst. But when he cannot have them morally

worthless he makes them ridiculous; and he plays the valet to otherwise estimable men, and describes in curt sentences full of compressed detail the little absurdities with which they put on their clothes and eat their food, harping back to them again and again until the reader is convinced that the way Ivan Lvovitch holds his knife, and Sophia Alexeyevna blows her nose, are the most significant things in their lives. But Tchekhoff is not a Boswell, and you seldom rise from reading his stories with an impression of solid greatness or moral worth effacing the image of his heroes' idiosyncrasies. Upon the top of their simian tricks, and painted in even more vivid colors, rises the picture of their vapid intellects, their meretricious sentiments, their stagnant lives. The final impression is that life is *A Dull Story*,¹⁹ and that—to quote the words in which the "Master of Literature" sums up his tragedy of disillusion—"tiresome, insignificant men, pots of clotted cream, jugs of milk, beetles, and stupid women," are the beginning and end of all things on earth.

It would seem inevitable that a writer with a vision so narrow and intense should be subjective in his art. But it is the admitted merit of Tchekhoff that he is the most objective writer of modern Russia, not even excepting Turgenieff, who could not always restrain himself from putting his occidental philosophy into the mouths of chosen heroes. The subjectivity of Tchekhoff is confined to the selection of his scenes and social medium; these being determined, he is content to leave his characters on paper and let them speak and act for themselves. If they never open their mouths or lift their hands without betraying the mark of the beast, that is their nature. An antecedent subjectivity has taken them,

mean and insignificant, from a mean and insignificant medium. But their manners and morals are their own; and they develop logically through their intolerably tiresome lives. There is hardly a single generalization, outside his dialogues, to be found in all Tchekhoff's writings; he never dallies to enforce a moral; he never employs his heroes as mouthpieces—they are much too stupid to have any conscious philosophy. His disillusion is visible only in the restriction of his canvas to a disillusioned world. In this respect Tchekhoff differs widely from Gorki, who, through the lips of his heroes, is ever breaking out into petulant rebellion against the emasculated modern world in which force and cunning are cheated of their just reward. And Tchekhoff's disillusion is not the disillusion of a *poseur*, any more than it is the product of a reasoned philosophy, or—commonest of all disillusionments—the scorn of the feeble for a world in which they are unfitted to take a worthy part. It is apparently a genuine temperamental incapacity to see anything but the unworthy sides of life—its littleness, its lack of interest, its triumphant mediocrity, its evanescence in the present and past, its vacuity in the future. Yet it is upon this desert of desolation that his garden of roses is reared. By some strange reversal of the ordinary laws of art, the more aimless his motives, the more monotonous his background, the more vapid his characters, the more glowing and lifelike are his pictures. He dazzles by analysis of the simplest things; and the blinding monotonous glare that beats upon a disenchanted world emerges from his prismatic pen in all the gorgeous colors of the rainbow. That this is art of a high order is beyond question. And in turn it interacts upon our appreciation of Tchekhoff's philosophy. For if this vapid and objectless existence, when painted by a skilful hand, appears the

¹⁹ The title of one of Tchekhoff's longest stories

most lifelike of all, it is impossible to deny its reality, and even, as Tchekhoff will have it, its predominance over every other.

Tchekhoff's literary activity, it should be said in conclusion, is not confined to the novel, or, more strictly speaking, to the short story, for no one of his publications attains the proportions of a novel. He has published also a volume of plays,¹¹ and two of these, *Ivanof* and *Tchaika (The Gull)* have been put on the stage, one with great success. But it is difficult to see where, save in the celebrity of the writer and in the stagnation of the Russian drama since the death of Ostrovsky, their attractiveness lies. The effective drama is based too much upon great motives and sharp contrasts of character and interest to be in consonance with Tchekhoff's talent. Frivolity has made successful plays, but a continued exposition of the banal never did. Trivial motives, monotonous backgrounds, and the fundamental lack of the heroic, which increase their interest in the dissecting-room of the analytical novelist, in the drama are merely meaningless. In Tchekhoff's dramas his peculiar genius is obscured, the subjective element, generally suppressed, becomes apparent, and there is no compensatory element of ingenuity of plot or delineation of character. Suicide, preluded by disillusion and madness, is the *dénouement* of both *Ivanof* and *The Gull*. But, except in their conclusions, there is little in them to recall Tchekhoff the novelist.

Tchekhoff has sometimes been mis-called a satirist of that class of Russian society upon whose ills and incapacities he lays so hard a hand. But it is certainly only the accident of birth which makes him hit out at Russia and, in particular, at the Russian middle-

class; the universal scarecrow, humanity, is in reality his target. The bases of real satire lie deeply rooted in contrast with the good, and in faith in final betterment. There is no trace of such faith or even of indignation in Tchekhoff's pages. He makes no open complaint against the existing order, he exposes no particular wrong, he even takes things like a genial philosopher. But it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that he does this not because he sees any single element of betterment in the world, but because he is firmly convinced that the emptiness of life is eternal and irremediable. In one of those rare passages in which Tchekhoff the pessimist has succeeded in stealing the pen of Tchekhoff the artist, this philosophy is expressed with an unaccustomed openness. It is apparently the beginning and end of Tchekhoff's view of life; and it is the fittest conclusion for a criticism of his works:

"The Student remembered that when he left the house his mother sat in the hall, barefooted, and cleaned the samovar; and his father lay upon the stove and coughed; and because it was Good Friday nothing was being cooked at home, though he was tortured with desire to eat. And now, shivering with the cold, the Student reflected that just the same icy wind blew in the reign of Rurik, in the reign of Ivan the Terrible, and in the reign of Peter the Great; that there was just the same gnawing hunger and poverty, just the same dilapidated thatched roofs, just the same ignorance, the same boredom with life, the same desert around, the same darkness within, the same sentiment of oppression—that all these terrors were and are and will be, and that though a thousand years may roll by, life can never be any better."

R. E. C. Long.

¹¹ "Pleas." St. Petersburg. 1897.

AN ISOLATED CASE.

It was not splendid isolation—only confluent smallpox of a virulent type, in the city of Tokyo, month of February, and year of our Lord 1897 (or of Jimmu Tenno 2557). It came about this way. Japan, having recently emerged from darkness into light, began to yearn with pity for poor Korea, who had not yet followed suit. It was Korea's acquiescence in the blighting influence of Chinese stagnation that held her so enthralled in medieval gloom; and chivalrous Japan made up its mind that, *côte que côte* (for we are dabs at Western languages out there), Korea must be freed, set on her own legs, and have an opportunity of working out her own salvation. What chivalry inspired sound statesmanship indorsed; for was not Russia creeping Chinwards resistless as a glacier, longing for the warm water that laps the Korean coast, while China sat stupidly gazing, inert and impotent: a daring effort must be made to dominate the jutting territory, and establish a buffer-state which would keep the huge neighbors of Japan on the coolest of visiting terms. Hence the war of 1894-95, when David faced Goliath, and, being in thorough training, thrashed him. Japan became master of the Liao-tung peninsular, with Port Arthur and other salient points, a barrier-wedge of land which, under Japanese administration, would effectually block the southerly march of Russia. In Far Eastern matters, however, *tout le monde propose, mais la Russie dispose*, and on this occasion at least she so prevailed (our Government sitting on its usual fence) that she induced the two bitterest enemies in Europe to unite with her in

signing a round-robin, full of sweet reasonableness, which they handed in at Tokyo. This document explained that, though Japan might imagine the Liao-tung to be hers by right of conquest in a fairly fought war, yet Christendom, the patentees of International Law, could by no means countenance indecent "rights" when claimed by victors with a yellow skin: "Drop it, good dog!" they said; "you may have Formosa instead." As England looked the other way, there was no alternative but to yield to the triple revolver pointed at her head. So Japan gave up her lawful prize and proceeded to occupy Formosa. Her troops found their deadliest enemy in the filth of the Chinese quarters of the large Formosan towns, and it was not long after the return of some of these troops in the autumn of '96 that Tokyo flamed out in an epidemic, smallpox dashed with plague. This was so severe that (out of 15,000 cases in three months) 65 per cent of the cases proved fatal,¹ "two were taken, the other was left"—the present writer being one of the minority.

It was Tokyo on the last day of January 1897. We had had a plebald month. During the first fortnight everything was abandoned to the festivities attendant on New Year: streets one long evergreen avenue of pine and bamboo (planted for "luck" and "long life" in front of each house), crowded with cheery idlers and happy children flitting like human flower-beds in their radiant robes, ecstatic at the empire of ravishing toys that stretched before them, while overhead from every roof waved the scarlet disc on the national flag, and the roadway all day long was

¹ Though vaccination in Japan is compulsory, repeated much more frequently than with us, and carried out entirely with Government gly-

cerine-lymph from the calf, it is not very satisfactory in its results.

a giddy maze of jinrikishas flashing to and fro, laden with well-dressed heads of families bent on the orthodox visits of congratulation. Then came the sudden death of the Dowager-Empress; at one stroke the great city became a funeral show; the tens of thousands of flags were lowered half-mast, and in their place ten thousand long black streamers gloomily shivered in the Siberian breeze. Theatres were closed for fifteen days, at the university—*Incredibile dictu*—lecture-rooms were empty for a week, public music ceased for fifty days, and in private houses until after the funeral, while the Diet voted £80,000 for the expenses of the imperial pageant.

It was a grim and frosty day without a break of sun, the kind of weather when foreign criticism of things Japanese is apt to be bitter, when the sloppy shuffling click of the *geta* (wooden clogs) becomes more exasperating than usual, and the smell from insanitary canals unbearable. I was lunching with some American friends at a pretty semi-Japanese house three miles from the hotel where I lived beside the Sumida (the Tokyo Thames), but I left them rather abruptly and hurried home, because of a most uncomfortable brain.

I was soon in bed, where a raging headache kept me awake for a day and a half; then the doctor (there was only one English doctor—and he a Scotsman—in this city of 1,500,000 bodies) gave his verdict, "*hoso*" (smallpox). Promptly, as if I were a live shell, measures were taken for my expulsion. Not far from the hotel was a four-roomed bungalow occupied by a Scottish lady and her young daughter: in a couple of hours these friends-in-need cleared out all their furniture, pictures, books, and divided the house into two isolated halves of two rooms each, locking the doors of communication and

pasting over them on both sides sheets of stout paper from ceiling to floor.

Meanwhile, eager to utilize my last moments of sanity, a deputation of British residents had arrived at the bedside. A countrywoman of mine in Yokohama (eighteen miles away) had just been sentenced to death on the charge of poisoning her husband, and to save her life with due form it was required that three of her countrymen should be found, disinterested and reputable, to sign a petition to the British Minister, praying him to exercise the prerogative of mercy with which he was (until 1899) intrusted in those far-away longitudes: my double qualification of newcomer and Government employee indicated me as a suitable signatory. The kind-hearted deputation read and re-read the petition, but I could not "get the hang of it," and when at last I saw some gleam of lucidity running through it, I still thought the condemned woman might wait, rather than I should have to sit up to sign. A few minutes' judicious coaxing, however, and I did the deed, after which subsiding, I ran away from reality for many days. Everything being now ready for my removal, four of the hotel "boys" came in smiling as though it were a festival, and, passing ropes beneath the mattress, tied me up in a cylindrical bundle, and carried me out by a back-way down a steep ladder to the vacant bungalow: here I sat by a blazing stove, while they spread the blankets on the bed; I was unconscious before they lifted me in. . . . When I awoke it was midnight; the room was quite dark except for the flicker of a stove; sitting in front of it with their backs to me were two young women smoking curious metal pipes (this was allowed in every loathsome case), chattering confidentially with the gayest laughter. (They were excellent trained nurses, as I afterwards proved.) My

head being still on the rack, I waited a minute to see if they would not look my way, then suddenly stepped out of bed and came behind their chairs, laying a hand on the shoulder of each to steady myself. "*Takusan hanashi!*" I sternly yelled in crudest Japanese (for I had been only a few months in Japan), "*ikenai! hadzukashii!*" ("Too much talk! I won't have it! disgraceful!") They dropped their pipes in dismay, scared by such a disturbance from a patient of 105°; the younger one burst into tears, and both appealed to me with torrents of their native tongue. As I had no idea what they said, I gripped the younger one and thrust her inside her sleeping-room, locked the door, knocked the other girl into her chair, and went back to bed. I heard sobs from the maiden in the dark, but she and I soon fell asleep. (Next day she prevailed on the doctor to let her go, for she was afraid of the violent foreigner; a tougher substitute took her place.)

The morrow broke miserably, and I got out of bed to reconnoitre. I stared at the roofs and sounds of a strange city: pulpy snow lay thick in the road, and a clammy wind was slopping round the corners. Some woman (in whom I did not recognize the nurse) was on her knees within the porch, busy with bucket and rag. She tried to lead me back to my bed, but I insisted on stationing myself at the open door, peering through the snowflakes, wondering what had come to the universe. I asked her—in English—why I was thus imprisoned in a dark hole, robbed of my clothes, left without food or cigarettes. She replied, in Japanese,—though the sounds seemed those of an inhuman land,—that his Majesty the Emperor had conceived a plan for ascertaining the real merits of the various foreign employees in his service at that date. Each of those gentlemen when he awoke this morning would find himself

in a part of the world he had never been in before, hopelessly cut off from any previous friend or means of influence; he would have lost any knowledge of the language which he might have acquired, and he would, moreover, be so disfigured by a revolting eruption on his skin that acquaintances would pass him by; while he would have to get on as best he could in the wintry air with a simple suit of pyjamas. His Imperial Majesty laid special stress on the pyjama regulation, as his object was to discover what we really were when stripped of adventitious prestige and suddenly reduced to our lowest terms. I replied that the August Design was schoolboy nonsense—bricks without straw was nothing compared with it. "I don't know where I am," I said, "and if I speak to any one they only laugh." A coolie was passing at the moment, carrying milk for some foreigners' breakfast, and to illustrate my point I stepped out into the road and hailed him eagerly: he grinned from ear to ear, and with a shrug pursued the path of duty. "You might as well," I continued, "lead a lot of blind men inside a printing-office, and ask them to set up the morning paper!" The repellent female laid her hand on my arm and earnestly replied, "It is all right,—you all have the same chance; the best will find a way out." Again she tried to draw me in under cover; but on gazing at my fingers it occurred to me that if I only showed myself long enough some one must notice such a hideous foreigner, and might tell other foreigners of my whereabouts. (I knew I was a "foreigner," but was unaware of "Englishmen" or "Japanese.") I would have gone out scouting in the streets, but there was something wrong with my legs which prevented my standing without support, so at last in utter disgust I brushed aside the ex-postulating wench, and marched back into bed, murmuring loudly at the se-

verity of the test involved in his Imperial Majesty's experiment. She showed me a syphon of soda for reward, but neither hunger nor thirst entered my head; I had no notion I was ill—simply in a wretched predicament, powerless as a baby, yet served with a monstrous task.

I lay down, and for more than a month—though it was only half a day—I lost my way along a lovely part of the Pacific shore, where the landscape was honeycombed with surprises, events repugnant to all human experience, and so infinite in their variety that it made me ache to think of remembering them. Every bend in the path led without fail into a torture-trap, a mental torture-trap. . . . Now I was fast in one, snared for the rest of my life. I was on a huge turn-table, raised high above the fields, fenced all round its rim with tall wire-netting which forbade any chance of escape. It revolved with ponderous speed, humming like a vast infernal top (the stove in the room had begun to "draw"), but presently it slackened speed, and with most measured cruelty showed signs of coming to rest. With maddening deliberation it finally stood poised for one second motionless; in that bare pause a small area of the wire enclosure at a certain spot leapt back like a valve; through that orifice darted out three men whom I had not before noticed as being with me, and before I could gasp the door had shut, leaving no hint of its locality, the massive platform was again gliding round with an ever-accelerating speed, and myself alone marooned in an unknown maze. I could hear the three liberated men shouting to me that it was Perpetual Motion, and, save for the periodic momentary pause, the turn-table would revolve forever; my only chance was to "spot" the opening door and fly headlong through the instant I detected it; that as at each fresh pause the opening would ap-

pear at some new point on the circumference, it were best to stand near the centre and keep a sharp look-out in every direction simultaneously. I was dizzy before, and these instructions made me mad—though I accepted the problem as a matter of course. . . . Another variation. The wire-fence had become a smooth circumference of solid steel, seamless, with no suspicion of an outlet anywhere. Worse still, I heard a child's cry of terror, and a young girl of eleven (it must have been the beautiful child of a Spanish secretary of Legation who lived near by) rushed to me wild with alarm, appealing for help to get her out. Time after time the hollow dome—it was no longer open to the sky above—slackened and paused with its mocking invitation to alight; but time after time I failed to catch the aperture, dragging the child hither and thither in desperate rushes. Now the aperture each time was narrower than the last; I had to cease dragging the girl, and hurled her in front of me at the first sign of an opening: we were both panting and worn out, half-blinded and bruised by countless collisions against that impenetrable steel. It was about the thousandth slack, just as I felt my strength could not avail for more than one last demoniacal dash—when, close to where we stood, the smooth wall "gave" for the briefest wink of time; with a yell of triumph I shot her through with brutal force, heard her severed cry, and fell down breathless on the cursed rumbling floor, filled with an intoxication of relief. . . . The doomed rotating prison as stealthily shrinking its diameter; unless I soon escaped I must finally be crushed to pulp—and that in a terribly deliberate way—as the metallic mass contracted to a solid spindle core. I took out my watch and other hard substances from my pockets, for I dreaded to feel them slowly boring through my chest. . . . I wished I

could take out my ribs as well, it would make the *finale* so much easier. . . . I grabbed at them with my fingers eagerly. . . .

A beautiful soft sun was certainly going to rise somewhere, and I lay on a bed in a world of nothing in particular. (I was conscious—or “dysconscious”—mostly at dawn, and when the sun was setting through the room.) The shrill cry of an evil-omened bird vibrated in the air (the early “buzzer” of the Ishikawajima dockyard), and uncouth sounds disturbed my neighborhood. Two repulsive females were harshly vociferating (the gentlest voices on this earth), and darting malicious eyes at me: they were eating a huge white root, which had the vilest smell (the Japanese *daikon*, a monster radish of garlic pungency). I loathed them on the spot, and an overwhelming desire for Escape surged in my brain; I tried to rise, but could not even sit upright—for of course those savage women had poisoned me while I slept. Then a Japanese man approached the bed; I instantly recognized him, with indignation, as a man of humble rank whom I had recently assisted with a loan (he was instructor to the student-interpreters at the British Legation, and Sir Ernest Satow had kindly lent him for a few days at the doctor’s request, to restrain my fancy for excursions to the street). I listened while this traitor and the women began to expatiate on the death by torture to which they would presently consign me. It appeared that foreigners were all to be got rid of; and they spent the whole of one sunny day explaining to me by the aid of diagrams (they were reading and laughing over Tokyo illustrated papers) the many varieties of cruel death from which I should be allowed to select my own. Remembering the horrors of the Turn-table—which now seemed back in prehistoric times—I insisted on Death in the Open as

opposed to Death between Walls. “Very well,” they cried, “you shall be taken up on the heights above Nikko, where Ieyasu sent his favorite horse to graze till death, and it will be like this!”—on which they showed me the details of a previous case, a naked man tossed high in the air from one thorn-bush to another, next dragged at lightning speed through the slush of paddy-fields, thrown down a waterfall to clean himself, then tied to a kite and sent up nearly out of sight, to drop with a crash through the towering cryptomerias. “The air is so good up there,” they said, “that one needs a lot of killing!”

Then the male villain crept cautiously to my side, a glass of suspicious liquid in his hand, begged me to swallow it—and in return I hit the glass to smithereens across the room. The ill-favored women raised a chorus of abuse, but the man only smiled a velvety smile, and came again with a spoonful of the cowardly fluid, which he put near my mouth, first pressing his other brawny arm (he was a noted fencer) against my prostrate form. I decided to have it, because it might possibly cut short the Open-Air part of the business. Having swallowed it, I dug my nails into his arm, and asked him, “When does the performance begin?” He bent down with solemn face, took my watch from its hook, and pointing to the dial (he thought I wished to know when the next dose would be), said in a kindly earnest tone “*Hachiji ni!*” repeating it with more distinctness, “*ha-chi-ji-ni!*” I knew at once that he was saying “At eight o’clock”; but what language it was never occurred to me, though it was the first word I had understood since my long captivity began (the sounds were familiar, because he had lately given me lessons in Japanese). Anyhow, I was glad to think it would happen that very night. I turned to the siphon of soda always near my side (I

knew it as an old friend, but not as "soda"), helped myself neatly to a full wine-glass, and lay down more or less content. Then I carefully wound up my watch—a watch that had looked on many glorious views—and felt some regret that I should never do it again. The sun began—as I remembered it had been doing every day of late—to fill the room with a pulsing tide of heavenly color; enchanting tints spread in and out among the hill-ranges (the pattern of the paper on the walls), and I troubled not at all about the merciless rumbling of the iron millstones (the poor old stove again) between which one of my legs was to be ground up fine before I went to execution. Lost in these archipelagoes of softly shifting rainbow hue (as the window-curtain lifted in the evening breeze) neither Present, Past, nor Future occupied my brain; I was a unit long detached from any echo of other existence; and the kindly Universe of comforting color—crimson, gold, and glacier-green—swelled step by step to such bewitching splendor that I had to hold my breath. . . .

Dull prosaic dawn again, and the hideous peal of that hooting beast outside. Figures moved about the room, shapes without any relation to me. I got up, stood on the floor, and pushed through them as though they were shadows. There were four doors in the room, and on two of these I resolved to concentrate what strength I had; they were covered over every crack and keyhole with a metallic layer—probably aluminum steel; these, then, would lead to the Outside, where there must be sounds and sights, instead of that irresponsible blank which lay like lead in every cranny of my neighborhood. I seized a poker from the stove, and labored hard with calm methodic stroke to batter through the plating which sealed my doom: there was unlimited time, and it was only a matter of so

many thousand blows to force a breach (it is true there were three windows more inviting, but they offered no provocation, for the visible world showed through). Though I struck hard and incessantly, a strange silence prevailed; once a gibbering female came and gesticulated with insane dumbshow; a touch of the poker made her vanish into mist. . . . What a whole holiday! just two doors to smash, and no one to interfere. Whereupon I laid the poker down in a hollow where I could find it again, and walked back into bed.

Five more days—or seons—dawned and faded, filled with the same monotonous recital of torture to come. Each sunset I saw my three jailers smoking round the crackling stove, gloating on my imminent doom; each sunrise I lay and wondered how I could be still alive. I was tired of their minute and devilish procedure, forever coming to try the edge of their knife on my tongue or chest (the clinical thermometer). During all this measureless time my eye was fascinated by one particular torture-stroke, which faced me each second of the day and night. Just over the door that confronted me a female figure (so, I construed the graining of the wood) held a tiny steel crossbow, aimed straight at my head with sleepless vigilance. The youngest girl took pains to explain to me (in reply to my repeated pointing) that from this bow, at the hour and minute decreed, the figure would let fly a minute chain-shot, two chilled-steel bullets linked by a fret-saw ribbon of toughened steel exactly the length of the space between the pupils of my eyes: thus each of the eyes would be destroyed, while the bridge of the nose would be severed by the band. She kindly thought it would not be fatal, merely the opening chord of a Death symphony.

To distract my thoughts from this inhuman bow I made a game of my own, which soon drew all my strength

into a frenzy with the fascination of its End. I would arrange all thinkable things in groups, until I reached the *summum genus* itself, that North Pole of attainment. Patience would be required—but how much nobler a game than Patience. I began with Bows; they were weapons or Arms; well, women had arms and weapons too—how about them? patience and skill will put them in their place. . . . Candidates for classification swarmed all day; the fields and hillsides showed them trooping in—what was one head against so vast a multitude? But a "racing" brain can accomplish any task by mere virtue of velocity, or at least leaps up at any hint of the Impossible. So, instead of sorting them out on the flat, I would get a better analytical view if I built them up like an Eiffel Tower of cards, taking great pains to be accurate with the foundations. After many hours of white-hot unremitting strain I was rapidly, with trembling fingers, closing in on the end of my Task, my blood boiling over with glee, when down at the very base of the edifice out walked a mutinous card, who said he had been ignorantly placed—and down came all my glorious work, flooring me as it fell.

And yet at random intervals (when the children of some Anglo-Saxon missionary trooped past the open window) it flashed across the leaden solitude that there were certainly some "Englishmen" about who would come to the rescue if they knew: then the flash went out, like a revolving light at sea. But one morning, when the three fiends were more vociferous than usual (they were reading the first announcement of a Change to Gold Standard in Japan), I arose from my bed, and determined to make a bid for outside aid. Going to a coat that hung upon the wall, I opened a card-case, found a pencil, and neatly wrote an appeal to a young secretary of the American Le-

gation—choosing him because of his height and athletic build. I gave him a clue to my whereabouts by telling him to "take a bee line from" another landmark towards a certain "ruined house," whence a few yards to the left would bring him to my cave. Pleased with my strategy, I went to the window and launched this missive on the Outside, assured that it could not miscarry. After which, I forgot all about the man, or the prospect of help. [A fortnight later my nurses brought me a card, minutely covered with writing which they found beneath the windowsill, and supposed some friend to have left for my consolation. It was correctly spelt, except in the closing line, "as quick as you can for God's sake," where a capital B stood instead of a G.]

. . . Another sunrise floated through the depths of this insufferable cave. The two females, exulting in devilish glee, were unrolling before the traitorous Teacher my death-warrant, so long expected, now at last arrived (it was a Japanese letter just come by post, containing Chinese characters too hard for the women to read.) At the sight of this decisive document, in an instant, like a Buddhist soul after many lives at length attaining Freedom, I knew that my time was come to burst through the iron web that had so long sealed me in from life. With easy inspiration I slipped into my *zori* (indoor sandals), took the key down from its nail, and in a trice unlocked the door. The Traitor flew at me; but with one hand I laid him on the floor, dashed through the door which led into the hall, and put the key in the lock of the outer door. Women and man closed in on me and cried aloud, tore at my garments, clung to my arms, but I smiled as I floored them again with a semi-circular sweep . . . and sailed out along on the edge of the Tsukiji canal, every cell in my lungs and brain bound-

ing with the triumph of Escape. Of course they followed me, but that was as they pleased. I was now in open air, the nightmare spell thrown off for ever, and Victory greeted me in every glint of the glorious sun. Feeling the frozen ground as little as though I trod on air—for "Release!" was the cry that went thrilling down the avenues of the expectant atoms in my blood—I lounged with exultation to and fro, opening my arms to the splendid breeze (a bitter nor'-wester) that whistled Freedom as it blew; even the ships, inanimate things, that float on this boundless blue (I had turned to the Sumida, thronged with sail), even they are Free, gliding some one way, some another, just as they choose. But what are they compared with Me! Here I brought up against the glass porch of a large building where some grinning faces seemed familiar (the "boys" were cleaning the hotel windows before breakfast); I tapped imperiously on the glass and they only grinned the more. Perhaps it was a spectral house, . . . and at that moment I caught sight of my own reflection in a window backed by shade. Astonished as a kitten first held up before a mirror, I gazed and stared with consuming interest. A frightful havoc glared at me, a loathsome, puffy, toad-like countenance, expression eaten out of it by a festering swamp of pulpy sores, some as large as a medal, lurid with fungus coloring, revolting in its filth. Putting up both hands to raise the blotchy bags that once were eyelids, I searched for some relics of the human soul divine; . . . a sphinx-like gleam of humor peered forth in response, a caretaker while the soul was away. And the hands themselves were a match to the face, fingers webbed apart by the pustules in between—the whole thing beneath the scorn of monkeys. In nowise saddened by the sight, I chuckled aloud. "No Englishman," I thought, "would ever

listen to what I say in this condition, and I might be given in charge. I can come out again whenever I choose, and it may be prudent to lie low for a bit. Besides, how cold it is!" So, strutting full of free-will, I soberly turned,—my escort, I noticed, still clamoring by my side,—headed back towards a nice European bungalow that stood handy, got into a cosy Christian bed that awaited me, and lost remembrance of affairs. This was the early morning of the ninth day—as calendars count—of my infinite wanderings.

. . . It was very dark outside, but a cheerful stove lit up a room in which I lay, neutral as stellar space, no thoughts or emotions, hunger or thirst, apprehensions or memories, kindred or nationality. There was a short struggle at the door and a white man entered, his face profusely red. Standing half-way between the door and me, spreading his legs to keep his equilibrium, he addressed me very earnestly, in words which I understood at once. "You are all right," he began; repeating the assurance many times; "don't you bother a bit! I'll see to everything for you; but promise you won't go out of doors again—there's Danger outside!" Seeing that he was a trusty friend (I had known him a month or two) I nodded serene assent, and wondered what would follow. He staggered around in the firelight, left the room, the episode was wiped out, and unconcern resumed its reign. [He was a man of brilliant intellect, constantly overcome by drink, brave and unselfish, long in the service of the Government, two years later dead, exhausted by Formosan fever.] . . . There was another short interlude, of a great broad-shouldered man, in black, who approached the bedside with Authority, put a pellet in my mouth, held my hand while I swallowed it, moving his lips to spell out—as from a tape—the urgent message, "You must not go out;"

then he too vanished as he came. As if middle distance. Distance! it was distance drawn out infinitely far; and any one wanted to go out or stir a finger, or be interrupted in any way.

. . . . The night was crisp with frost, and quivering stars filled Heaven above the dark Pacific where ships of many lands moved to and fro on trails of light. But were they ships? were they not motionless? . . . It was the watch-fires on the field of Troy, that winter's night three thousand years ago,

when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful; when all the winds are laid.

I knew I had heard of this before—now I saw the real thing. The ships of the Greeks lay silent on the midnight bay; dark groups of men stirred round the crackling fires; now and then messengers sped from tent to tent; a low hum of voices was the only sound: and what stars for audience! . . . The moon had risen; . . . did ever such a moon look down on earth! (a Tokyo winter night is marvellously clear) and I lay in the tranquil air on a flat house-top by night, steeped in content, certain that nothing would ruffle such a scene, moonlight in every crevice, flooding the eye and ear, the taste and smell, bathing every pore as soft as silk, a self-sufficing world of comprehending Touch. Moonlight and house-top . . .

. . . on such a night as this. . . . where was it? . . . on such a night as this.

. . . Innermost shade, where not a sound crept in: a haven of calm from the outside storm, a retreat no traveller will disturb. Before, behind, for miles on either side, stretched a velvety floor of deepest pillowy moss, a sea of minutest greenest growth, softer than swansdown to the feet: not quite level, but rising with most sumptuous curves (the bedclothes) to swell in beautiful "rollers" of divinest turf across the

middle distance. Distance! it was distance drawn out infinitely far; and down the shadowless aisles on every side the stillness was so deep that one heard the forest breathe. For it was a forest, when one raised the eye. Millions of mighty tree-trunks, noiseless as columns, soared in the silence out of sight, with neither beginning nor end: were they aerial trees? since they never reached the ground. Some hundred feet above the whispering turf each stately mammoth stem on its way to earth broke up into a thousand twisting ribbons of root, which streamed out horizontally and weaved themselves in air a maze of majestic trellis overhead; on this the veterans were poised—scarred veterans of a prehistoric age. Yet the aerial trellis was not self-sustained; avenues, till now invisible, appeared, of twining creepers coiling round some hidden stem, and dropping straight to earth at careless intervals: these must support the towering growth above—but they must be of a magic fibre from another world, for they stand transparent to the view beyond. Endless room for wandering here, with never an obstacle around: no note of a single bird was heard, and always the hush of the forest above. . . . The mossy floor itself was tracked with a pattern of secluded paths, each tempting to journey down its own immeasurable route; and, when one noticed, on these paths were tiny cheerful dwarfs, busy at some undiscoverable task. Hour after hour they hustled to and fro, jesting with pantomimic human smile: no speck of noise was wafted from their ceaseless toil (they were my nurses, doing needle-work), save that at each bare footfall on the cushioned moss there came a subterranean microscopic plash, as of moisture oozing in the depths; only in such a soundless forest could such drops of buried music catch the ear. . . . Far up between the topmost

twigs the sunny heaven hovered blue and remote; now and then came an echo of the passing of a breeze beyond, a pulse too soft and kind to penetrate below: a distant tide of life might fringe the outer coast somewhere, but here, in the vastness of this cool retreat, Quiet held sway without one fleck of stir, and boundless reaches of Rest lay hushed in the clean delicious air. Who would not stay for ever in a wishless calm like this?

* * * * *

Some forty human hours had gone, when I opened my eyes and awoke—it seemed for the first time in my life. Bewitching sunlight sparkled in the room, and a new birth effervesced deep down—but very faint—in every feeble cell of my body. Through an open window fluttered ripples of glorious breeze, and from sounds of water splashing crisp against bows of ships I knew I was on the shore of some great inland sea—probably Lake Superior (the laden boats were being poled into the heart of the city, as the muddy tide curled along the canal outside). Each wavelet overflowed with life into my ear, and the sunlight was no less eloquent.

"Hullo, doctor!" I turned to a bulky figure by the bed; "can you tell me where this is?"

"Why, yes!" he answered—and *terra firma* radiated from that voice—"the same old Tsukiji, don't you see? you're getting on first-rate!"

"I know," I said, "but what's this on my hands?"

"Oh, that's all right, that's smallpox; that'll soon be gone!"

I gave no heed to the import of his words, the sound was so superb. It was a positive world of flesh and blood, a universe of sanity and health. Each moment made the picture more assured, as chairs and table, *tatami* (the rice-straw mats) and stove, appeared in

their familiar pose: but then—the forest . . . and the noiseless dwarfs? . . . the wonder faded as I dropped down plumb in a cloud of softest soundest sleep.

Next time I awoke it was a world of very dreary prose. Rain was sopping on the ground outside the open window, and the room was dull vacuity. Trying to rise, I found my body like a mould of pulp without a shred of fibre holding it together. A Japanese girl slid quickly to my side, and in the gentlest tones saluted me, "*Ohayo; o medeto gozaimasu!*" ("Good morning; I congratulate you!") After a long gaze at this strange though familiar apparition, I came back to Japan, but with reluctant acquiescence. "*Nan-ji deska?*" ("What's the time?") I asked—and her face beamed at having a rational being instead of a devil to deal with. She took down my watch, and held it before my face: the tick of the second hand seemed most remarkable, so brisk and orderly, so different from anything of late. I put my head under the clothes, and lay still for an hour or two. As the day wore on she brought me a spoonful of liquid (ammonia was in it), which swept like a cleansing tide through every cranny. Then for the first time it occurred to me I had been ill, and I should like to know how long. I could not think of this in Japanese, so I begged her, "*Jibiki wo dozo*" ("Please get a dictionary"), and when the book arrived I floundered long before I built up my inquiry. At last I found that this was the eleventh day, and that for eleven days I had had no other food than soda-water. Nine days and nights of unrelaxing strain, peering incessantly through the gloom for some signal of escape, and raging hard at work for every strung-up second of that time with a desperation no sane man can realize: a Charge of the Light Brigade for days on end without a breathing-space—until the Forest came.

When fever is high the patient is lifted out of the ordinary medium of common sense, and the brain then "races" uncontrolled, performing in five minutes as many thousand revolutions of thought as would require the whole of a healthy day. No wonder legs and arms were like famine skeletons of Bombay. . . . It would never do to think, for thought might bring Feeling, and that would be fatal. The rigid windows of the room, the buildings staring in outside, and voices calling to and fro in different languages—they forced themselves against the brain like some huge examination-paper. Down under the sheets, and shut out their relentless bombardment of an unbefriended aching nebula!

At last one morning—it was only next day—a spirit seemed to stir upon the face of the waters. A girl came to my side with a glass of hot milk, real earthly dairy milk, and from its fragrant steam arose a landscape of cattle on a thousand hills, cowslip scents of long ago, and memories of healthy cock-crow heard at dawn in schoolboy days. It seemed incredible that such delights were possible, as I toyed with the tea-spoon, and sipped now and then ecstatic draughts of a drop or two. After ten minutes of this luxury I yielded up the glass, and fell asleep again.

That afternoon walked in a well-known figure, the American Bishop of Tokyo, with genial voice and twinkling humorous eye. He filled the room with laughter as he chaffed the Japanese nurses on their treatment, and they in turn—more Japonico—plied him with questions on every conceivable subject, pleased with the chance of meeting a distinguished foreigner who could talk as one of themselves. When he had gone away, promising to return to-morrow, the girls proceeded to expound his sayings, syllable by syllable, with the help of many a feminine "*nē?*" ("You know?") and with bursts of delight if

they detected gleams of apprehension on the part of their patient. Whatever might have been going on in Heaven that night, there was great joy in the hearts of two Japanese girls, nurses by profession, but women first and last.

Next day we woke early, and spent two happy hours contemplating the fact that hot milk would be due at 7 a.m. Having sipped it down to the uttermost drop, nothing else was worth considering in comparison, and the hours went by in a colorless neutrality. At intervals they painted my face with borax and glycerine (for nothing was hid from the dictionary), a delicious operation performed with a touch of thistledown, and with a minute care befitting an ivory miniature.

On the fourteenth day we had a visit from an English clergyman, who lived three miles away at Shiba. He suggested letting my relations hear that I had been ill and was doing well; and until that moment the thought of "friends" or "relations" had never once arisen—for the afterglow of the Forest still held sway. When the doctor looked in to say good night he announced he would not be coming to-morrow, as he was suffering from a sharp attack of rheumatism (caught in my service). Next day, accordingly, being thrown on our own resources, one of the girls conceived the brilliant idea of *bifu-ni* as an extra diversion. This was successful beyond expectation, so much so that the patient himself, who had hitherto shown little initiative, suddenly ordered "*yaki-pan*" ("toast"), and had sense enough to add "*abura nashi ni*" ("without butter"). The day was thus one shameless bout of gluttony, with a Demand-curve soaring to the skies; and when the setting sun flushed the walls of the room with color the glutton took no heed of it, though not so many nights before he had worshipped at its shrine.

The doctor's illness proved to be seri-

ous, and for the next ten days we saw nothing of him. But reconstruction went on rapidly, and high jinks of a sort prevailed; for though the commissariat was limited to the supply of milk, beef-tea, and toast, nothing was laid down as to quantity, and a mean advantage was taken of this omission. It is the convalescent who appreciates the old saying, "They that be for us are more than they which be against us!" He has only to lie still, and the majority increases every hour, an unearned increment of life. While I composed the centrepiece my nurses, sitting on the floor one on each side of the bed, began a course of lessons in English, varied in turn by instruction of their patient in the *nuances* of the Japanese tongue. We soon achieved a telegraphic fluency in both the languages, with infinite laughter on their part. Myriads of inquiries were made about the inhabitants of my honorable country—not, strange to say, about the men, but entirely concerning the women: how could they bear the pain of such squeezed waists and pointed toes? and the babies, were they not frightened when their mothers spoke so loud? As to their wonderful dress, what a time it must take to put on and off so many kinds of garment! and how they must shiver at a winter evening party! I assured them no man, even though he spoke Japanese perfectly, would ever be able to satisfy them on these inscrutable affairs. Then they were anxious to know why Japanese women had such a baby "bridge" to the nose, while the women of the West carried that organ in such high commanding fashion. I told them they must eat more meat and less of rice, and they nodded quick with a fervent "*naruhodo*" ("Just so!") of assent. Thus we passed the rather weary hours; for the patient, though he enjoyed his food, could not yet walk or even stand for more than a second or two. But the Bishop looked

in every day, sending winged words through the open window, and—never to be forgotten boon—leaving behind him a copy of the "Mail."

The twentieth day was a memorable one: there arrived by post the "Daily Graphic" of 31st December 1896, with its summary of the events of the year. From early morning until sunset I devoured this thrilling narrative over and over again, till I could hardly stay in bed for excitement. The broadside of terrestrial news set me all on fire from stem to stern. "*Tashá de gozaimasu, né!*" ("Isn't he strong?") said the nurses many times, as they watched the reading hour upon hour; but their faces fell when they took the temperature next day, and found it down near danger point. They brought me, to beguile the time, a beautiful chart of my recent journeyings, executed in colors with the fastidious accuracy so dear to the caligraphic Japanese: there I traced, with quite impersonal concern, the surges of temperature—three days close to 106°—prior to the exit from the Cave, succeeded by the instant drop into the level calm of the Forest, and presently subsiding in a Fuji slope of milk-and-water impotence.

Towards the close of one tedious afternoon, for it had been raining sleet all day, a *betto* (groom) in livery splashed up to the door and handed in, with compliments and courtly messages, a beautiful basket-structure trailing with maidenhair and bloom, his master's card attached by a white silk ribbon. The nurses, not to be outdone, charged him with a load of equally magniloquent response, conveying to his illustrious patron information as to the health of their English patient, now become more or less distinguished by reflected light. The *betto* and his empty *jinrikisha* went on their dripping way, while we three worshipped at this altar of flowers, whose fragrance quite transformed the bare sick-room. Then

underneath a layer of fern we found dozens of oranges, the choicest of the many varieties native to Japan; and there was no more reading of the "Mail" that night. This timely gift was from the son of Count Matsura, who had been a pupil of mine at home. His family were of old good friends to Englishmen, for in 1613 his ancestor welcomed to trade in Hirado (their island-fief near Nagasaki) the pioneers sent by the East India Company to open intercourse with Japan—an experiment of only a poor ten years' duration.

I was awake as usual in the morning, when an earthquake came about a quarter to six, which lasted 128 seconds—an alarming space of time to be fearing the worst. My night-nurse was sweeping the room, and as soon as the floor began to heave she dropped her broom and flew outside. But though the instinct of ages took her out, something else quickly brought her back, and she stood beside the bed, holding my hand, trembling in every bone of her body, as she faced the music of rattling panes and banging shutters,—till the last vibration journeyed on, and left us with a sickly smile. It was highly comforting to hear just afterwards the Ishikawajima "booter" throbbing out across the Tokyo air, assuring us that business would go on as usual notwithstanding the recent alarm.

After breakfast came the "Mail," with something more tonic than even oranges. The Government was on the point of introducing a bill to establish Gold Standard in Japan. As this was in my own line of trade, the announcement stirred me like a call to arms. I got out of bed, and determined that now my legs must make up their mind to be mobilized. The sunshine was playing upon the floor, and I managed an entire circumnavigation of the bed—to the ardent satisfaction of two

alien women. The moral ozone derived from the erect attitude was so inspiring that the feat was repeated several times that day; and towards evening I actually sat by the blazing stove while they made a fresh bed, listening to its roar with the indifference of a baby—that rumbling terror which had scared me so three weeks before.

On the twenty-fifth day our long-lost doctor showed himself again. He had had a bad time, and looked very white, but expressed himself pleased with what had happened in his absence. The patient's skin was nearly firm, and no prospect of being seriously marked. The nurses were duly praised for their share in this result, and they responded with choice samples of their newly acquired skill in English idiom. One of the two, however, he declared to be quite worn out, and finding her temperature 104° (though laughing all the time), she was promptly muffled up and despatched in jinrikisha to her home—for the hospitals were crammed. It was nothing grave, and she was well again in a week.

And now the word was given that the prisoner had served his time: there was no reason why he should not see the world if he chose. He was not the least inclined, eager as he had been previously to burst his bounds. He preferred to stay in bed and watch his nurse at needlework, or practise writing *kana* (Japanese phonetic syllables) under her approving eye, or help her wash away the paper which had sealed the doors leading into the other half of the little bungalow. (The paint on one of those doors, by the way, was sadly dinted here and there, as by repeated blows from some iron instrument.) Meanwhile our doctor had notified the gray-haired police sergeant who watched over the white community of Tsukiji that we were ready to receive his visit of ocular inspection, after which, in conformity with law,

he would issue his certificate of liberty to roam at large. That evening came a letter from the advanced class of students at the university, full of congratulation on the favorable news which had reached their ears; "and yet," said the sympathetic writer, "we have all much fear that now in so weak state, and exceedingly alone in strange land many thousand mile from native country, you shall earnestly desire to leave Japan, for wish to see again your family. I, at least," he concluded, "shall be of such a mind if placed in a likely spot" (similarly situated). I sent him back a hasty note to assure him I should not feel lonely in a land of such kind letters.

* * * * *

And so the astonishing days went by. The equinox had passed—the light grows longer gently in Japan—and the air began to be filled insensibly with soft stirrings of glorious things to come. What man would attempt to describe, to one who had never seen our earth, the advent of even an English spring, where the sun rides low above the fields, where lustre and radiance and vivid warmth are at best but half revealed? Then who that has seen and heard and felt the Spring in Japan unfold, will degrade the memory by trying to put it into words? A convalescent at least, born in pale northern latitudes, turned out on his tottering legs in Japan at such a time, is only too glad to be still while this great orchestra of life awakes. He is almost overcome by the ordeal of renewed relations with such an eloquent External World, which from every point of the compass marches up in inexhaustible procession, bidding him welcome back again. The pageant there arrayed before each sense is too superb for a weakened soul to face; the far-travelled body is quite content to drift for hours along the sheltered paths between the time-worn trees of Uyeno park, beneath

a white-cloud firmament of pink-flushed cherry bloom, where the slumbering babies nod like harebells on the backs of their sisters at play in the luminous shade. Stretched far and wide below our lookout ridge—historic Toyeizan—lies the great Eastern capital, quiet as some vast village of another world, an unaccentuated gray expanse of multitudinous tiled roofs, clear in an atmosphere unstreaked by smoke; across this unresounding level of crowded city life temples and tufts of foliage rise to break the sober monotone; while up here on our breezy picnic bluff the sparkling April sun—the cheery sun which has seen the Tokugawa come and go—laps in among the tall stone lanterns with its scented warmth.

* * * * *

It was tropical June, and I had long returned to my quarters in the hotel. One morning a sharp crack made me sit up in bed just as dawn was spreading gold above the hills of Kadzusa. As I lay back again while the *diminuendo* of the earthquake died away, my eye was arrested by a commonplace detail overhead. The four corner standards of the bedstead were carried five or six feet up, to support a flat trellis of iron laths above my head, upon which the mosquito-net hung stretched. Jogged by the untimely shock, I recognized at once—the aerial Forest of months gone by. But how did I get there?

One scorching afternoon in mid-July I sat out on my cool verandah reading the "Daily Graphic," the deep blue bay of Yedo flecked with fishing boats in front of me, when Kin San handed me an envelope from the white-haired dispenser of Tsukiji. It contained a long-due bill for medicine supplied: I glanced along the narrative till I stopped at an entry (on the day I walked out towards the Sumida) which contributed the missing link: "Feb. 9, morphia tabloids, 40 sen." So a frac-

tion of tenpence had taken me there and back, into the shade of that Under-growth, and out into the Light again.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of.

It is now five years since I paid that unpretentious bill, and many sights have met my eyes since then. I have basked at 7 a.m. under a broiling umbrella beneath the Eden loveliness of the Botanic Gardens in Saigon; I have toiled up Fuji in the silence of a full-moon August night, and watched the stupendous flush of dawn grow deepening red with expectation above the sleeping levels of the vast Pacific, till the sun rose dazzling from its golden bath to sparkle down a hundred miles of pine-fringed coast and headland reach below (is it not Mr. Hearn who says, "The first sight of [or from] Fuji at dawn is not to be forgotten in this life or the next"?); entirely alone in the Indian summer of late October I have climbed for miles through the limitless blaze of crimson maple on the waterless tracks of deserted Nyohozan to emerge on the solitary top with its immemorial shrine, and look down on a soundless world—save for the "hush" of far-off waterfalls—where the countless ranges of hills, sunny and blue, lay quiet as folded sheep; for five unruffled

days and nights I have steamed on an Indian Ocean wrapped in opal calm, the horizon dozing two or three miles away, where encompassing stately peaks of cloud stood all day poised like guardian towers asleep, their silky detail mirrored white in the motionless depths below: these and a thousand unimagined scenes have come and gone; but the Forest has remained.

Yet the former sights were real—for tourists pay their passage-money to behold them too—while there never was such a Forest at all. (The doctor and I agree in this, though each with his own reservation as regards the sense of that remark.) The Authorities say I was never there: I was "not myself" at the time to go, nor was I "all there" if I went; besides which, how can any one be Nowhere? Yet, here in lawn-mown England, breathing a snug Laodicæan air, I have only to shut my eyes: again I hear beneath the moss that microscopic ooze, the distant music of its subterranean plash, again I see the noiseless Dwarfs (they wrote to me the other day), the towering unstirred foliage overhead. "A permanent lesion!" say the Faculty, and perhaps they know no better. How charming is divine philosophy; but the Forest far excelled it in this isolated case.

Ernest Foxwell.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE DEEP-SEA FISHERMAN.

It was the writer's good fortune to be on friendly terms with the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen, and to be allowed to sail on one of their boats. While doing Mission-work,—medical, religious, material—it should be understood that each boat is worked on entirely practical lines; that is to say, the

boats are genuine fishing-boats and are intended for that purpose, the men are practical North Sea fishermen, who have been bred up to the trawling business, and the proceeds of the catches cover, on an average, two-thirds of the expenses of the vessel. The men get so much weekly wage, with a percent-

age on the catch of fish. They go out with the fishing-fleets, fare as the other men, and weather it out, good and bad, in exactly the same manner as the rest of the fleet, or as the other "single-boaters." The only difference is that from time to time, intervals are taken to let the boats do the proper work of the Mission—visiting the other boats, holding services, distributing literature (for the modern fisherman reads eagerly), selling the tobacco, carrying away sick or damaged men; and that the Mission—visiting the other boats, days, and are organized on strictly temperance lines. Otherwise one might be on board an ordinary smack for all the difference to be noticed; and the talk is much the same as on other smacks. "Ship ahoy, how've you done, mate? What cheer? How are the markets?"

Perhaps it may be well to explain to the general reader a few of the ordinary terms of the fishing world. The boats, that is the trawlers, work either in fleets, under the direction of an admiral, who signals when and where to fish by flags or rockets, or else singly. The latter are known as single-boaters. These work on their own account, generally go out for a week, and bring home their catch themselves, kept in ice. These are the boats, under sail or steam, that we see all round our coasts, outside the three-mile limit, or pass anywhere on the high seas. They are mostly owned by men who have saved a little money and bought a share in a vessel, then the whole vessel, and finally several vessels. Some skippers sail their own boat, but it is not everyone who does so well as this. A few are unlucky, genuine cases of misfortune, victims of a storm, or a collision, or bodily accident. In most cases, where the fisherman has prospered, it is because he has been a steady man, as likely as not a religious and a temperate man. The fleets work in the North Sea only, or mainly, are usually

owned by companies,—the Great Northern, Gamecock, and the Red Cross—and are now all steamboats. These steamers do four times as much work as the old sailers. They work in fleets because of the carriers and the markets. A carrier,—there are six in all—visits the fleet each morning, and the fish is promptly boarded; if the vessels were scattered all the fish could never be boarded and thus got away at once to market. Every morning, rough or smooth, clear or thick, the carrier steams away with its load to market, Billingsgate or Grimsby, and the fish is sent away all over the kingdom and the Continent. The trawlers come in once a month, to fill up coal, and stay ashore twenty-four hours. In the old sailing days the boats came ashore at the end of every two months, and stayed ashore a week.

It will be gathered from this that the North Sea fishing has created a population apart, with manners and character different from anything else in the world. They are the finest men afloat, can weather anything, and bear anything. They are hardy and rough, but not so rough as they were, not such utter savages. It may honestly be said that this particular Mission has been the means of civilizing them, and of having completely transformed the fishing world in the last quarter of the century, as much by its work on land as at sea; by its highly efficient institutes at the big fishing-ports, as well as by its work afloat. It was the writer's good fortune to see the Fishermen's Institute at old Milford, among others, and nothing could be more admirable than the simple and practical manner in which the place is managed. It is for fishermen only, not for other sailors. Here the men can sleep, take their meals, and live; here are rooms for the skippers and mates, and rooms for the men and the lads, some of the latter of quite tender years, as the

landsman would think. Here they meet their mates; there is no need for shyness or shamefacedness, no need to drop into the drinking-shops, for want of other places of rest or quarters to gossip in. The men sit and smoke, gossip and play games; the boys have their select corner with bagatelle, draughts, dominos, papers, and enjoy themselves grandly. Nothing has hit the drinking ashore so much.

The old-day fisherman, heathen as he was, must have been a wonderful man, not, perhaps, necessarily a better seaman than the fisherman of to-day, though the men nowadays say so. "They were greater men, then," the skipper said to me. "How do you mean?" I asked. "Bigger?" "Yes, bigger; great big men, there are none like 'em now." I suggested that it was the same thing as at school, the new boy always thinking of his seniors as giants. "Perhaps; but I've seen them do things. They'd think nothing of a dozen hours at work, hard at it. Now if you tell one of them [pointing to the crew round him] to pull a jib-rope, he'd say it warn't one man's job, wants two to do it." But here the crew jeered at him, in huge delight. Taking it all in all, one may say that these fishermen, especially the East Coast men, are the finest men and sailors we have in England. The world at large hardly realizes what a national asset there is in this population. Anything which helps and improves the chances and *morale* of these men ought to be unhesitatingly welcomed. We lie in our beds and hear the winds howl round our chimneys; here are men whose homes are literally on the deep, who come back at long intervals to wife and child, who have an unbroken round of hard toil and exposure from one watch to another. And a landsman has much to learn from them, not in seamanship alone, but in simplicity, in manliness, in quiet plenty, in cheerfulness, in readiness to work,

in natural courage. Saving life in their boats in a rough sea is nothing to them; it comes as a matter-of-course, and nothing is said of it. Such and such a man was "took off" is a common phrase. One smacksman took off three several lots of men, seventeen in all, in a couple of gales at no ordinary risk, till at last his owner told him that he had been sent out to fish, not to save life; but no one thought much about it.

The writer had heard something of these men, and had seen a little of them before, and was glad to make closer acquaintance with them. He here gives a log of various conversations with the men at different times, which may afford a little insight into the lives of these sea-going folk. A few definitions must be premised. "Gales" occur seldom, perhaps one in every two or three years; then it is a "tempest." Other storms are merely "weather," and when the ordinary man is on his back, that is a "tidy breeze," or "a good fresh wind." What the fisherman does not like is being in his "oily frock," for that means dirty weather. He thinks little of foreign fishermen; the French, perhaps, are the best of them. The Norwegian boats are, he will tell you, cast-off English boats, condemned by the Board of Trade. "They'll sail them while the planks hold, pumping all the voyage, and won't come off them, either, till the dead last moment, when you come to take them off in a storm, and then they'll all jump off sudden, in a scare, perhaps." Fish is of two kinds, "prime," that is, sole, turbot ("butt"), brill, halibut; all other is "offal." It is packed in "trunks," holding a hundred and twenty pounds or more according to the size and shape of the fish.

We spoke of the fishermen, what they are and what they were. "Twenty or thirty years back the fishermen was cannibals. That's what they was, ashore and at sea. Why, no one thought of them as other than that. You could-

n't do anything with them at all. They were a class apart then, kept to themselves, didn't care to mix with no one, didn't like to. They was ashamed of themselves, like," the mate said. "They was ashamed to come to church or chapel, or go with other folk. But now that they see the gentlemen more, it's different."

"How did your work begin?"

"Well, you see, it was this way. A gentleman heard about 'em, and went out in a smack, and stayed out a week, until the carrier took him home. The skipper warned him not, told him he didn't know what the men was like. But he would,—went and talked to the men, in a top hat, for preaching, you see. The men thought it was a joke, and some shied 'addocks at him. He was a rare plucked one, and later on bought an old boat and went out to them. Then they cleared the coopers out. [The "coper" is a Dutch grog-vessel.] They couldn't live with us; we could undersell them. The Board allows us to take 'baccy in bond, and sell it, so as we don't sell more than half a pound at a time. So the men came to us, what with the services, and the doctoring. But it's strange, directly we've gone, the coopers seem to get wind of it and come out to the boats. They can't sell liquor, though, now at sea, and the gun-boats of any nation can capture them if they're found doing so. Smuggling? Yes, lot of it on board the smacks, but not to sell, only for their own friends at home. Scents, and spirits, too, and 'baccy—every day it's done. Sometimes they catch a boat, and make a great to-do over it, but bless you, it's going on all the while. The men are glad enough to see us back, too. They'll come aboard, for 'baccy or a yarn, and say, "Why, we thought you was never coming again." When it's too calm to fish, they'll come for a bit of a service on board, or games, or we go over to them."

They told some tales of the North Sea. "It's now fourteen or fifteen years back since the Hull fleet was lost, near two hundred men, between the Dogger and Well Bank. That's a dangerous place. The sea's like a wall on the Bank, with a narrow channel between. Two fleets had got mixed up and were all in among each other. There was a fresh breeze from the south, then it suddenly went round nor'west and came a gale. One man only had the sense to sheer out when he saw the glass falling; all the rest was caught together. The Board of Trade after that ruled that they shouldn't fish on the Bank for three months in the winter, but they fish all the same.

"We find some rum things, too. A body once, with a fine set of teeth; I could ha' done with them. He was a foreigner. The body was all decayed, but the boots was quite good. When we were hauling the net, we see'd something and couldn't make it out. My brother, he says to me: 'What's that? a pair of boots, or fish?' It turned out a body. And those other coves wouldn't take the legs to leeward, when we lifted him, so I had to, all alone. I tied a cloth over my mouth, but whew! At breakfast we had fish, but it tasted all dry and gritty. 'I can't eat this,' I said, and put the plate down. Then the other men all put their plates down; none of them had any breakfast that morning.

"But it's a hard life, a fisherman's. Gentlemen see nothing of it, only in the summer when it's nice and fine. We took a gentleman out for a week, calm all the time. 'I don't see anything hard in a fisherman's life,' he said. Well, we took him out the next week,—blew the whole time. He was as ill as could be, downright bad, wanted to go back, but we wouldn't have it, made him stay out the week. *He's* never been out again. Another gentleman we took,—would board a Lowestoft boat, though

it looked foggy. The skipper warned him not to, but he would go. We never saw him again. We went back for him the next day, he wasn't ashore. He had a pretty rough time,—had to stay the week on a dirty boat, full of vermin, and lie on coils of ropes. Still, he was a good 'un. Once we had an Irishman and a friend of his out with us. It was blowing fresh, and we said he'd better wait till the wind went down a bit. No, he would go. 'Och, now, ye're afraid, we'll sail at once.' He was properly ill, I can tell you. 'Shure, oi'll die, shure oi will. Take me back, skipper, 'tis no place for me at all.' And he never comded again. His friend said nothin', but he was fair ill, too. Then one gentleman we took would go to see the lightship, wanted to see how the lights worked. We told him he wouldn't like it; 'twould be fair greasy up there, and he'd be ill. No, he wouldn't have it, he would go. Sure enough, when he went up, he was sick, and the man had the lamp all spread out, and couldn't let him out. We had to carry him down, and take him ashore, and he was ill for days after.

"It's a hard life, take it as you will. You'll never meet a fisherman who wouldn't remain on shore if he could."

"Ay," said the mate, "that's so. I've been on deck from twelve to twelve, and never had time to go down, working hard all the time,—save of course to swallow a mouthful of tea."

"Yes," said the skipper, "it's haul, haul, haul the whole time. Your hands get that cold, you can't feel 'em, and you can't wear mits 'cause of the fish. That's the cruellest thing of all. It'll freeze and snow for days and days, and the ice will form thick on the deck and the ropes and the sails, not slush, but regular ice, till you have to knock it off in blocks with handspikes. And all the time you've got to be working at that blessed net. One night the mate yonder was turning in, after his watch, took

his boots off, when up he has to come; net had caught or something. Went down again, got one boot off, when up he's fetched again. Next time he didn't take his boots off at all, but turned in boots and all and was settling down to sleep, when he's called out a third time, and when that was over, it was his watch. Then when your hands get warm again, ah, it's then you feel it. Why, I've cried for pain. I've seen big men go right unconscious when they've come into the warm,—yes, from the pain. The worst is, your hands get so hard, they crack, and you can't do nothin' for that. O' course they get all right again ashore. There's the sea-boils, too, —oh, it's properly hard, I tell you. But the worst job of all is standing at the wheel in the cold nights. It's cruel. The cruiser and cutter chaps come aboard, and won't believe us when we tell them that our watches are eight hours?"

"How long are theirs?"

"Four, and relieved every hour at the wheel. We'll be sometimes the whole time at the wheel, till you're perished with cold. D' you remember that night, Charley, in '95 I think it was, when it was snowing four or five days? I was at the wheel eight blessed hours, and longer. 'Here, take it, one of you chaps,' I said, 'or I'll chuck it.'"

"Yes," said the steward [cook]. "We had nothin' to eat that time; all the food was fair eaten up. We had taken enough for eight weeks, and 'twas some days over. That was a proper time. One vessel had to ball and pump for twenty-four hours, till they was tired out. They had had nothing to eat and drink, all ate up, and was sitting in the cabin, up to their knees in wet, no coal left, no fire. Then they chuck'd it up. The skipper was a decent God-fearing chap. 'We've done all we can do,' he says; 'now we've got to get ready for the end.'"

"What became of them?"

"Oh, they was took off by a boat from another smack."

"There's little rest, too. The steam trawlers, they go out for a month, then home for twenty-four hours; that's all the holiday they get; at the end of the second or third trip, maybe a few days more. It's all steam now; there's many of the herring-boats building as steamers. But they don't need such seamanship as they used to; not in boarding the fish, either. In the old days we used to have to board anywhere, any time. Often your vessel would be a long way off before you could fetch her again. Now they can steam close down to the carrier, drop the boat to leeward, then steam down aft of the carrier, and pick her up again; it isn't half as dangerous. But the life on the modern ships isn't near as healthy. The engines take up so much room 'midships, and the cabin's hard by, and gets that hot in the summer,—why, I've seen the men coming up to their watch *wet*: you can't stay under, sometimes. But the sailing-vessels can't live with them. We should starve with them, and they would starve with us. Where they are, they catch four times what we catch; if they fished here, it wouldn't pay them to keep catching their net, and hauling. They wouldn't pay their way."

"How do they live in the steamers?"

"Oh, well enough. The stewards manage middling fair."

"And in the old days?"

Here the crew yelled in chorus. "Oh, lor, there used to be a stew, some stuff or other; the men used to say it was six months old, and you got things out of it, you didn't know what,—chunks of hard stuff. But they do middling well now."

"You have to work harder for your fish, too, nowadays; the money doesn't come so easy as it used to. And it's uncertain work, just heartbreaking at times. I've known a boat come in with

a tidy load of fish and clear a heap of money, forty pounds it may be, and you'll come in an hour after and not make ten pounds for the same lot of fish. You never know before you come in what you'll make. What puzzles me is, why sometimes it don't pay them to sell the fish, but they just throw 'em away. I've seen 'em cart herrings for manure, and all the time there was heaps and heaps of poor folk wanting the fish. Can you explain that?"

I could not explain, any more than why, in a good year, plums and apples are thrown to the pigs; at least, I could not see the remedy.

"Then, again, how is it the price will change so much in an hour?"

Here, too, the oracle was dumb, and could only suggest in comparison the shortening of the price of a Derby favorite in a few seconds. The mystery of market-prices was not for us to solve.

"But there's no rest for the fisherman, or little of it."

"Not when in port?"

"No, sir. There's the fish to land, the gear to clean and tidy, ice to get in. Sundays and all, there's very few don't fish all the week round. The West Coast boats, from Brixham and Dartmouth and elsewhere, used to lie up on Sundays. But they can't now; the competition drives 'em to it. Single-boaters, I mean; in the fleets they're always working. Of course, we don't fish on Sundays."

"What do you do, then?"

"Go on board the other vessels, visit, have services."

I asked whether it was true that catches were decreasing from the banks being over-fished. The skipper, with all his experience, could hardly say. "I don't rightly know. There's a deal more fish taken, but then there's a great many more fishing. A steamer will take treble as much as a sailing-vessel. They fish now all

weathers, too, calm as well as with a wind. They take more fish, but they have to work harder for them, and oftener, and go farther afield. And the Dutchmen and Germans don't observe the three-mile limit, either. They work close in, and take anything, small plaice, no larger than your hand. We chuck these over again, but of course half of them are dead then. And you can't have a close season neither, I don't think. What would the nation do if there were no fish? They did have an enquiry once, and asked an admiral, old —. He said, the only thing he could see, would be to get vessels, a dozen of them or more, with a well full of salt water, and fill these with the small fry, then let them through on other banks. But you would want a number of boats, and it would cost. It all came to nothing."

"Ay," said the mate, an excellent fellow, "it's rum work. You never know what you'll get. Once we hauled after three hours, and took a cod and a ray! I had to empty the pocket, being mate, and turned out this blessed cod. We were *that* sick! Another time I've known us take ten pounds' worth at a haul. It's just this that you feel; you've hauled and hauled on a winter night, so cruel cold that you couldn't feel your hands, and then,—nothin', or mayhap a torn net."

"Them nautical men," the skipper went on, "can't make out how we fishermen find our way without chart and other things. But we've been brought up to work by compass and line and lead. We always know where we are."

"By night, or in a fog?"

"Just the same, any time. We just grease the lead and throw it over, and you'll know within a mile where you are. It's like a book to us who've been brought up to it."

"What of the West sea?"

"Ah, that's different. The lead's no use there; but it's well lit, and you generally know the land. It used to be different. In my father's time there were scarce any lights, and then the rule was, when you was near Lowestoft on a dark night, all hands on deck, and take a share, till you was in. It used to be downright dangerous work then. We had a narrow thing once, off the Dogger Bank. 'Twas a gale of wind, and a big sea came and took us fair, and nigh swamped us. We was a new boat and lived through it, but I see the same sea as took us wipe out a vessel near us. We never saw her again, nor the men; they were lost, every one of them. I've seen a smack come in over there [Yarmouth] with not a thing on her, save one mast and the boat stuck right up on top of it. I've seen another come in, swept naked, not a thing on her, mast, capstan, bulwarks, all clean gone. They towed her in."

When the ship was buoyed up in harbor, several lads, dirty as sin, came tumbling on board from other boats. One, a Brixham lad, looked to be of very tender years, and excited our compassion. He had been a year at sea. "Hard as nails," says the skipper. "It was just the same with us all, began young, and soon got used to it. I've known 'em start as early as nine year old; but that was in the old days. Some of 'em have a cruel time if the skipper's rough, get cursed at, and knocked about. But the fishermen are mostly a better lot than they was. They used to be a fighting, drinking lot, ashore and at sea. The coopers used to sell 'em drink, fiery poisonous stuff—made 'em mad. They'd heaps of money, too, forty or fifty pounds a time, and spend it in a week ashore. There was no one to care for 'em, and they hadn't anywhere to go; they was just left

alone. But we've cleared out the coopers now, and they can come to the institutes ashore. You'll see the institutes crowded at times, can't find room to get in. They meet their friends, can make 'emselves happy. It's just drawing the trade from the drink-shops. And the men save more. They say there's more money in the savings-bank at Yarmouth for the number of men than in any other place. Some of 'em never touch drink at all. We're all temperance men on board. One time, we were lying at Dartmouth, and a gentleman came down and talked to us,—had a yacht there. He seemed to take an interest in us, asked us where we were bound for. 'Have some whiskey,' he says. 'No sir,' I says, 'we're all temperance men on board.' 'Never heard of a sailor not drink,' he says; 'never knew one who didn't drink, who was any good.' 'Come on board and have a voyage with us,' I says, 'and you'll see whether we're no good.' But he wouldn't come, shook his head, said he didn't believe in sailors who didn't drink. He was an American, I'm thinking. There's plenty of men now who go to the fishing and don't take a drop of liquor with them on board."

The fishing industry has changed considerably in the last quarter of a century; in fact, it has almost been revolutionized. We are speaking of the trawling industry in particular, though the herring and mackerel fishing has changed also. The use of steam-trawlers has altered all the conditions of work, as has been already mentioned. The centres of fishing have shifted, and are now shifting, north to Grimsby (till the disastrous strike), Leith, and Aberdeen. Yarmouth, once the trawlers' headquarters, has been abandoned; the fleet of sailing-vessels is broken up, sold or lies idle, and the men have dispersed far and wide to other ports,

after a short time of idleness and distress. The place bade fair to lose its importance in the fishing world, when the sudden revival of the herring fishery on the East coast has restored it to the greatest activity. Two busy years it has seen, and thousands of Scotch girls come yearly for the work. The trawlers, however, have left it for the north, with the exception of a few single-boaters. The herring-trade is now brisker on the East coast than it ever was known; and this fishery, too, is launching out into steam. But the seamen it breeds are hardly of the class of the trawlers, who, as we have said, have to keep the sea a month at a time, and in the old days were out two months together. Even the single-boaters are rarely out for less than a week on end.

The inside of the fisherman's life is known to few. As in other trades, we take the results but trouble little about the means. This is hardly creditable to the English, whose pride is in the navy, the sea, their life-boats, their great carrying industry. Yet all round our coasts are some fifty thousand or more of the hardiest, boldest and simplest of seamen. They have been ignored in the past. We bought the fish, and did not concern ourselves with the men who caught them; fortunately, not entirely so. As we have said, in the last twenty or thirty years, the fishermen have changed, and for the better. The seas are as strong as ever, the winds as high, the dangers and accidents and hardships as many, even though the men will go so far as to tell one that "the weather isn't the same as when we was lads; there seems to be no fine weather now, more wind, perhaps less storms; seems never the same two days together." But the fisherman himself has improved, and the whole of the fishing population has certainly

improved with him. This is due partly, no doubt, to the spread of education; lads don't go to sea now till they have left school. But the writer has no doubt at all that a main cause for this improvement has been this remedial Mission, the best friend the smacksman has ever known. And it is an education to us to mingle with the men. One must fain take off his hat to many of them, and learn a lesson from them. Though the writer

had not dreamed of recording what he saw and heard, it proved so interesting to him, so instructive, that he was impelled to put his trifling experiences on paper in the hope that others might be not less interested. He must end with a humble apology to his good sailor-friends, who talked to him so freely, for repeating what neither he nor they had expected to be remembered.

Macmillan's Magazine.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.*

No year since his letters were published has recalled Matthew Arnold's name so much as the present. It has at last seen the responsible Government of this country seriously undertake, or at least seriously begin, the great work of organizing national education as a single whole, the need and urgency of which he spent his official life in proclaiming. It has seen the greatest of his living poetic successors, in daring disregard of his own past pronouncements, dismiss him in a contemptuous parenthesis as a man whose main achievement in creative literature was to make himself, by painful painstaking, into a sort of pseudo-Wordsworth. And now it has seen his name receive a kind of public consecration by his admission into this classical series of English Men of Letters.

Every one who cares about Arnold will, of course, read Mr. Paul's book. And most people will be a little disappointed. It is interesting enough of course, and of course it is not dull; but with such a subject as Matthew

Arnold, who would not be interesting, and is there any subject (except, perhaps, Mr. Gladstone) on which Mr. Paul could be dull? But it is not what it ought to be, nor what it might have been. There is little or nothing of the humor which made the essays on "Men and Books" a permanent possibility of delight. There is scarcely any attempt to get behind the writer and tell us something of the man. Worst of all, though Mr. Paul has touched almost everything, he touches only to pass on, leaves each book and poem an isolated detail, and makes no serious effort to bring all together, to paint the portrait, and estimate the ultimate worth and rank of the poet, the critic, the thinker, the delightful man of the world, all of whom were, after all, only different aspects of one human being, Matthew Arnold. The result is that one reads the book with pleasure, and puts it down with disappointment. There is not enough personality in it, either of author or of subject. It is impossible not to recall other volumes in the same series, such as Mark Pattison's masterly and unforgettable presentation of Milton, which was so full of both. Every one

* Matthew Arnold. By Herbert W. Paul. (English Men of Letters Series.) (Macmillan, 2s. net.)

remembers laying that down either in enthusiastic agreement or in passionate disagreement with the whole conception of Milton it put before us. No doubt Matthew Arnold is not a Milton, but still less, we are afraid, is Mr. Paul a Mark Pattison. He has given us a number of scattered observations on his subject, which it would be interesting enough to discuss or dispute with him across a dinner table; he has not shown us from what point of view he sees Matthew Arnold, or even convinced us that he has seen him as a whole at all. The book has its merits, as we shall see; but its defect is that those merits are so occasional and, as it were, so accidental. The final impression left by it is that of a rather hasty, rather piecemeal, rather casual piece of work.

Few will now doubt that, whatever Matthew Arnold's claims may have been as a critic, as an educational reformer, or as a theologian, it is as a poet that he will chiefly live. Theology has always devoured her own children; reformers die of their very success; and as for the critics, it is rare indeed in their case for either success or failure to reach the scale that promises immortality. There is nothing more thankless than the attempt to influence any field of public action or opinion. If you fail, you are a forgotten fool; but if you succeed you are by no means a remembered wise man. Everybody thinks as you once were alone in thinking; but everybody thanks himself and not you for the acuteness or wisdom of his thoughts; and no one can bring himself to believe that what is now the easy and obvious property of all was once the perilous and toilsome discovery of one. Fifty years hence we shall, let us hope, have an educational system of which Matthew Arnold will have been one of the founders; we shall, perhaps, judge literature in

the large, serious, widely human spirit which he, more than any one else, has taught us; we may even have a theology which, if it find nothing else to learn from him, will have learnt at least, never again to unlearn it, the central doctrine, unquestionable in itself, but sometimes very questionably developed, which lies at the root of all his theological writing—the doctrine that the books of the Bible are literature, to be read and understood with the freedom and imagination which belong to literature, and are not science, and therefore not to be read and understood with the rigidity which belongs to science. Yet we shall have forgotten him by then altogether as an educational authority and as a student of theology, and almost altogether as a critic of literature. But the poet is happier than the publicist or the critic of any kind. He makes his appeal to his generation by means of works of art, of which the greatness lies in themselves, and not in any influence they may have. Not all his imitators can injure the fame of Wordsworth, nor can the absence of imitators reduce by one inch the poetic stature of Landor. And so, whether all the world become bathed in sweetness and light, or finally surrender itself to physical science and the Philistines, no effacing finger can touch the fame of the poet of "Thyrsis" and of "Sohrab."

Mr. Paul's method of dealing with the poetry is rather too much that of the inventory. He goes through each volume as it appeared, takes the poems piece by piece, tells their story, and gives them a good or bad mark, as the case may be. "Here the third line halts badly. This, however, is almost perfect." "The Scholar Gipsy," though it specially appeals through its topography and atmosphere to Oxford men, is dear also to all lovers of poetry." "Thyrsis" is avowedly a se-

quel to 'The Scholar Gipsy,' with which it should always be read. I do not feel able to decide between their relative merits." Is there any need to ask whether this sort of thing is worth doing? The only chance for the obvious is to be immense. The great moral platitudes, for instance, are as impressive as the Sahara or a Bank Holiday crowd. But the petty obvious finds no forgiveness from any gods or men known to literature. Mr. Paul is far too clever not to know this; but he must be careful, or he will be affording his enemies, if he has any, that subtle and secret joy which he has himself so excellently described, "the priceless luxury of intellectual contempt."

He need not have travelled further than his immediate subject, whom he rather oddly still calls "Mr. Arnold," to find a more excellent way. When Matthew Arnold gave us a study of a poet, he did not waste his time in distributing blue and red pencil marks like the examiner at a school. It is true he quoted freely, and it is one of Mr. Paul's strong points that he is not afraid of the reproach of quoting what every one pretends to remember. But he used his quotations to very different purpose. It is perhaps his most permanent contribution to criticism that he turned its face away, finally we may hope, from the abstract to the concrete. Was citation ever used to greater effect than by Arnold in the "Lectures on translating Homer," or in the essay on "The Study of Poetry"? And why? Because he uses it not to test the work of art and imagination by any abstract laws formulated by the intellect, but to make his appeal boldly to that outer and inner ear which is the only judge of poetry. All forms of art demand a freedom incompatible with a written code of laws. If you make a set of rules out of the practice of Phidias or

of Michael Angelo, you will never do justice to Rodin. But that was exactly the old system of literary criticism, to be seen everywhere. The critic codified the procedure of Homer, or Virgil, or Racine, and examined the new poet to see if his procedure was according to the code. The entire merit of making the escape from this pedantry does not, of course, belong to any one man; but to no one in England does so much of it belong as to Arnold. And no one could do the work so safely; for with his scholarly training and temperament he was in little danger of falling into the mistakes which are always discrediting the cause of freedom in literature and criticism. He was better able than any one else to show us the true way of escape from the tyranny of law and tradition, because he was less likely than any one to forget that the immortals are still our masters, and that we can never have their voices too constantly in our ears. But they are not lawgivers to whom we are to go for a table of commandments, "thou shalt," and "thou shalt not"; they are prophets in whose presence we are to stand inspired or rebuked. So Matthew Arnold used them, and so used, they are a law and model for all time. The true test, whether for Rodin or for the sculptors of the Campo Santo at Genoa, is not principles derived from Michael Angelo, but Michael Angelo himself. The true test for the modern poet is Homer and Milton, not the method or practices of either. Place a work of Rodin in the Medici Chapel, and, whatever rules he may break or follow, he is felt to be a peer of Michael Angelo. Place a modern poet's best verse by the side of such lines as Arnold liked to use for the purpose—by the side, for example, of

In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
or of

In la sua volontade è nostra pace—

and ask yourself, "can the one live in the presence of the other," "are they, not necessarily of the same stature, but of the same family?" It is the only question worth asking, and those who have the ear for those things will not be slow to find the answer. So when Keats gives us such a line as

Silent, upon a peak in Darien,

we need ask no more whether he is of kin to the immortals; that question has answered itself. And so in Matthew Arnold's case we have no need to dwell upon such things as that he caught up and transfused in his poetry more of the mind and temper of his age than any of his contemporaries, or to call attention to the noble conception of such a poem as "Sohrab," its profoundly sympathetic treatment and the admirable art it exhibits, as in the use of the Oxus as a kind of accompaniment throughout; for when we have heard such verse as

Thus Monica, and died in Italy,

or as

In these thine earth-forgetting eyelids
keep
The morningless and unawakening
sleep
Under the flowery oleanders pale,

or still more as

For we are all, like swimmers in the
sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of
fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side
to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to
land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of
death,
We know not, and no search will make
us know;
Only the event will teach us in its hour,

for us the central question is answered, and no memory of halting utterance, or seeming-forced inspiration, can touch our conviction that the poet is a true poet, whom not the greatest of all will disdain to have of his company.

But, fruitfully as Matthew Arnold used this method, he never stopped short at it. He went on to ask himself the ultimate significance of Wordsworth or Byron, or whoever it might be, as an intellectual and spiritual force. And here Mr. Paul makes very little attempt to follow him. Indeed, he is so far away from a real understanding of what was the very mainspring of life to Matthew Arnold that, after quoting one of the finest stanzas of "Self-Dependence," he can add—"The verses are pretty. But, as Gibbon said of Sulpicius' letter to Cicero, such consolations never dried a single tear"—which will be true when Gibbon is as spiritually-minded as Matthew Arnold, and when no one finds strength or comfort in Marcus Aurelius. And in another place he can ask, "What had Matthew Arnold to do with Amiel?"—Amiel, who was in fact more like Arnold in attitude of mind than almost any of his contemporaries. The fact is that this book contains some excellent things, such as the justly severe criticism of Merope, and the interesting discussion of Empedocles, or, again, the account of Arnold's excursions into theology and politics. It contains a few delightful personal touches such as that, which Mr. Paul had from Arnold himself, of Barnum's saying to him, "You, Mr. Arnold, are a celebrity, I am a notoriety; we ought to be acquainted," and a few, too few, of Mr. Paul's own good things, such as "Mr. Arnold was apt to think, with the bellman in 'The Hunting of the Snark,' that what he told you three times was true," or Lord Young's comment

on the remark that Barnes, the Dorset poet, might be put on the same shelf with Burns, "It would have to be a long shelf." But the root of the matter the book does not contain. This is no place to attempt an estimate of the personality and influence of Matthew Arnold. But Mr. Paul's volume was exactly the place, and we should have liked to find in it some more serious attempt to discuss and even to define the curious position Arnold occupied. Half a Hebraist and half a Hellenist, half a Puritan and half a Humanist, the son of his father and the disciple of Goethe, the voice of Oxford, of both Oxfords, Jowett's as well as Newman's, in the half-century in which Oxford has most moved England, Arnold was the interpreter between "two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born," the man who brought "his sad lucidity of soul" to awaken the dormant spiritual intelligence of a generation of "light half-believers of their casual creeds," the man, above all, who would not live apart from the world like Wordsworth and Shelley and Tennyson, but living in the world was as resolute as they to live as a spiritual being and not as a worldling. Just on account of this double position, perhaps, no one was better able than he to give utterance to the thought and feeling of his age, but also just because of that he could not perfectly restore or heal it, because, standing between two ways as he did, he could not have Wordsworth's serenity, Shelley's confidence of conviction, Tennyson's massive and unconquerable strength. For that his creed contained too many discordant elements imperfectly fused. But, seen at its best, as in the beautiful Monica Sonnet, worth far more than all his controversial theology, it is among the most moving and inspiring our generation has heard. And if in this field he never attained a position

in which either himself or others could rest, in another side of his activity he knew most exactly what he wanted, and had no hesitation about the prescription he offered to his age. Here he no doubt made a clearer impression. It could only be upon the few, but nevertheless, if the higher culture of the English nation is not only saved from the threatening deluge of barbarism, but carried higher and placed on a surer foundation, it will be to him more than to any one that the credit will be due. He diagnosed the disease and prescribed the remedy. Certainly the disease is not less serious nor the remedy less needed to-day. Mr. Paul will have nothing to do with his Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace—names which Arnold certainly reiterated too often—and their corresponding state of mind. Separations of class are not realities, says Mr. Paul, like those of caste. But that is absurd, as every one can see. They are not so rigid, but they are just as real. And the defects Matthew Arnold discerned in each class have been accentuated since he wrote. Just as he was writing, the headmasters of the public schools, who held the very citadel of English education, were surrendering it to a band of athletic outlaws, and they are only just beginning to attempt its recapture, while the claims of a wide-world commerce engulf the middle class more completely every day, and the passion for football has aroused, as the police and prison authorities know, a new brutality in the populace. And education is again called upon to save us, and more and more physical science is apparently to be added to it. But those who think are turning again to Matthew Arnold and are realizing that, if and so far as education can serve us, it will not be the knowledge of the distance of the sun from the earth that will do it, any more than

the date of Blenheim, or the names of the English Queens. It can only be the education which takes hold of the entire human being, enters into his character and his life, and affords him

his ideal and his consolation, and that, as Matthew Arnold knew and taught, can only be literature in its best and widest sense, the discipline of Humane Letters.

The London Times.

"A PERIOD OF GREAT FUNERALS."

Mr. Edmund Gosse has undertaken the difficult and delicate task of writing the article on English Literature since the year 1879 in the new fourth volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Unfortunately he has made so much of the difficulty and of the delicacy that his article, excellent up to certain points, breaks down at later points rather disastrously. We do not forget that Mr. Gosse writes under authority. It is, indeed, clear that the editors of the *Encyclopædia* have failed to see the necessities of the case. To a history of literature, that is of ideas, in the last twenty-three years only nine pages have been allotted as against twenty-four to Architecture, thirty to Charities, and thirty-eight to Algebraical Forms.

But this is not all. It was laid down in the preface to the New Volumes that, "in accordance with the best opinion of their generation," the editors had resolved to give, consistently with careful judgment, accounts of the most recent events and the latest phases of progress. The crystallized result of this resolve was the introduction into the *Encyclopædia*, for the first time in its history, of biographies of living men and women. At the same time the editors prudently arranged that their contributors should be relieved of the invidiousness of signing such biographies. How have these principles been applied to "English Literature since 1879"? It is clear that no satisfactory account of literary effort in the last twenty-three years can be written without handling

of living names. Literature is a personal thing, however governed by broad human tendencies. By the irony of his task Mr. Gosse has had to point out that the most distinctive note in the literature of his allotted period has been the absence of tendencies and cohesion, the short life of small schools, and, in a word, the rampancy of the untethered writer. So that, unless he was prepared to say that the most prominent individual poets, novelists, and essayists of the last twenty-three years seemed to him unworthy of mention in a professed summary of those years, he was peculiarly bound to handle the work of individuals—a course which might or might not have involved the suppression of his signature. But this is precisely what Mr. Gosse has not done. He has not so much as named novelists so distinctive as Mr. Arthur Morrison, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, Mr. Quiller-Couch, Mr. H. G. Wells, Sidney C. Grier, John Oliver Hobbes, Lucas Malet, and a dozen others in whose work are found at least lines of honest effort characteristic of the age. All these novelists are hidden under the phrase "a multiplicity of talent and many encouraging signs of the general vivacity of fiction," where the words "encouraging" and "vivacity" are clearly intended to correct each other and convey a sense of Mr. Gosse's lofty indifference to the best fictional endeavor of to-day.

It is his right to be lofty and indifferent that one disputes. An account of English Literature since 1879, written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is not a playground for snubs and preferences. Mr. Gosse's article is informing only in those parts which should be introductory to its substance; he is eloquent on the extinction of older lights of the nineteenth century, and thinks that the period he surveys "has been pre-eminently a period of great funerals." We are doubtful whether any age can be that, whether the meanest show of new beginnings has not pre-eminence over many torch-lit obsequies. But we are sure that it is the business of an *Encyclopædia* to present plain facts rather than insinuate sweeping judgments. When the writer of an account of English Literature since 1879 disdains to chronicle (as matter of history) the succession of Mr. Alfred Austin to the Laureateship is it not clear that he is on the wrong tack?

But what shall we say to Mr. Gosse's stealthy passage through the whole camp of our younger poets? The gingerly allusiveness which he substitutes for statement, to say nothing of discriminating comment, can only be conveyed by means of quotation. After a paragraph on the Parnassian School of 1880-1890, without the mention of a single name to make that term (never really established as a designation for the school of poets to which Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Lang and Mr. Gosse himself belong) intelligible ten years hence, Mr. Gosse approaches our young poets in this tip-toe fashion:—

The death of Tennyson (October 1892) was followed by a positive "crisis" in poetry. . . . One or two writers who had struggled in vain to win attention to their poetry suddenly found it widely welcomed. The years from 1893 to 1895 saw the arrival of a surprising number of candidates for the laurel. Of these newest poets, two or three of whom possess unquestionable touches

of genius, it may be said collectively that they aimed rather at suggesting an effect than at toilsomely producing it. In other words, the excessive attention to form, to technical perfection, which had been carried so far by the Parnassians, failed to please, and broader modes of expression were aimed at. Into this entered what has been called the "Celtic" spirit, by which music rather than painting, the ear rather than the eye, is appealed to. Here again, as so often in English poetical history, some distant analogy with French fashions was to be perceived, and several of the youngest and more promising British poets might be welcomed as brothers by the Symbolists across the Channel.

Will it be believed that in an *Encyclopædia Britannica* article on "English Literature since 1879" this is the total hint given of poets like Mr. William Watson, Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. Francis Thompson, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. A. E. Housman, Mr. Arthur Symons, Mrs. Meynell, and a dozen, say half-a-dozen, others, who, whatever their ultimate merit, are sincere and distinctive poets and the makers of the highest form of "English Literature since 1879"? Let us hasten to add that Mr. Gosse's article and signature are followed by a list of "some others among the best known writers of the period" in which these omitted names will be found with the titles of one or two books appended to each. This small-type inorganic list, filling a column and a half, seems to be intended as a bacon-saving postscript to an article filling sixteen and a half columns, but it falls of this as of any other mission.

From the incompleteness of Mr. Gosse's survey it is a relief to turn to some of its best generalizations. To such a one, for instance, as that in which he considers with regret and bewilderment the welter of to-day's novels. We have already contended that there are names and accomplishments in recent fiction of which Mr. Gosse ought to have taken sympathetic and

indeed diligent notice. But his omission to do so leaves us much in agreement with the following passage:—

When we proceed to examine this vast productivity rather more closely we are at once struck by one conspicuous characteristic. The recent history of the novel has no continuity; its succession is without method or development. It is true that the tendency of literature can only be observed with difficulty within the narrow limits of two decades; still, even within that period it ought to be possible to trace some significance in a phase of activity represented by considerably over 20,000 separate works. The curious analyst, however, will only be baffled if he seeks for a guiding thread running through the prose fiction that lies between the death of George Eliot and the opening of the 20th century. Not only is there no animating spirit in its production, but it is even shaken by every false wind of transient and passionate caprice. Fashion follows fashion without reason or excuse, for the gusts of taste and distaste that convulse the modern novel have scarcely any relation even to the passing fashions that affect society; they are manufactured for the moment in the offices of commercialism, and pass at once into exhaustion. We are thus confronted with the really regrettable fact that this form of representative and pictorial literature, which of all others ought to preserve the characteristics of the time, and hand on the natural lineaments of contemporary people to the remembrance of their children, has largely ceased to represent or depict anything of importance in British national life and character. Observation and consistency, its saving graces, are no longer preserved in any just proportion to the multiplicity of its energies. The novel of commerce has neither morality nor tendency: in the sifting fire of criticism it falls into ashes.

If we seek to find reasons for this, we can perhaps trace them in two principal defects of modern workmanship, the one subjective, the other affecting the author from without. The subjective defect is due to the extraordinary audacity with which the modern novelist plunges into the exercise of his

craft. The great works of fiction had hitherto been produced by graduates in the university of life: men who had experienced and felt the various and poignant emotions of sorrow and aspiration; empirical judges fortified with culture. But nowadays a young man has no sooner concluded a desultory education, broken by every siren-charm of the river and cricket-field, than he is ready to attack the problems of life in the pages of a novel. Easy young spirits, with no leisure to look life in the face, scribbling against time in an atmosphere of sheltered ignorance,—what can these amateurs know of life or of their fellow-men? The result of their home-keeping energy is unfortunately harmful both to themselves and their "public"; for while the writer labors for his thirty or forty years in depicting conditions that never existed, the reader carries away from his yearly volumes an equally false ideal of life that clouds his own perception, and leaves him, at threescore years and ten, with the judgment of a child.

This seems to us to be generally sound; there is in it a reflection of the age, an echo of what thinking men feel and say about novels in this period of unprecedented production of them, which is valuable. At the same time it is too grudging. The "characteristics of the time" and the "natural lineaments of contemporary people" may have found no embracive novelist, but they are not to seek in the works of writers like Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Gissing, Mr. Wells, Mr. Percy White, Mr. George Moore, or Mr. C. F. Keary. Posterity may neglect all these writers, but why give posterity the cue? Mr. Gosse pays a just tribute to Mr. Meredith when he says that his work was the unquestioned glory of English fiction during the last forty years of Queen Victoria's reign, adding: "Mr. Meredith preserved the traditions of English fiction untarnished during one of its most prolific and most perilous periods. The preservation of the moral idea in fiction—an idea standing as a backbone to the

work, and itself sustained by the outer action of the characters displayed—the preservation of this essential tradition is largely due to his loyal and unswerving devotion to the canons of literature." Mr. Hardy is inadequately mentioned as "the master of modern English realism, in his stories of pastoral life in Wessex" (that is all). And then we read of Stevenson that he was a "pure romancist of an even purer style, the lineal descendant of Scott, touched with modernity and moved by more picturesque exotic interests than Scott ever knew," a description which strikes us as very uncritical. To describe Stevenson as a lineal descendant of Scott would be too headlong even if the latter part of the sentence did not seem to mean that Stevenson had bettered Scott. He was "touched with modernity"—being more modern; and was "moved by more picturesque exotic interests"—being born in an age when such interests and the appetite for them were commoner! But it seems hopeless to look for a convincing judgment on Stevenson. We are glad, however, that while pushing Stevenson into the arms of Scott, Mr. Gosse acknowledges that the essay was the field in which R. L. S. "excelled before he was led away by the temptations of success to an almost exclusive cultivation of prose romance." We should have been still more pleased had he suggested that Stevenson's undisputed dominion will be the *Sentimental Journey*.

In winding up his article Mr. Gosse points out that "the Romantic movement, in its different aspects, has entertained Europe for a century and more with little radical alteration." That is so, though we do not see how the fact is illuminated by the next sentence: "Between the various great poets of the Victorian age, for instance, no such difference is found as distinguished Herrick from Pope, or Goldsmith from

The Academy.

Shelley." It would be strange if it were so, seeing that Herrick and Pope (likewise Goldsmith and Shelley) belonged to two entirely distinct epochs, the difference between which was as positive as that between pack-horse and motor-car. "It is quite possible," adds Mr. Gosse, "one may go further and say it is not improbable, that the reduction of energy in literary creation of the first order, which we cannot prevent ourselves from recognizing as a feature of to-day, will be followed by a still more marked exhaustion and fatigue before the whole Romantic movement, having had its century, is swept away to make room for some wholly different mode of literary expression." With the diapean sapience of this remark one can have no quarrel. Follows the complaint: "It is not the large 'returns,' the reverberating and unprecedented 'sales,' which proclaim the author whose happiness it will be to live in the history of his country's literature." Yet we fancy that the days have flown when an epoch-making work could go unrecognized, and that the next masterpiece may come with just that reverberation which is often the accompaniment, but never the proof, of worthlessness—even as it came to Byron, to Scott and to Dickens. When Mr. Gosse adds that "good and careful writing is at this moment little approved of, and the conquering masses march gaily over it and leave it bleeding," he is mourning with Hebraic picturesqueness something quite different from the public indifference to true literature. The very literature for which Mr. Gosse waits and watches will probably not be hailed for its "good and careful writing." The conquered (not conquering) masses will march over its style with heedless feet, but they will receive its matter like young lions who have lacked and suffered hunger.

THE IMPRIMERIE NATIONALE.

The forthcoming demolition of this historic institution in the Rue Vieille-du-Temple, Paris, ought not to pass unnoticed in an English literary journal. We have nothing of the same kind in London, though possibly the Clarendon Press at Oxford comes nearest to it, in some few respects. The history of the Imprimerie Nationale is long and interesting. It was founded by François I., who appointed Conrad Néobard the official printer of books in Greek; in 1539 Robert Estienne became the king's printer of Latin and Hebrew. They were, perhaps, rather printers to the king as distinguished from the heads of a royal printing establishment. Louis XIII. introduced a printing office into the Louvre, and it is to him, perhaps, rather than to François I., that the French national printing establishment is due. During the Revolution the word "Royale" was changed into "République," and the business was transferred first to the Hôtel Beaujon, then to the Hôtel Penthievre, and then in 1808 to the present building, which was erected in 1712 by Armand Gaston, Cardinal de Rohan, Bishop of Strasbourg, who achieved a second distinction in becoming a member of the Académie Française without having published anything. Later on another cardinal of the same family, Louis René, Prince de Rohan-Guéméné, resided here, and it was this unscrupulous scoundrel who forged the signature of the queen, and thus started the affair of the diamond necklace. For many reasons the disappearance of the national printing house will not be regretted, above all from its insanitary state: it has become almost a plague-spot, not only to those who work in it (some 1,500 in number), but also to

those who live in the immediate quarter. The old building is to be pulled down, the space which it occupies will be sold for the benefit of the city at large, and the new printing offices will be at Grenelle.

The literary associations of the Hôtel de Rohan would fill a large volume. As a printing establishment it has been described by a Frenchman as the first in the world, although by "monde" a Frenchman should be interpreted as meaning France. It claims to contain founts of at least 158 different Oriental languages or dialects. When Pope Pius VII. visited the printing office the Lord's Prayer was printed and presented to him in 150 languages, a truly wonderful achievement at that time; but in 1801 an English firm of printers, Messrs Gilbert & Rivington, produced a volume with the Lord's Prayer in 300 languages. The typographical curiosities in the building are naturally of a very varied and interesting nature; selections have been frequently lent for public exhibition, as at the great show of two years ago. One of the most interesting is the set of matrices of Greek characters, known as the "Grec du Roi," engraved by order of François I., and "so perfect in form that the University of Cambridge applied for a fount of them in 1692."

The Imprimerie Nationale has during the last 260 years produced some of the most splendid monuments of typography since the introduction of printing. Its two editions of the "Imitation de Jésus Christ" are triumphs: with the beautiful folio of 1640, produced under the patronage of Cardinal Richelieu, the Imprimerie Royale proper made an excellent start; but

this was improved upon in 1855, when the Imprimerie Imperiale produced an edition to celebrate the great exhibition of that year. Magnificently printed, with elaborate borders and initial letters exquisitely illuminated in gold and colors, it remains one of the most perfect books of the last half-century. Only 103 copies were printed, at a cost, it is said, of 1,500,000 francs or about £582 10s. per copy. At one time it sold readily at £100 and upwards, but its value to-day in England is not much more than a twelfth of that amount.

Following the earlier edition of the "Imitation" came the equally beautiful edition of Virgil, 1841, in folio, sought after as a specimen of typography; Horace, Juvenal, Persius, and Terence were issued from the same press, and have also dropped in commercial value—"ils étaient beaucoup plus chers autrefois," laments Brunet. Two editions of the Latin Bible were produced: one in eight volumes, folio, in 1842, and the other in two volumes, quarto, in 1853. The edition in thirty-seven volumes, folio, of

the "Conciliorum Omnim Generalium et Provincialium Collectio Regia" appeared in 1844; and an edition of the "Metamorphoses" of Ovid, with illustrations by Le Clerc, F. Chauveau, and J. Le Pautre, in 1676. These are a few of the more important books issued during the first half-century of the existence of the Imprimerie Nationale as a Government institution. Under the Revolution it published the "Collection Générale des Lois, Proclamations, Instructions et autres Actes du Pouvoir Exécutif," in eighteen volumes, quarto, and generally known in France as the "Collection du Louvre."

Its more recent books include "Le Livre des Rois"; the "Bhagavata"; "Les Monuments de Ninive"; the "Commentaires de César," produced on the occasion of the Exposition of 1867; the Molière to signalize that of 1878; Michelet's "Histoire de la Révolution," for the Exhibition of eleven years later; the "Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum"; and last, but by no means least, the sumptuous "Histoire de l'Imprimerie en France."

W. Roberts.

The Athenaeum.

SUMMER IN THE HEBRIDES.

Half October, all September,
 Half of August: you remember
 What a time for you and me,
 Sailing on the Hebrid sea;
 Sailing on from isle to isle,
 Threading strait and narrow kyle,
 Spying o'er the open main
 Severed summits link again;
 Pleased to watch the waters sleep
 Round Iona, green and deep;
 Pleased to watch the waters roar,
 Lashed on Scavaig's iron shore.

Pleasant summer scenes like these,
 Bowers of the Hesperides,

On the sense return again
 Through the fog and London rain.
 Dearest, were it well that we,
 Hand in hand, light-heartedly,
 Running to a prosperous gale,
 Round the west should ever sail?
 Pushing our adventurous bark
 Far from "Ronin's mountains dark,"
 Far beyond the racing seas
 That vex the Outer Hebrides;
 Far beyond the frown and smile
 Of St. Kilda's changeful isle;
 Till on our astonished eyes
 Strange new Hebrides arise.

J. E. M.

Chambers's Journal.

THE STRANGE STORY OF VISCOUNTESS BEACONSFIELD.

The author of the "Curiosities of Literature" has told us that a history of events that never happened would furnish material for some not incurious or unphilosophical speculation. Were this method of inquiry applied to the domestic career of Isaac D'Israeli's son, one might arrive at the conclusion that had the widow Lewis refused his hand at the crisis of his life the political history of England during the second half of the nineteenth century would have had a complexion very different from that which it now bears, for Disraeli once declared—with a characteristic touch of hyperbole, no doubt—that he owed to her all that he ever accomplished. Yet very few persons now living have more than the vaguest notion of the origin and character of this strange woman—for a strange woman she was—who so materially affected the career of one of the makers of the history of our time.

The statement appeared in a recently published volume of the reminiscences of Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare that Viscountess Beaconsfield was originally a factory girl, that Mr. Wyndham Lewis saw her going to her work with bare feet, was fascinated by her beauty,

"picked her up," educated her, and eventually married her. Those whose acquaintance with the lady has been obtained through the medium of the diarists and memoir-writers of her day would not see anything inherently improbable in this, for one certainly does not derive from these records the impression of a cultured society dame. Moreover, the books of reference, while they appear at a glance to negative the story, are vague and contradictory in their statements regarding her origin. I have been at some pains to ascertain the truth of the matter.

All the biographies of Lord Beaconsfield pass lightly over his home life and domestic relationships, yet these phases of his career, when fully told, will disclose perhaps the finest traits in his character. Mrs. Gladstone was in many respects a striking contrast to Mrs. Disraeli, but the two great rival statesmen had this advantage in common—each was blessed with a wife who subordinated every private ambition, every domestic arrangement, every personal consideration of convenience or comfort, to the public career of her husband.

This self-sacrifice of their wives, so

thankfully appreciated by the two men, established a bond of sympathy between them on which Mr. Gladstone dwelt with evident sincerity when the occasion arose. "There are three things," he said to Canon MacColl, "for which I shall always admire him—his devotion to his wife, his defence of his race, and his splendid Parliamentary pluck."¹ Devotion to his wife is here placed first, an order which would hardly have been seemly in the panegyric which Mr. Gladstone pronounced over his dead rival in the House of Commons. He made, however, a very strong point of it.

"There was," he said, "one feeling lying nearer yet to the very centre of his existence, and though it was a domestic feeling it may yet now without indelicacy be referred to—his profound, devoted, tender, grateful affection for his wife, which, if, as may be the case, it has deprived him—I know not whether it be so or not—of the honors of public obsequies, has nevertheless left for him a more permanent title as one who knew, even amidst the storms and temptations of public life, what was due to the sanctity and the strength of domestic affection, and who made himself an example in that respect to the country in which he lived."

Without doubt this close attachment of Disraeli to his wife found its root and its nourishment in a virtue with which statesmen are not usually credited. A sentiment of profound gratitude to the woman who did so much for him when he sorely needed help gave warmth and color to their domestic life. His marriage may have been in the first place one of convenience, but admiration on her side and thankfulness on his ripened into an attachment stronger and more enduring than that which usually follows the ardent impulses of youthful lovers. There is a

piquant story illustrating this feature of Disraeli's character. The gossips differ in their versions of it; so much so, indeed, that one wonders whether Disraeli was in the habit of flinging the same retort at persons who made rude remarks about his affection for his wife, or whether one incident has been twisted by the narrators into various forms. The story is best told by Sir William Gregory in his autobiography.

George Smythe allowed himself now and then, on the strength of their great intimacy, to make observations of wonder at the warmth of Dizzy's attention to "Marianne," more particularly on one occasion after she had told him, with a grim grin intended for a simper, that he always treated her more like a mistress than a wife. But he never again ventured on the liberty. Disraeli looked at him straight between the eyes and said: "George, there is one word in the English language of which you are ignorant." "What is that?" asked Smythe, somewhat taken aback by his manner. "Gratitude," said Dizzy, in his deep, solemn voice. George Smythe felt the rebuke keenly, and accepted the lesson, but not the slightest coldness ensued in consequence.

Sir William Fraser ("Disraeli and his Day") states that the impertinent friend was Bernal Osborne, who said to Disraeli, "I saw you walking in the Park with Mrs. Disraeli; tell me, what feeling can you have towards that old lady?" And Disraeli, looking him calmly in the face, replied, "A feeling to your nature entirely unknown—gratitude." I find it very difficult to believe that Bernal Osborne would have made such a remark to Disraeli.

Yet another version is quoted by Dr. Brewster ("Disraeli in Outline") from a periodical which does not name the victim of the retort. According to this account the incident occurred at a dinner party. A friend of Disraeli had the bad taste to expostulate with him for always taking his wife with him on his

¹ Quoted by Canon MacColl in a letter to the "Observer," November 20, 1898.

visits. "I cannot understand it," said the graceless man, "for you know you make yourself a perfect laughing-stock whenever your wife goes with you." Disraeli fixed his eyes upon his friend very expressively and said, "I don't suppose you can understand it, for no one could ever, in the wildest excursions of an insane imagination, suppose you to be guilty of gratitude."

The allusion to Disraeli's look in each story appears to show not only that one occasion is alluded to, but that the three narratives as such have a common origin, and were varied in the passage from mouth to mouth. It furnishes a rather curious example of the "three black crows" order of history, but we may safely assume that there was at any rate a black crow in the case, namely, that Disraeli declared gratitude to be the prime cause of his attention to his wife.²

Sir William Fraser says in one place that Disraeli seemed sometimes almost ashamed of his ostentatious uxoriousness, and recalls how he once spoke in apologetic tones of his intention to take his wife to a garden party, but nearly all the evidence we have of his attitude towards her is in the contrary direction. Both in public and privately the manifestation of his sentiments was quite unrestrained. Take the most famous of his tributes to her—the dedication of "Sybil":

I would inscribe this work to one whose noble spirit and gentle nature ever prompt her to sympathize with the suffering; to one whose sweet voice has often encouraged, and whose taste

² Mr. J. A. Froude, in his monograph of Beaconsfield, tells the story thus:—"A party of young men once ventured a foolish jest or two at Mrs. Disraeli's age and appearance, and rallied him on the motives of his marriage. 'Gentlemen,' said Disraeli, as he rose and left the room, 'do none of you know what gratitude means?' " Mr. Froude adds, somewhat rashly, that this was the only instance in which Disraeli ever spoke with genuine anger.

and judgment have ever guided its pages: the most severe of critics, but—a Perfect Wife.³

Less familiar are the touching words spoken at Edinburgh in 1867, in response to the toast of his wife's health:

I do owe to that lady all, I think, I have ever accomplished, because she has supported me by her counsels and consoled me by the sweetness of her disposition. You cannot please me more than by paying this compliment to my wife.

At a harvest festival held at Hughenden the same year he declared, "without offence to anyone," that Mrs. Disraeli was the best wife in England.

But the true foundation of Disraeli's gratitude was no doubt of a more substantial character than the sweetness of his lady's disposition and the constancy of her devotion. There were other reasons, which could not very well be acknowledged in a public speech, why he owed so much of his success to her. These reasons were well known to his friends, and he made no great secret of them himself. Sir William Gregory states the case with characteristic bluntness. When Mr. Wyndham Lewis died, he says—

Mr. Disraeli was in a most embarrassed state, on the very brink of ruin. He was intimate with Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay, and he consulted the latter as to the complete breakdown of all his ambitious hopes, owing to his financial difficulties.

"Why don't you marry your colleague's widow? She is very rich," said Count d'Orsay.⁴

³ This dedication was made the subject of two pages of attack in "Fraser's Magazine" for June, 1845. Seizing upon the phrase "most severe of critics," the writer termed Mrs. Disraeli a horrid shrew, and advised her husband to conquer her disposition to find fault, "when the chances are that the worthy couple would live more comfortably together."

⁴ According to Sir William Fraser, when Disraeli was first returned for Maidstone as col-

It was a happy thought, and accepted with alacrity. He proposed at once, was accepted, and did marry the widow. She relieved him from his distress, set him on his legs, and verily she met with her reward. From the day of his marriage to the day of her death he treated her with the deepest, most trusting affection; indeed, with a chivalrous devotion. And yet she was a most repulsive woman; flat, angular, under-bred, with a harsh, grating voice; and though by no means a fool, yet constantly saying stupid things, most frequently about him, which tended to make him ridiculous.

As to this I shall have more to say shortly, and shall hope to modify the impression one derives from Sir William's harsh phrases. But of the timely effect of the marriage on Disraeli's career there can be no doubt. In a biographical notice of Lady Beaconsfield, published in the *Times* the day after her death (which, I think, must have been inspired by Disraeli himself), this very striking passage occurred:

Looking back on the long and tender relationship which has been gently dissolved in the course of nature, we are irresistibly reminded of the feeling expressed by Mohammed when the Prophet of the Faithful lost the loving woman he had married in the days of comparative obscurity. "By God," (he exclaimed in an outburst of regretful gratitude, as he raised her solemnly to the rank of the Four Perfect Women)—"By God! there never could be a better wife. She believed in me when men despised me. She relieved my wants when I was poor and despised by the world."

The writer went on to say that Disraeli's wife did indeed come to his help when life threatened to be too short to assure him the prospect he had formed. His ambitions were great, and with

league of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, Count d'Orsay offered him some sage advice in regard to his relations with Mrs. Lewis. "You will not make love," he said. "You will not intrigue. You have your seat; do not risk anything. If a

time and patience he might attain them, but who could say the time would be given him? England then, even more than now, insisted on a high property qualification as a material guarantee for the virtue of her statesmen, and Disraeli might well have despaired of attaining a great position in the political world had not this fortunate marriage smoothed the path of his ambition.

But (the writer added) Mr. Disraeli was too shrewd a man to pay for name and power at the price of happiness. It is certain he chose wisely in every way, and seldom has a marriage proved more a love-match than his. . . . Esteem is the most genuine form of love, and Mr. Disraeli's esteem for his wife was heightened by a most lively sense of gratitude. It was a pretty sight, that of the remorseless Parliamentary gladiator, who neither gave quarter nor asked it, who fought with venomous weapons, although he struck fair, and sent barbed darts which clung and rankled in the wounds—it was a pretty sight to see him in the soft sunshine of domestic life anticipating the wishes of his wife with feminine tenderness and consideration, and receiving her ministering with the evident enjoyment which is the most delicate flattery of all.

Whence came this notable woman of the nineteenth century? This is what Mr. Augustus Hare tells us, on the authority of a Mrs. Duncan Stewart, of Liverpool, who received a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli soon after their marriage:

Mrs. Duncan Stewart described Lady Beaconsfield as originally a factory-girl. Mr. Lewis first saw her going to her factory, beautiful and with bare feet. He educated her and married her, died, and left her very rich, and then she married Disraeli. When asked why she married her second husband she would

widow, then marry." Mr. Lewis left his widow 5,000 pounds a year for life and the best-situated house in London, in Park Lane, near Grosvenor Gate with the curious addition of "coals and candles."

say, as if it was a feather in her cap, "My dear, he made love to me while my first husband was alive, and therefore I knew that he really loved me." It was at Green meadow, a house four miles from Llandaff, that Disraeli served his apprenticeship as secretary to Mr. Lewis, living in the house with him and Mrs. Lewis, in the position of a dependent. When the house overflowed with visitors from London, as was often the case, he was sent out to sleep at the "Holly Bush," a little public-house in the village. Both Greenmeadow and the "Holly Bush" exist still.

Mr. Hare has been kind enough, in answer to an inquiry, to tell me that what he here states was written down from the lips of Mrs. Duncan Stewart, who was very intimate with the Beaconsfields. Mr. Hare adds that the story was confirmed by the late Dean Vaughan, of Llandaff, from what he had heard in the neighborhood, but he has no further evidence on the subject. As I have said, the accounts of Lady Beaconsfield which one may gather from public sources do not stamp this account of her ladyship as inherently absurd, or even improbable. As the *Times* writer said, "She had neither social talents nor fascination to place at his disposal. It was not in her to make his salons a centre of society, as Lady Palmerston did when she acted as her husband's ally." Another contemporary writer who knew her said she had many sterling qualities, but lacked those acquired accomplishments and that disciplined and cultivated intelligence which her husband, as his writings show, keenly appreciated in women. "She was an admirable creature," he remarked to a friend after her death, "but she never knew which came first, the Greeks or the Romans."⁴ "The illustration," says the writer, a political opponent, "conveyed much

more than it expressed. It was a credit to Mr. Disraeli that throughout his life his devoted kindness to his wife was never ruffled by any of those awkward things said and done by her which formed from time to time the gossip of society."

Yet these gaucheries must many a time have sent a cold shiver through the marrow of the man whose only passport to society was his genius, who was tolerated by the haughty peer and the exclusive gentleman of the country party only because he was necessary to them in their unequal contest with the Liberal host after Peel's desertion of their cause. Like Burke and Sheridan, Disraeli burst through the barrier by which Society surrounds itself, and placed himself on an equality with those of high birth and old estate. It is no small addition to the magnitude of the achievement that he was able to carry with him into the charmed circle this uncultivated and graceless woman—as Society estimates grace and culture. Unlike Burke and Sheridan, he freely took his wife into the society of his aristocratic friends and she enjoyed the privilege keenly. A characteristic anecdote illustrates this rather amusingly. The Earl of Malmesbury entered it in his diary on March 19, 1849, in these words:

Lord Mahon told me a story of Mrs. Disraeli, who was paying a visit somewhere in the country, where she met Lord and Lady Hardinge. It happened that Lord Hardinge's room was next to the Disraelis', and the next morning Mrs. Disraeli said to Lord Hardinge at breakfast: "Oh, Lord Hardinge! I consider myself the most fortunate of women. I said to myself when I woke this morning, 'What a lucky woman I am! Here I have been sleeping between the greatest orator and the greatest war-

⁴ Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, in his "Notes from a Diary," says Disraeli's words were: "She was a bright creature; she lived wholly in the present. She thought nothing of the

future; she cared nothing for the past. I discovered that she did not know whether the Greeks or the Romans came first."

rior of the day.'" Lady Hardinge did not appear pleased at the statement.

On another occasion Mrs. Disraeli was staying with her husband at one of the ancestral homes of England—"one of the most splendid of our provincial palaces," it is called by Sir William Fraser, who tells the story:

The wife of the lordly proprietor was a person of exceptional refinement, with a deep and sincere sense of propriety. She had carefully swept from the walls all pictures of a character which our less squeamish ancestors would not have objected to. As it happened, in the bedroom allotted to Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli one picture remained, not in any way exceeding those works by great artists seen in the National Gallery, but of a decidedly classic character as regards drapery. At breakfast the first morning after their arrival Mrs. Disraeli addressed the lady of the house in these words: "Lady —, I find that your house is full of indecent pictures." Knowing well the character of their hostess, dismay might have been observed on the faces of the guests. Undaunted, Mrs. Disraeli continued: "There is a most horrible picture in our bedroom. Disraeli says it is Venus and Adonis. I have been awake half the night trying to prevent him looking at it."

Sir William Fraser adds that he knows this to be true, as the story was told to him by the eldest son of the house, who was present at the breakfast. This does not seem to me quite conclusive, but the evidence in this, as in other cases, must be taken for what it is worth. The lady had acquired a reputation for this kind of thing, which Sir William Fraser himself did not think was quite justified, and the sons of noble houses would not be the men to minimize her peculiarities.

But if Mrs. Disraeli's slumbers were disturbed by the presence in her husband's bedroom of an undraped Venus she must have passed many a sleepless night, for Mr. Cecil Raikes, in the life

of his father, tells this funny story on the authority of Sir William Harcourt:

It happened on the occasion in question (at a dinner party given by the Disraelis) that Mr. Harcourt, as he then was, was placed next to Lady Beaconsfield. On the wall opposite them hung a portrait of a lightly-draped female figure, and during a pause in the conversation the guest's eyes happened to wander to it.

"I see you are looking at that picture," suddenly broke in the hostess with a laugh. "I always say that it oughtn't to be allowed in here; but it is nothing to the Venus that Dizzy has in his bedroom."

"That I can quite believe," replied Mr. Harcourt gallantly, with a bow.

The answer appeared to tickle her ladyship immensely, so much so that Mr. Harcourt, feeling that he had ventured on to rather delicate ground, quickly changed the subject.

But the incident was not thereby disposed of, for later on, when the party had reassembled in the drawing-room, Lady Beaconsfield suddenly called to her husband across the room: "I want to tell you such a funny thing that Mr. Harcourt said to me at dinner." And then came out the whole story *coram publico*.

"I never felt more uncomfortable in my life," Sir William used to say in telling the story. "But when Lady Beaconsfield had finished Dizzy made no comment, but slowly turned his eyes upon me with his usual grave smile. Many men would have evinced some sign of annoyance, but he did nothing of the sort, and afterwards his kindness to me never varied."

One cannot but be struck by the family relationship of the two anecdotes, yet it is difficult to believe that they have been evolved from the same incident. That she frequently made her husband appear ridiculous by narrating circumstances of their private life cannot, I think, be doubted. Sir William Gregory says there was hardly any event in their domestic life that she did not take a pleasure in narrating in public. "Ah," she said once, when the con-

versation turned on some man's complexion, "I wish you could only see Dizzy in his bath, then you would know what a white skin is." One night Sir William Gregory and several other young men were the guests of the Disraelis at dinner. The company included George Smythe, the original of "Coningsby," and in the course of the evening, something being said about the book, the hostess said to the young men, "Would you like to go and see the room where Dizzy was brought to bed of 'Coningsby'?" All expressed great interest in the sacred spot, and she instructed them to go upstairs to the bedroom floor and enter a certain door. George Smythe took the lead in a regular scamper, amid roars of laughter. He burst into the wrong room, the followers heard a cry and a splash in the darkness, and back came their leader, wet through and dripping. He had fallen into Disraeli's bath. He presented himself in a drenched condition to Mrs. Disraeli, who placidly asked him if he had seen the room where "Coningsby" was born. "I know nothing of the place of birth," said Smythe, "but I know I have been in the room where he was baptized." It does not seem to have occurred to Gregory that the lady had played them a trick.

Many such stories might be quoted from the *chroniques scandaleuses* of the time, but when all has been said it remains a fact that she was a wonderfully good wife to Disraeli, and I am by no means sure that she did not possess a great deal more discretion than her critics gave her credit for. With all

her apparent freedom in conversation, she was never known to betray her husband's confidence in such a way as to jeopardize his political position. Her belief in his future greatness amounted to an inspiration. She was so confident that he would live to be Prime Minister that she made a vow never to attend a debate in the House of Commons until she could do so as the wife of the Premier, and she never did, great as the temptation must have been to witness some of his earlier triumphs.* To advance his career towards this great end seems to have been the sole object of her existence. "All her wealth," says Sir William Gregory, "was valued by her only so far as it could assist his objects. She watched him like a faithful dog, understood his every fancy, habit, and thought; in fact, lived in him and for him."

Those who were admitted to intimacy with them used to say he was fond of telling her in joke that he had married her for her money, to which she would invariably reply, "Ah, but if you had to do it again you would do it for love." And his answer would be that he would never marry for love, because all the men who did so either beat their wives or ran away from them. On this point I must indulge in one more short quotation from Sir William Gregory:

It was ridiculous (he says), the tokens of affection and apparently of admiration which he lavished on "Marianne," as we irreverently called her. One evening, on coming up from dinner, he knelt before her, and, as they say in novels, devoured both her hands with kisses, saying at the same time in the

*This fact is fully attested in the "Notes from the Diary of Mr. Speaker Denison (Viscount Ossington)," recently published. Writing on March 5, 1868, the day Mr. Disraeli first entered the House as Premier, Mr. Denison said: "It is true that Mrs. Disraeli had never attended a debate in the House of Commons. I have proposed to her once or twice to come, but she has always declined—said it would make her

nervous, or such-like excuse. But on the day on which Mr. Disraeli took his seat as Prime Minister Mrs. Disraeli wrote and begged that she might have a seat. She came, and the day afterwards she told me that she had resolved she would not attend a debate till she could see Mr. Disraeli take his seat as Prime Minister."

most lackadaisical manner, "Is there anything I can do for my dear little wife?" And yet this ungainly, repulsive-looking woman was deserving of his affection.

Their home life, indeed, seems to have been singularly happy. He was not fond of country pursuits, and if he joined a house party he was always glad to get home again. Mrs. Disraeli used to say that in a country house he was bored, and took to eating as a resource, and the result was that about the third day he got dreadfully bilious, and they had to come away. Their happiest times were at Hughenden, where he would wander about the grounds for hours, admiring his wife's taste in laying out the gardens, making pathways, and planting trees. Or, at least, these were her happiest days. Probably he enjoyed more the storm and stress of the political arena. We get a glimpse of their town life in the reminiscences of the late Sir John Mowbray, published by his daughter under the title, "Seventy Years at Westminster."

When in the House of Commons Disraeli was constantly at work, and gave himself little rest. He used to dine late at night, and very sparingly. Once, referring to this hasty dinner and assiduous attendance, I said to Lady Beaconsfield that I could not understand how he kept going. "Ah, but," she answered, "I always have supper for him when he comes home, and lights, lights, plenty of lights—Dizzy always likes light. And then he tells me all that has happened in the House, and then I clap him off to bed."

One of the most familiar anecdotes of the couple relates to the tender care she took of him when he was absorbed in his political work. She had driven down to the House of Commons with him, and as he shut the carriage door to leave her she accidentally got her fingers trapped in the door. She suffered great pain, but uttered no cry till

he was gone, as she knew he was about to take part in an important debate, and feared that a knowledge of the accident might upset him. According to some versions the accident occurred at starting, and the lady suffered with Spartan heroism while they drove through the streets, and fell fainting on the cushions so soon as he had left her, but I have given the story as related to the Earl of Malmesbury by Disraeli himself, and repeated in the House of Lords by Lord Malmesbury after the death of his old colleague.

So much for the evidence as to the character of the lady, and there is nothing in it inconsistent with the factory-girl story. She never displayed any manners or culture which might not have been acquired by King Cophetua's beggar maiden, and as for her means, we have seen that Mr. Wyndham Lewis left her a comfortable fortune, independently of anything she may have had from her own family. Moreover, when one comes to examine the records, they are found to be curiously obscure and contradictory.

In the first place, many inquiries have failed to disclose either the date or the place of her birth; and this is the more to be regretted because her age was always a matter of conjecture among her friends, and the subject of much facetious comment. Nine years before her death Lady Jersey averred that she was over eighty, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Froude, Mr. Walford, and other biographers state that she was fifty when she married Mr. Disraeli in 1839, and eighty-three when she died in 1872. The only authority I have discovered which pretends to give the date of her birth is James Doyle's "Baronage of England," where it is stated that she was born on November 11, 1798. Doyle is dead, and his publishers have no means of ascertaining what was his authority for the date. The register of her death gave her age

as seventy-six, two years older than Doyle's date would make her. "G. E. C." (Mr. Cokayne) was unable to ascertain for his "Complete Peerage" the date or place of her birth, but from some source, which he tells me he has now forgotten, he learnt (I think erroneously) that she was a posthumous child. The *Times* biography said she was born "about the beginning of the century, or earlier," and was married in her teens to Mr. Wyndham Lewis. As this marriage took place in 1815, and I have other evidence that she was about nineteen at the time, we may take it as probable that 1796 was the year of her birth, and that most of the estimates of her age which have been published are exaggerated.

With regard to her parentage, what may be called the official account is the record made at the College of Arms on the issue of the patent of her peerage. It is as follows:

Mary Anne, Viscountess Beaconsfield, of Beaconsfield, in the county of Buckingham, wife of the right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli, of Hughenden Manor, in the county of Buckingham, and only surviving child and heir of John Viney Evans, Esquire, Commander in the Royal Navy.

Other information given by the compilers of peerages and family records is to this effect:—that she was the daughter of Captain (or Commander) John Viney Evans, R. N., of Bramford Speke, Devonshire (who assumed the name Evans in addition to his patronymic, Viney), by Eleanor Scrope, his cousin and wife, daughter of the Rev. James Viney, B.C.L., some time of Gloucester, and that after the death of her brother James, who was colonel commanding the 39th Regiment, she became heir to her uncle, General Sir James Viney, K.C.H., C.B., of Taynton Manor, Gloucestershire. Some of the books (Mr. Walford's "Life of Beacons-

field," for instance), give the residence of her father as Branceford Park, Devon, but there is no such place, nor ever was so far as I can ascertain, and there is no doubt the place was Bramford Speke, a village near Exeter. The Earl of Iddesleigh recollects that Mrs. Disraeli, when visiting at Pynes some forty years ago, said either that she was born at Bramford Speke, or that she lived there in her young days.

It is practically certain, however, that Bramford Speke was not her birthplace. A search of the parish registers from 1739 to 1812 fails to disclose the name of Viney in any form, and there is no record of the birth of Mary Anne Evans. The name Evans appears occasionally over the whole period, and it may be that her father adopted the name and went to reside there on inheriting some property in the neighborhood. This, however, is mere conjecture, and if he did so he appears to have dropped the name Viney completely. John and Eleanor Evans were living at Bramford Speke in 1790, a son James being born to them on February 10 in that year, and these may have been Lady Beaconsfield's father, mother, and brother, but "John" and "Eleanor" seem, from the entries in the registers, to have been family names of the Evanses who had lived in the parish for generations. Coming down to the year 1807, we find recorded the death of John Evans in March, and Eleanor in October. Were these Mary Anne's parents? As regards the mother, certainly not; and as to the father, almost certainly not, if her father was Commander Evans, which is another question. There is an entry in the Land Assessment Register of Devonshire which shows that in 1806 John Evans occupied the farms of Sowdons and Moors at Bramford Speke. It is not clear whether he owned the farms or not, but the entry seems to show that he was entitled to

be designated "esquire." There is no mention in the Register about this time of any other John Evans, or of a Viney.

Mr. T. Hurry Riches, whose mother was a friend of Lady Beaconsfield when she was Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, informs me, from recollection of what he has heard (for, unfortunately, papers bearing on the subject were accidentally destroyed by fire), that Lady Beaconsfield's father died while she was quite young, and some years afterwards her mother, a sister of Sir James Viney, married Dr. Yates, an army surgeon, who resided at Clifton. Miss Evans was about eighteen years old when she and her mother went to live at Clifton, and when she was about nineteen she met Mr. Lewis at a ball given by the Vernon-Grahams, a leading family at Clifton in those days, and they were married shortly afterwards. Mr. Riches says she had only one brother, Colonel Viney Evans, and he thinks she was born at Portsmouth. An advertisement in the Portsmouth press has failed to elicit any evidence of her birth there, but in other respects there is good corroboration of Mr. Riches' recollection. In the first place, it is supported by the entry in the marriage register of Clifton parish church, which is as follows:

Wyndham Lewis, of this parish, and Mary Anne Evans, of this parish, were married in this church by licence, with the consent of . . . , this 22nd day of December, in the year 1815.

Then follow the signatures of John Hensman, minister, and the parties, and the witnesses are James Viney and A. Yates, whom I take to have been her uncle, Sir James (or her brother), and her stepfather, Dr. Yates.

But the most indisputable evidence I have found of the identity of her mother is contained in the will of Sir James Viney, who died in 1841 in his

seventy-fifth year. Here Mary Anne Lewis is described as niece of the testator and daughter of his sister, Mrs. Yates, by her first husband. Mary Anne and other nieces are left £2000 each, and, subject to other legacies and to the specific bequests, General Viney left his property for his sons, "or reputed sons," William and James Viney, and his nephew, John Viney Evans. This rather confuses the question of Mrs. Disraeli's inheritance, but it is not worth while to pursue the matter, as the will leaves no doubt on the main point—that her mother really was the sister of Sir James Viney—and this, with the collateral circumstances, is quite sufficient to stamp the factory-girl story as an invention. Mr. Henry J. Taylor, of Gloucester, tells me that she undoubtedly came into possession of Taynton Manor, that she gave the estate to Mr. Disraeli, and that he sold it by auction, probably to pay his election bills, the purchaser being Mr. Laslett, M.P. She also had two houses in College Green, which now belong to Lord Beaconsfield's executors. Mr. Taylor thinks she spent a great part of her young days in Gloucester, living with her uncle at one of the houses in College Green, and she was probably a teacher in a Sunday-school attended by girls from the pin factories. Mrs. Duncan Stewart's little romance may have arisen in some way out of this circumstance.

The question of her paternal parentage is, however, curiously obscure, though one would never have thought of investigating it closely had not the inquiry into the main point disclosed difficulties. The *Bristol Mirror* of December 30, 1815, records her first marriage in these terms:

Friday, at Clifton, Wyndham Lewis, Esq., of Green Meadow, near Cardiff, to Mary Anne, only daughter of the late John Evans, Esq., of Brampford Speke, Devon.

There is no mention here of her father having had any naval rank, or of Viney being part of his name. No report of the marriage was given apart from the formal announcement. On her second marriage in 1839 her father was similarly described, and in the same year "Dod's Parliamentary Companion" gave the name as John Evans, Esq. And thus the description appeared in "Dod" down to 1867, when it was altered to Captain Viney Evans, R.N., why or at whose instance cannot now be ascertained.

A search of the Admiralty records does not tend to clarify the question. There is no Captain or Commander Viney Evans to be found, but there is a Commander John Evans, of whom it is recorded that he was on active service until December 14, 1812, when he was placed on half-pay. On June 13, 1813, the affidavit usual on receipt of half-pay was dispensed with "while he remains insane." The pay continued until December 31, 1815, and he was reported dead on March 12, 1816. Comparing this record with the announcement of the marriage of Mary Anne Evans on December 22, 1815, we should say with almost absolute certainty that this Commander Evans was not her father. The evidence seems, then, to point to the John Evans who died at Bramford Speke in 1807 as her father, and it was not until about sixty years afterwards that he was described as a naval officer. There may be a simple explanation of all this; I confess I am unable to suggest it; and I must leave the evidence as it stands.

However this may be, it is evident that Mary Anne and her mother were moving in good society in Clifton when Mr. Wyndham Lewis "picked her up." The Vernon-Grahams were doubtless connected with General Vernon, of Hilton Park, Staffordshire, who added his mother's name of Graham to his own. Mr. Lewis, who was at this time

thirty-five years of age, was a man of wealth and position. He was then, or subsequently, the owner of Pantgwynllass Castle, Glamorganshire, a major of Militia, and a barrister, and he had an elegant town house in Grosvenor Gate. Here the young dandy who leaped into fame as the author of "Vivian Grey" became a welcome guest, and doubtless he also visited the Lewises at their Welsh estate, but the statement that he ever had any formal position as secretary to Mr. Lewis is open to much doubt. I have good reason to believe that he left no papers which would support the suggestion. The point, however, is of little importance. The two men became close social and political friends, and after Disraeli had been three times rejected by High Wycombe and once by Taunton Mr. Lewis carried him in as his colleague for the borough of Maidstone. This was at the election which followed the accession of Queen Victoria. When the new Parliament met Mr. Lewis was mortally ill, and he died on March 14, 1838.

Disraeli was at this time in his thirty-fourth year, and, notwithstanding all that has been said as to the great discrepancy in their ages, Mrs. Lewis was probably not more than eight years older. She was still a handsome woman, and she retained for a long time afterwards the sprightly and ingenuous manner which had attracted the Welsh magnate more than twenty years before. Dr. Brewster tells us that Disraeli met her at Lytton-Bulwer's in 1832, and described her shortly afterwards as "a pretty little woman, a flirt, and a rattler. Indeed," added Disraeli, "she is gifted with a volubility I should think unequalled, and of which I can convey no idea. She told me she liked silent, melancholy men." We must take our choice between this description, Mrs. Duncan Stewart's statement that she was at the time of her second marriage a "very handsome, imperial-

looking woman," and Sir William Gregory's shockingly uncomplimentary picture. A writer in the *New Century Review* of September, 1899, gives us a sketch of her as she appeared at a *réveillon champêtre* for the school children at Hughenden about 1860:

It was in this decade that the crinoline flourished, and Mrs. Disraeli wore over hers a petticoat of fine white cambric, covered with innumerable little flounces exquisitely gauffered. I remember making a mental calculation of how many hours it would take her *blanchisseuse* to gauffer those said flounces, and came to the conclusion they could not have been manipulated under eight or nine.

Over the petticoat was looped a white dress of delicate French muslin, powdered with purple pansies; the crinoline showed the lovely dress and petticoat to advantage, as well as the youthful-looking figure, whose head was crowned with a simple white straw hat, trimmed with a band of black velvet.

People said she was twenty-five years older than her husband, but as she skipped and ran about with the children she did not look a day over forty. Disraeli stood watching with an amused smile the delight of the children at the efforts made to amuse them, now and again glancing at his wife with a look of unconcealed admiration and interest.

The Hon. F. Lawley and others who knew Disraeli support the statement that it was on the advice of Count d'Orsay that he proposed to the widow, but we may well conjecture that the impecunious and ambitious young man did not require much prompting. Nor need we suppose that he had to conduct the campaign after the manner of Barry Lyndon's attack upon the Countess, but there are some anecdotes curiously reminiscent of Barry's methods, told on the authority of an old lady who used to attend upon Mrs. Lewis as companion.

For some time after her husband's

death, this lady relates, Mrs. Lewis lived in retirement at his Glamorganshire seat. One day, on looking out of the window, she saw a gentleman leisurely walking up the drive, carrying in one hand a bag, and in the other an umbrella. She started back, exclaiming, "Gracious! Jane, there's that horrid man Disraeli coming up the drive. Run down to the door and say I am not at home." Jane did so, whereupon Disraeli, with grave deliberation, answered, "I know. Take my bag to a bedroom and prepare luncheon. I will wait till Mrs. Lewis comes downstairs."

On another occasion this lady said to her mistress, "I hear, my dear madam, that the gentleman is at the inn, waiting for a conveyance." (The inn was the Cow and Snuffers, and in one of the rooms was a chair which was long afterwards known as Disraeli's chair, for it was said that he always sat on it when he called at the inn on his way to the hall.) Mrs. Lewis, with a sigh and a flush, exclaimed, "Oh, dear, what can I do with this gentleman?" "What can you do with him?" echoed the maid. The lady again flushed and again sighed, and laconically replied, "Marry him, I suppose."

Whatever may be the truth about such stories as these, it is certain that the siege of the widow was not a very protracted one. The couple were married on August 28, 1839, and Mrs. Disraeli at once entered with avidity into all her husband's schemes and ambitions. Two years afterwards she was down at Shrewsbury, assisting in his electoral campaign there, the corrupt electors of Maidstone having been abandoned in favor of the western borough. The *Shrewsbury Chronicle* records facetiously that "at the conclusion of Mr. Disraeli's harangue Mrs. Disraeli was introduced to the crowd, and her successful canvass was rewarded by reiterated cheers." The *Globe*, then a

Liberal organ, stated that she was assisting her husband "with all the energy of despair." Disraeli was returned, and then came his *ad misericordiam* supplication to Peel for an office in his Ministry (which lay concealed until Mr. C. S. Parker published it among the "Private Papers" of Sir Robert in 1899), and the still more interesting letter from Mrs. Disraeli, which I presume to have been a secret even from Disraeli himself. This is what she wrote:

(Confidential.)

Grosvenor Gate, Saturday Night.
 Dear Sir Robert Peel,—I beg you not to be angry with me for my intrusion, but I am overwhelmed with anxiety. My husband's political career is forever crushed, if you do not appreciate him.

Mr. Disraeli's exertions are not unknown to you, but there is much he has done that you cannot be aware of, though they have had no other aim but to do you honor, no wish for recompence but your approbation.

He has gone further than most to make your opponents his personal enemies. He has stood four most expensive elections since 1834, and gained seats from Whigs in two; and I pledge myself, as far as one seat, that it shall always be at your command.

Literature he has abandoned for politics. Do not destroy all his hopes, and make him feel his life has been a mistake.

May I venture to name my own humble but enthusiastic exertions in times gone by for the party, or rather for your own splendid self? They will tell you at Maidstone that more than £40,000 was spent through my influence only.

Be pleased not to answer this, as I do not wish any human being to know I have written to you this humble petition.—I am now, as ever, dear Sir Robert, your most faithful servant,

Mary Anne Disraeli.

Poor Mary Anne! How keenly must she have felt the rejection of her husband's claims, which he had himself told Peel would be an "intolerable humiliation!" Thanks to fortuitous cir-

cumstances, their revenge was not long delayed, and then Dizzy's genius carried him steadily onwards until he reached the goal which he had kept steadily before his eyes from the days of his callow youth. Probably one of the privileges of his short-lived Premiership which he valued most highly was that it enabled him to confer upon his faithful helpmate a patent of nobility. The Heralds' College recognized the Viney-Evans descent, and granted her a coat of arms, which included a slip of vine, fructed and leaved proper (which had belonged to an old Kentish family of Viney), with the addition of two flaunches, each charged with a boar's head, to represent the name Evans. The supporters—an eagle and a lion—were each charged with a tower, and Mr. Hitchman, in his preface to an edition of Disraeli's early pamphlet, "What is He?" says the introduction of the old cognizance of a castle was intended to represent the descent of the peeress's husband from the ancient house of Mendizibal y Mendoza. The cognizance was still more strongly marked on the arms subsequently granted to him as Earl of Beaconsfield. These had a castle triple towered in chief, besides the towers on the supporters, and one on the escutcheon.

But when the old lady received the titular honor the silver cord of her life was already loosed, and ere her husband's real triumph came in 1874 the golden bow was broken. Not long after her elevation to the peerage she discovered that she was suffering from an internal cancer. It is characteristic of both that, while she supposed that she was concealing from her husband the existence of the fatal disorder, he, though well aware of it, allowed her to nurse the pleasing illusion that he was ignorant of the fate impending over her. I take this fact from the obituary notice in the *Times*. It is said that he wrote "Lothair" during her ill-

ness to please her, and evening after evening would read over to her the manuscript he had written during the day. At the last pneumonia happily hastened the inevitable end, and she died at noon on Sunday, December 15, 1872.

Many of Mr. Disraeli's political and social friends desired to manifest their sympathy with him by attending the funeral, but the reply in every case was the same, that the burial ceremonies would be strictly private. Simply and quietly, without any of the paraphernalia of mourning, he laid his "perfect wife" to rest in the village churchyard at Hughenden, and when his turn came to bid adieu to the world in which he

had played so great a part he preferred to lie by her side rather than receive the solemn posthumous honors which Parliament would have been willing to pay. What the loss of his faithful partner meant to Disraeli may be inferred from the words of infinite pathos he addressed to Lord Malmesbury. "I remember," said the Earl, in the speech from which I have already quoted, "when he was deprived of the support of his wife, he said to me, with tears in his eyes, 'I hope some of my friends will take notice of me now in my great misfortune, for I have no home, and when I tell my coachman to drive home I feel it is a mockery.'"

James Sykes.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

AT THE CLOSE.

To Thee, dear God of Mercy, both appeal,
Who straightway sound the call to arms. Thou know'st;
And that black spot in each embattled host,
Spring of the blood-stream, later wilt reveal.
Now is it red artillery and white steel;
Till on a day will ring the victor's boast,
That 'tis Thy chosen towers uppermost,
Where Thy rejected grovels under heel.
So in all times of man's descent insane
To brute, did strength and craft combining strike,
Even as a God of Armies, his fell blow.
But at the close he entered Thy domain,
Dear God of Mercy, and if lion-like
He tore the fall'n, the Eternal was his Foe.

George Meredith.

FIRST YEARS OF BRITISH RULE IN CANADA.

The period which immediately followed the capitulation of Canada is known as the *règne militaire*; but it is an error to suppose that the administration so sternly named was marked by anything but the most careful equity. Allowing, of course, for circumstances which made military rule necessary, it was, in fact, an era of almost unexampled tenderness. Though still on the threshold of her colonial empire, England had already realized that the lightest yoke is the one which is borne longest. She had annexed here a vast domain, and the willing allegiance of its seventy thousand French inhabitants was her first consideration. These must be won to a new loyalty, and schooled in the free institutions of a civilizing nation.

Ever since the Battle of the Plains, the *habitants* and citizens of Quebec had been slowly but steadily settling to allegiance, and now, when the fall of Montreal had destroyed the last vestige of French dominion, the inhabitants came forward more quickly to enrol themselves. And that they were received into the British fold with something more than a perfunctory enthusiasm is proved by an extract from Amherst's instructions:

These newly acquired subjects [he writes to General Gage], when they have taken the oath, are as much his Majesty's subjects as any of us, and are, so long as they remain deserving of it, entitled to the same protection. I would have you particularly give it in charge to the troops to live in good harmony and brotherhood with them, and avoid all differences soever.

Naturally enough, the recent belligerents were deprived of their weapons; and commissioners went through the

different parishes administering the oath, and collecting the arms. A fire-lock was left to each native militia officer, and, under certain conditions, the rank and file could retain guns for hunting. The Canadians were allowed the free exercise of their religion; and although nothing was said about the retention of the French language, its employment followed as a matter of course, since only the soldiers of the garrison knew English. The adjustment of civil disputes was placed in the hands of the officers of militia, who met for that purpose every Tuesday, and from them there was an appeal to the governor.

Criminal cases were submitted to a court of military officers. Civil misdemeanors were defined in the police regulations. Chimneys were to be swept at least once a month, under penalty of six *livres*. The fire-brigade of the capital consisted, *ex officio*, of all the carpenters, who were required to attend with axes; the citizens were to assemble with buckets, and failure in this duty entailed a fine. Each householder was required to keep the road clear in front of his house, and rubbish was taken weekly to the river-side for burning. The *habitants* were forbidden to harbor English deserters, and they received recompense for any of the garrison whom they were asked to billet. For the better regulation of prices, the people were forbidden to sell their produce to strangers, "*courreurs de côte*," but were required to bring it to market. Through representations made by the English Government, France at length consented to redeem the *billets d'ordonnance* with which the moribund administration had hopelessly flooded the country. The days of forced labor

had passed; harsh impressment no longer compelled the *habitant* to fight on short rations and without pay; and as he contemplated the change in his mind, body and estate, the French-Canadian at length became reconciled to English conquest.

Such, in brief, was the benevolent military rule in a country which England held by right of conquest; and that its quality of mercy was not strained is evident from the fact that on the death of George II, the citizens of Montreal "placed themselves in mourning," and presented the following address to the Governor:—

To His Excellency General Gage, the Governor of Montreal and its dependencies.

The address of the Officers of Militia and Merchants of the City of Montreal.

Cruel Destiny has thus cutt short the Glorious Days of so Great & so Magnanimous a Monarch! We are come to pour out our Grief into the paternal Bosom of Your Excellency, the sole Tribune of Gratitude of a People who never Cease to Exalt the mildness and Moderation of their New Masters. The General who has conquered Us has rather treated Us as a Father than a Vanquisher, & has left us a precious Pledge (*gage*) by Name & Deed of his Goodness to Us; What acknowledgments are we not behoden to make for so many Favours? Ha! they shall be forever Engraven in our Hearts in Indelible Character. We Entreat Your Excellency to continue Us the Honour of Your Protection. We will endeavour to Deserve it by our Zeal & by the Earnest Prayers We shall ever offer up to the Immortal Being for Your Health and Preservation.¹

On the other hand, there were those whose temperaments precluded any idea of reconciliation with the new order of things; those to whom conquest was intolerable, and especially

conquest by the hereditary enemy. These irreconcilable spirits were mainly civil and military officers, seigneurial families and *émigrés* of the first generation. To the impecunious nobility, their new world estates meant a great deal, but *la belle France* and the Bourbon lilies meant more. As for the new arrivals, they had not yet struck deep root in the land of their adoption. Accordingly, many of these availed themselves of the transportation provided for in the terms of capitulation, and their departure robbed Canada of much of her best blood. To accommodate these distinguished passengers, and the two thousand disarmed soldiers of Lévis, the new Government was hard pressed to find ships; and when at last the refugees were all embarked, the crowded vessels were further discomfited by furious gales. De Lévis narrowly escaped a watery grave off the rocks of Newfoundland, and the ship that carried Vaudreuil and his suite fared little better. But the most distressing disaster befel the *Auguste*, a frigate which bore the French officer, La Corne, his family, his friends, and a large number of soldiers. Scarcely had the ill-fated ship passed Anticosti when a dreadful storm overtook her from the west, and drove her into the Gulf. A few days later a fire broke out in the cook's galley, which was only extinguished by the most desperate energy of passengers and crew, but not before most of the provisions had been destroyed. Off Isle Royale another storm arose, upon which they helplessly tossed for several days, and in the end were driven upon the coast. Here, upon the reefs, the *Auguste* went to pieces. La Corne and six companions gained the shore, and, unable to render assistance, they saw their families drown in the surf.

De Gaspé, in "Les Anciens Canadiens," recounts the tragic story in the words of La Corne.

¹ Quoted by William Kingsford, "History of Canada," Vol. IV.

From the 13th to the 15th [(of November) he says] we were driven at the mercy of a violent storm, without knowing where we were. We were obliged as best we could to replace the crew, for the men, worn out with fatigue, had taken refuge in their hammocks and would not leave them; threats, promises, even blows, had been tried in vain. Our mizzen mast being broken, our sails torn to shreds and incapable of being clewed up or lowered, the first mate proposed as a last resource in this extremity to run into shore; it was a desperate act; the fatal moment arrived! The captain and mate looked sadly at me with clasped hands. I but too well understood this mute language of men, who from their profession were accustomed to brave death. We made the land to starboard, where we perceived the mouth of a river, which might prove to be navigable. Without concealing anything, I informed the passengers of both sexes of this manœuvre, which was for life or death. . . . Who could describe the fury of the waves! The storm had burst upon us in all its violence; our masts seemed to reach up to the clouds, and then to plunge into the abyss. A terrible shock told us that the ship has touched the bottom. We then cut away the cordage and masts to lighten her and try to float her again; this came to pass, but the force of the waves turned her over on her side. . . . As the ship was already leaking in every part, the passengers all rushed on deck; and some . . . threw themselves into the sea and perished. . . . The passengers and crew had lashed themselves to the shrouds and spars in order to resist the waves which, breaking over the ship, were snatching fresh victims every moment. . . . Our only remaining resource was the two boats, the larger of which was carried away by a wave and dashed to pieces. The other was lowered into the water. . . . I hastily seized a rope, and by means of a tremendous leap fell into the boat; the same wave which saved my life carried away my two children. . . . It would be difficult to describe the horror of this terrible disaster, the cries of those still on board the ship, and the harrowing spectacle of those who, having thrown themselves into the waves,

were making useless efforts to gain the beach. . . . Seven living men at last found themselves on the shore of that unknown land . . . and (in the evening) it was a heart-rending sight which presented itself when a hundred and fourteen corpses were stretched on the sand, many of them with arms and legs broken, or bearing other marks of the fury of the elements.

For weeks the fugitives wandered about the woods, and at last were rescued by a party of Indians thirty leagues from Louisburg. In a birch-bark canoe the indefatigable La Corne crossed from Cape Breton to the mainland, and travelling five hundred and fifty leagues on snow-shoes came again to Quebec. Here, in spite of his own dire predictions, he found a gaiety and contentment which fairly startled him. Within the walls of the grim old river fortress the lion and the lamb were already lying down together. The wise forbearance of the conquerors and the facile temperament of the conquered, provided, far beyond expectation, a solution for what was, *prima facie*, a difficult situation.

It is very surprising [writes an officer of the Highlanders], with what ease the gaiety of their tempers enables them to bear misfortunes which to us would be insupportable. Families, whom the calamities of war have reduced from the height of luxury to the want of common necessaries, laugh, dance and sing, comforting themselves with this reflection—*fortune de la guerre*. Their young ladies take the utmost pains to teach our officers French; with what views I know not, if it is not that they may hear themselves praised, flattered, and courted without loss of time.²

Those who remained behind, sacrificing their allegiance to the flag for the sake of their allegiance to the soil, were indeed far happier than those irrecon-

² Quoted by Parkman, "Montcalm and Wolfe," Vol. II., c. 29.

cillables who elected to return to the motherland, bereft of all but their movable property. And among these homing Frenchmen were some whose reception caused them a very reasonable anxiety. Vaudreuil, Bigot, Pean, Cadet, Varin, Penisseault, and several others who had held offices in Canada, were presently cast into the Bastile, charged with corruptions which had sapped the life-blood of New France. For months they contemplated their misdeeds in the sombre silence of the dungeon, and in the next year they were brought forth for trial. Vaudreuil, for lack of evidence, was acquitted; but a just fate overtook the arch-conspirators Bigot, Cadet, and their knavish parasites. The Intendant was banished from France for life and all his property confiscated; Cadet was banished for nine years and fined six million *livres*; the others received sentences which varied according to the measure of their guilt.

Meanwhile, in Quebec, a decade of English rule slipped uneventfully by, a decade marked chiefly by new perceptions of citizenship on the part of the French. The old *régime* had been conducted on the principle of centralized authority; it gave no place to personal liberty. Neither on its civil nor its military side were any rights extended to the individual. Up to the Conquest, the citizens of Quebec had been no more than cogs in the wheel of State. This wheel turned remorselessly under the hand of a near or distant administrator, according to the spasmodic interest of the French Government in her always troublesome colony, which had first claimed consideration as the gateway to Cathay and was presently scorned as a "thousand leagues of snow and ice." The intervals between this equator of affection and this north pole of reproach fitly epitomized the fading fortunes of New France. National spirit filled up the

ranks of her army when danger threatened the frontiers; but, to the simple *habitant*, Quebec and Louisburg were the ends of the earth, and the annals of the parish were the Alpha and Omega of his knowledge.

With British rule all this was changed. In Quebec the *tiers état* awoke to its latent destiny fifty years before the same realization came to Paris; and it was the new order of things which achieved the bloodless miracle. No longer were the rights of man confined to the Governor, Intendant, and the Sovereign Council; and when his perceptions were able to measure the English system, the plainest citizen felt a new pulse within him. Instead of being kept in the dark as to what was taking place in the outside world, he found a solicitude for his knowledge almost passing belief. Under General Murray a newspaper was established, *The Quebec Gazette*, which began as a weekly in 1764.³ The first issue of this pioneer of Canadian journalism consisted of four folio pages, two columns to a page, one French, one English; and the "Printer's Address to the Public" thus outlines its policy: to include:

A view of foreign affairs and political transactions from which a judgment may be formed of the interests and connections of the several powers of Europe; to collect the transactions and occurrences of our mother country, and to introduce every remarkable event, uncommon debates, extraordinary performances, and interesting turn of affairs that shall be thought to merit the notice of the reader as matter of entertainment or that can be of service to the publick as inhabitants of an English colony. . . . And here we beg leave to observe that we shall have nothing so much at heart as the support of virtue and morality and the noble cause of liberty. The refined amusements of

³ It was changed into a bi-weekly in 1818, and in 1874 was merged into the "Chronicle" as a daily paper.

literature and the pleasing veins of well-pointed wit shall also be considered as necessary to the collection; interspersed with other chosen pieces and curious essays extracted from the most celebrated authors; so that, blending philosophy with politicks, history, etc., the youth of both sexes will be improved, and persons of all ranks agreeably and usefully entertained.*

With such an appreciation of its functions the *Quebec Gazette* launched itself, twenty-four years in advance of the *London Times*.

Since the conquest, Quebec had been governed under the terms of a royal proclamation which, as a matter of fact, prescribed no definite forms of administration. Almost everything was left to the discretion of the governor, modified, of course, by the articles of capitulation. And General Murray proved himself a discreet ruler. But friction of some sort was almost inevitable in a situation which presented such anachronisms; and it came from those few hundred British who made the mistake of supposing that their claims and privileges should have the right of way over ten times as many of their French fellow-subjects. Governor Murray, fortunately, held no such selfish views; and this policy was followed with equal firmness and greater success by his successor, Sir Guy Carleton, who assumed the administration in 1766.

The new governor had, indeed, a remarkable connection with the history of Quebec. In 1759 he had come, with his friend General Wolfe, to besiege the city; and, like the General, he was wounded on the Plains of Abraham. With Murray he had held Quebec during the trying winter of 1760, and had fought in the battle of Ste. Foye. And now, after a brilliant campaign in the West Indies, the gallant soldier was returning to the fortress on the St. Law-

* Article by John S. Reade in the Centenary Number, "Quebec Gazette," 1884.

rence in time for another warlike crisis in its history.

Events were rapidly moving to a crisis in the English colonies to the south. In spite of the determined and patriotic opposition of Burke and Pitt, England was blindly imperilling her possessions in America by the imposition of the Stamp Act and a failure to recognize that the thirteen colonies had long out-grown the state of mere tutelage. But, as a preliminary measure of offence, the newly assembled congress determined to detach Canada from the British crown, and, naturally, they counted most of all upon the disaffection of the French-Canadian population. It is not possible to give in full the letter which George Washington despatched on this occasion to "The Inhabitants of Canada" but the following is a part of it.

Friends and Brethren: The unnatural contest between the English colonies and Great Britain has now arisen to such a height that arms alone must decide it. The Colonies, confiding in the justice of their cause, and the purity of their intention, have reluctantly appealed to that Being in whose hands are all human events. . . . Above all we rejoice that our enemies have not been deceived with regard to you. They have persuaded themselves, they have even dared to say that the Canadians were not capable of distinguishing between the blessings of liberty and the wretchedness of slavery; . . . but they have been deceived; . . . instead of finding in you a poverty of soul and baseness of spirit, they see with a chagrin, equal to our joy, that you are enlightened, generous and virtuous; that you will not renounce your own rights, or serve as instruments to deprive your fellow-subjects of theirs. Come then, my brethren, unite with us in an indissoluble union, let us run together to the same goal. . . . Come then, ye generous citizens, range yourselves under the standard of general liberty, against which all the forces and artifices of tyranny will never be able to prevail.

(sgd) . . . George Washington.

The blandishments of the Thirteen Colonies, or "Provincials," as they were called, found almost no response in Canada. Sir Guy Carleton had left nothing undone to plant fidelity in the hearts of the French-Canadians; and the passing of the Quebec Act in 1774, which secured to them freedom of worship and confirmed their own system of jurisprudence, held the French fast to their British allegiance at a time when their disaffection would have been ruinous to the Empire. Present-day controversies rage over the propriety of an Act which legalized the French language in a British dominion; but anyone who takes the trouble to examine the circumstances surrounding its enactment must see that not only justice but military expediency required liberal treatment and wide consideration for seventy thousand subjects of an alien tongue, if the fruits of the Seven Years' War were not to be heedlessly thrown away. The language question vexes Canadian politics to-day, but its solution lies in the peaceful assimilation which time and an increased population alone can bring. Near a thousand years ago, a Norman race was grafted upon a Saxon stock, and the fusion has made the strongest nation in Europe. In Canada the social or lingual fusion of the two races has not yet been achieved; but the onward march of events, and the pressure of a larger industrial life will inevitably accomplish it. Commerce and industry now vigorously invading Que-

bec, hitherto given over to agriculture, will accomplish what neither law, preaching, or agitation could ever do. Agriculture fosters isolation; commerce and industry make for expansion and help to level all interests to one expression. No race question, no language question, can long resist these forces. Sooner or later the race which dominates industrially will impose its own language. It is the only right solution, and it is a peaceful solution. The destiny of Canada is not wholly solved, but those who know her well, who understand the temperament of both races there and realize that time and prosperity and mutually shared responsibilities are the great pacifiers, await the result with confidence. If, in 1775, French-Canada recognized the quality of British rule, and turned a deaf ear to the seductive speeches of the Provincials who had resolved to break with England; again, in 1812, renewed their faith; in 1885 helped to put down a rebellion fomented by a French-Canadian half-breed; and from 1900 to 1902 contributed young men and many gallant officers to the Canadian contingent for the South African war, it is little probable that the future will bring disintegration. Precedents have been set which must continue to govern the policy and patriotism of French-Canada. The most valuable of these precedents have been made under the leadership of a French-Canadian Prime Minister at Ottawa.

Gilbert Parker.

IDEAL.

The song unsung more sweet shall ring
 Than any note that yet has rung;
 More sweet than any earthly thing.

The song unsung!

A harp there lies, untouched, unstrung
 As yet by man, but time shall bring
 A player by whose art and tongue
 This song shall sound to God the King;
 The world shall cling as ne'er it clung
 To God and heaven, and all shall sing

The song unsung.

Hugh Cochrane.

THE VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS IN THE WEST INDIES. 

We have received from the Royal Society the "Preliminary Report on the recent Eruption of the Soufrière in St. Vincent and of a Visit to Mont Pelée in Martinique" by Dr. Tempest Anderson and Dr. John S. Flett, who were commissioned to proceed to the West Indies and investigate the great volcanic outbreak on the spot. These two gentlemen arrived from England on June 8 in St. Vincent, where they spent nearly four weeks in the vicinity of the Soufrière. The following account of the eruption has been gathered by them from the most trustworthy sources:—

"The Soufrière mountain forms the northern extremity of the island, and its general form at once suggests a comparison with Vesuvius. It is a simple cone without lateral or parasitic craters. The one at its summit is surrounded on the north side by the remains of a gigantic crater ring, which has the same relation to the

present crater as Somma has to Vesuvius. On the north-east lip of the main crater there is a smaller one known as the New Crater, as it is believed to have originated in the eruption of 1812. It is only one-third of a mile in diameter. It is doubtful whether the New Crater was active during the late eruption, and there can be no doubt that it was from the principal or 'Old Crater' that the materials mostly were emitted. Deep valleys, often with precipitous sides, have been cut in the slopes of the mountain, especially on its southern side, and it is in these—and particularly in the Wallibu, Rozeau, and Rabaca Dry River—that the greater part of the ejecta of the recent eruption have collected.

The eruption of May, 1902, though sudden in its outburst and disastrous in its effects, was far from unexpected. In the north of St. Vincent there were two settlements of the aboriginal

Caribs, and these had been so startled by the frequent violent earthquakes that in February of last year they were considering the advisability of deserting the district. But the first signs of actual volcanic activity were on Tuesday, May 6. The inhabitants of the leeward side were fortunate in having a clear view of the crater, and warned by the outbursts of steam they fled to Chateaubelair, and other places along the coast-line to the south, so that few lives were lost in this quarter. But, on the windward side, the summit of the mountain, as is frequently the case, was wrapped in cloud.

Here, at the base of the mountain, there is an extensive stretch of flat land, known as the Carib country, on which were situated some of the largest and richest estates in the island, with a dense population, mostly black or colored. So little alarm was felt here, that even on the morning of Wednesday, May 7, when the leeward side was practically deserted, sugar-making was in progress on several estates, and all of the operations of tropical agriculture were being conducted as usual. From Kingstown telephonic messages were sent to Georgetown, which is not far from the base of the hill, stating that the Soufrière was in eruption, but they appear to have occasioned little anxiety. And when, about midday on Wednesday, the danger was too obvious to be overlooked, the Rabaca Dry River, and some of the streams on the windward side, usually dry except after rains, were running boiling hot, and could not be crossed. Many fugitives in this way found their escape cut off. It was here that the loss of life was greatest, which, though many escaped, is estimated to have amounted to 2,000, including about a dozen white men—the overseers of the plantations. The exact number will never be known, as

many were entombed in the ashes where they fell.

About midday on Tuesday the first signs of the eruption were observed by those dwelling on the southwestern side of the mountain. At 2.40 that afternoon there was a considerable explosion, and a large cloud of steam ascended into the air. By 5 o'clock a red glare was visible in the steam cloud on the summit. Activity continued during the evening, and at midnight there was a great outburst, and red flames were noticed on the lip of the crater. Next morning from Chateaubelair a splendid view could be obtained of gigantic mushroom-shaped clouds rising to a great height in the air—estimated at 30,000 feet—and drifting away before the north-east trade wind. As the day advanced the eruption increased in violence; by 10.30 A.M. enormous clouds of vapor were being emitted with loud noises, accompanied by much lightning. It is remarkable that at that time the inhabitants of the windward side were still in doubt about the reality of the eruption, since they mistook the dark cloud covering the mountain for a thunder cloud. The mountain was now in a state of continuous activity, and from Chateaubelair it could be seen that the materials were mostly discharged from the old or principal crater. Vast clouds of steam, showers of dark matter (probably mud), and of stones, could be seen projected from it, partly on the leeward, but mostly on the windward side. At midday the slopes of the mountain were still green, and the rich mantle of tropical vegetation had not yet been destroyed. A thin layer of fine ash had fallen over the lower ground, only sufficient to give the leaves a grayish color. The enormous columns of vapor continued to ascend from the crater with frequent violent outbursts, projecting showers of stones and mud.

About this time it was noticed that steam was rising from some of the valleys on the south side of the hill, and this increased till at 12.50 the whole mountain was suddenly enveloped in a dense cloud of vapor. Just before this the Rivers Wallibu and Rabaca had been seen rushing down in raging floods of boiling water. It is most probable that these phenomena were due to the escape of the crater lake which was driven over the lower or south lip of the crater between 12 o'clock and 1 o'clock on the Wednesday afternoon, and poured down the valleys to the sea. So far as we know there were no mud lavas, in the ordinary sense, flowing down these valleys, but only a tremendous rush of boiling water, which left no traces which we could recognize when we visited the district.

By 1 o'clock the roaring of the volcano was tremendous. Showers of stones were being projected both to windward and to leeward. The enormous columns of steam continued to ascend from the crater. The lightnings were terrific, and after the large outbursts, which took place every few minutes, volumes of vapor might be seen covering the whole area. Hitherto the eruption had been of a type with which geologists are familiar, and the destruction done was confined to the higher parts of the mountain in the close vicinity of the crater.

But about 2 o'clock—to quote the words of an eye-witness (Mr. T. M. McDonald, of Richmond Vale Estate)—'there was a rumbling and a large black outburst with showers of stones, all to windward, and enormously increased activity over the whole area. A terrific huge reddish and purplish curtain advanced to and over Richmond Estate.' This was the strange black cloud which, laden with hot dust, swept with terrific velocity down the mountain-side, burying the coun-

try in hot sand, suffocating and burning all living creatures in its path, and devouring the rich vegetation of the hill with one burning blast.

On the leeward coast few were overtaken by the black cloud, as the inhabitants had fled and taken refuge in the villages south of Chateaubelair. Those who were caught were killed or badly burned. One boat was near Richmond at the time the blast swept down. They describe the heat as fearful. Hot sand rained into the boat, and the sea around was hissing with its heat. The darkness was so complete that a man could not see his hand. They saved their lives by diving into the water; when they returned to the surface the air was suffocating, but they continued to dive again and again, and, when at their last gasp, they found that the air cleared, and they could breathe again. This occupied only a few minutes—probably much less in reality than it appeared to them. One man was too exhausted to continue diving; he clung to the gunwale of the boat, and the tops of his ears were severely scorched.

It may be worth while to quote the descriptions of a few spectators who saw this cloud from a safe distance. Dr. Christian Branch, of Kingstown, writes:—'We saw a solid black wall of smoke falling into the sea about two or three miles from us. It looked like a promontory of solid land, but it rolled and tumbled and spread itself out until in a little time it extended quite eight miles over the sea to the west... Then began the most gorgeous display of lightning one could conceive... It was still bright daylight, but the whole atmosphere quivered and thundered with wavy lines intersecting one another like trellis-work. We were encircled in a ring of fiery bayonets.'

Another eye-witness (the Rev. Mr. Darrell, of Kingstown), who was in

the same boat with Dr. Branch, describes it as follows:—"We were rapidly proceeding to our point of observation when we saw an immense cloud—dark, dense, and apparently thick with volcanic material—descending over our pathway, impeding our progress, and warning us to proceed no further. This gigantic bank of sulphurous vapor and smoke assumed at one time the shape of a gigantic promontory, then as a collection of twisting, revolving cloud whirls, turning with rapid velocity—now assuming the shape of gigantic cauliflower, then efflorescing into beautiful flower-shapes, some dark, some effulgent, some bronze, others pearly white, and all brilliantly illuminated by electric flashes."

On the windward side of the island an uninterrupted view of the progress of the eruption could not be obtained, owing to the veil of cloud which obscured the summit. By midday on Wednesday even the most sceptical were convinced that the Soufrière was in eruption, and that the noises heard continuously were not due to a thunderstorm. Before midday there had been very heavy rain-showers, and it was noticed that the rain-drops carried down fine particles of ash. Work ceased on the plantations, and those laborers who still remained endeavored to escape to Georgetown or shut themselves up in their houses. By 2 o'clock fine ashes, with occasional larger stones, were falling steadily, but, as yet, little damage had been done, and no one had been injured. Then came the climax of the eruption, and those who were in the open air saw a dense black cloud rolling with terrific velocity down the mountain. They took refuge in their houses and in the plantation works, where they crowded together in such numbers that in one small room eighty-seven were killed. The cloud

was seen to roll down upon the sea, and was described to us as flashing with lightning, especially when it touched the water. All state that it was intensely hot, smelt strongly of sulphur, and was suffocating. They felt as if something was compressing their throats, and as if there was no air to breathe. There was no fire in the ordinary sense of the word, only the air was intensely hot and was charged with hot dust. The suffocating cloud only lasted a few minutes. Those who survived this ordeal mostly escaped, though many died within a few hours from shock, or from the severity of their injuries. In some cases a few survived, entirely, or almost entirely, uninjured, in a room in which many others died. Most of those who escaped had shut themselves up in the rum cellars or in substantially built houses, and had firmly closed all doors and windows. By the time the hot blast had reached the coast the sand it contained was no longer incandescent, and though still at a very high temperature it did not set fire to wood or burn the clothes of those exposed to it. The burns on the survivors were chiefly on the outer aspect of the arms and legs, and on the faces, and confined to parts not protected by their clothes.

Complete darkness now covered the whole north end of St. Vincent—a darkness more intense than any that the inhabitants had ever before experienced. The fugitives had to creep along the roads or feel their way along the roadsides. The roaring of the mountain was terrible—a long, drawn-out, continuous sound resembling the roar of a gigantic animal in great pain. Fine ash and sand rained down over the whole country with occasional showers of large stones. Some of these were so hot as to set fire to the "trash" roofs of huts in the south end of Georgetown, at a distance of

seven miles from the crater. In Kingstown, twelve miles from the Soufrière, the ash was at first moist but afterwards dry. It had a strong sulphurous smell, and pattered on the roofs like a heavy shower of tropical rain. Around the volcano the earth shook and trembled continuously, and the motion was described to us as undulating rather than resembling the sharp shock of an earthquake. Only in one or two cases were the walls of houses injured. What was taking place on the summit of the mountain no one can tell, but all who passed that night in the vicinity of the Soufrière agree that there was one black suffocating cloud and only one. In all probability the eruption had resumed the ordinary phase, and the showers of ash and stones were produced by violent upward explosions of steam. By half-past 5 o'clock the ash was falling in Barbados, one hundred miles to the eastward, whither it had been carried by the upper currents of air in a direction opposite to that of the trade winds. In St. Vincent the darkness lessened slightly before nightfall, but the rain of dust and the noises lasted till early in the ensuing morning."

An ascent of the mountain enabled them to investigate very closely the most striking results of the eruption:—

"The structural modifications produced upon the hill by this eruption have been astonishingly slight. We saw no fissures, no parasitic craters or cones, and no lava streams. Even the craters at the summit retain essentially their old configuration. All the evidence points to the supposition that it was from the large or old crater that this eruption for the most part proceeded. But the smaller crater has not disappeared, nor has it been filled up. We did not see it, but we can rely on the evidence of several observers, who knew it well before the

eruption, and have seen it since. The narrow ridge between it and the large crater still stands, though probably somewhat lower than before, and possibly is slipping down in land-slides on both sides. Like all the higher mountains of the Windward Islands the Soufrière has usually its summit capped with cloud, especially during the rainy season, and this was the case on both the days on which we made the ascent. On the first occasion the mist lifted for a few minutes, and enabled us to obtain a glimpse of the bottom of the crater. Fortunately we had with us Mr. T. M. McDonald, of Richmond-vale, and Mr. Henry Powell, Curator of the Botanic Gardens at Kingstown, who were both well acquainted with the mountain in previous years. The crater was formerly nine-tenths of a mile across and about eleven hundred feet deep. Its inner slopes were steep and richly wooded. Its bottom was occupied by a lake, which is said to have been over five hundred feet deep. The northern wall is now a naked precipice of rock, perhaps two thousand feet high, from the face of which rock-slides are frequently tumbling into the abyss below, with a loud noise. We did not get a clear view of it, but Professor Jagger, of Harvard, U. S. A., who ascended shortly before we did, was more fortunate, and obtained some photographs, which show that it consists of layers of tuff alternating with beds of lava. What seems to be a thin irregular dyke forms a prominent riblike mass cutting across the bedding planes. The southern side slopes downwards for several hundred feet at an angle of about forty degrees, and is covered with a thick layer of fine dark mud deeply grooved with rain channels. The lower part is a precipice of bare rock. The bottom of the crater is nearly flat or slightly cupped. When we saw it, it con-

tained three small lakes of water, greenish and turbid; that in the south-east corner was throwing up jets of mud and steam with a hissing noise. The estimates of the depth varied a good deal, but it seems, on the whole, to be generally agreed that it is about sixteen hundred feet."

During their stay at Martinique they were not only able to examine the scene of the great disaster on May 8, but actually saw Mont Pelée burst forth again into full activity.

"We were fortunate in having an opportunity of witnessing one of the more important eruptions of Mont Pelée before we left Martinique, and this enabled us to see how far the actual phenomena corresponded with the ideas we had been led to form from an inspection of the effects of the earlier outbursts. On July 9 we were in a small sloop of ten tons, the Minerva, of Grenada, which we had hired to act as a convenient base for our expeditions on the mountain. The morning was spent in St. Pierre city, and among the sugar-cane plantations on the lower slopes of the mountain on the banks of the Rivière des Pères. The volcano was beautifully clear. Every ravine and furrow, every ridge and crag, on its gaunt naked surface stood out clearly in the sunlight. Thin clouds veiled the summit, but now and then the mist would lift sufficiently to show us the jagged broken cliff which overlooks the cleft. From the triangular fissure which serves as the crater hardly a whiff of steam was seen to rise, and the great heap of hot boulders which lies on the north side of and above this fissure, could be perfectly made out. Small land-slides took place in it occasionally, and small jets of steam rose now and again from between the stones.

A little after midday large steam clouds began to rise, one every ten or twenty minutes, with a low rumble.

As they rose they expanded, becoming club-shaped and consisting of many globular rolling masses, constantly increasing in number and in size as they ascended in the air. They might be compared to a bunch of grapes, large and small, or to a gigantic cauliflower. When their upward velocity diminished they floated away to leeward, fine ash rained down in a dense mist as they drifted over the western side of the mountain. They occasioned no anxiety in our minds, as we had found that the mountain was never long without exhibiting these discharges, and they were due merely to an escape of steam carrying with it fine dust. They rose, as a rule, to heights of five thousand or six thousand feet above the sea.

That afternoon as the sun was getting lower in the heavens, and the details of ravine and spur showed a contrast of light and shadow which was absent at mid-day, we sailed along from St. Pierre to Prêcheur, intent on obtaining a series of general photographs of the hill. The steam puffs continued, and about 6 o'clock, as we were standing back across the bay of St. Pierre, they became more numerous, though not much larger in size. We ran down to Carbet, a village one and a half miles south of St. Pierre, where there is a supply of excellent water and good anchorage. About half-past 6 it was obvious that the activity of the mountain was increasing. The cauliflower clouds were no longer distinct and separate, each following the other after an interval, but arose in such rapid succession that they were blended in a continuous emission. A thick cloud of steam streamed away before the wind so laden with dust that all the leeward side of the hill, and the sea for six miles from the shore, was covered with a dense pall of fine falling ash. The sun setting behind this cloud lost all its brightness,

and became a pale yellowish-green disc, easily observable with the naked eye. Darkness followed the short twilight of the tropics, but a four days' old moon shed sufficient light to enable us to see what was happening on the hillside.

Just before darkness closed in, we noticed a cloud which had in it something peculiar hanging over the lip of the fissure. At first glance it resembled the globular cauliflower masses of steam. It was, however, darker in color, and did not ascend in the air or float away, but retained its shape, and slowly got larger and larger. After observing it for a short time, we concluded that it was travelling straight down the hill towards us, expanding somewhat as it came, but not rising in the air, only rolling over the surface of the ground. It was so totally distinct in its behavior from the ascending steam clouds that our attention was riveted on it, and we were not without apprehension as to its character. It seemed to take some time to reach the sea (several minutes at least), and as it rolled over the bay we could see that through it there played innumerable lightnings. We weighed anchor and hoisted the sails, and in a few minutes we were slipping southward along the coast with a slight easterly wind and a favorable tide. We had, however, scarcely got under way when it became clear that an eruption was impending. As the darkness deepened, a dull red reflection was seen in the trade-wind cloud which covered the mountain summit. This became brighter and brighter, and soon we saw red-hot stones projected from the crater, bowling down the mountain slopes, and giving off glowing sparks. Suddenly the whole cloud was brightly illuminated, and the sailors cried, "The mountain bursts!" In an incredibly short space of time a redhot avalanche swept

down to the sea. We could not see the summit owing to the intervening veil of cloud, but the fissure and the lower parts of the mountain were clear, and the glowing cataract poured over them right down to the shores of the bay. It was dull red, with a billowy surface, reminding one of a snow avalanche. In it there were larger stones which stood out as streaks of bright red, tumbling down and emitting showers of sparks. In a few minutes it was over. A loud angry growl had burst from the mountain when this avalanche was launched from the crater. It is difficult to say how long an interval elapsed between the time when the great glare shone on the summit and the incandescent avalanche reached the sea. Possibly it occupied a couple of minutes; it could not have been much more. Undoubtedly the velocity was terrific. Had any buildings stood in its path they would have been utterly wiped out, and no living creature could have survived that blast.

Hardly had its red light faded when a rounded black cloud began to shape itself against the starlit sky, exactly where the avalanche had been. The pale moonlight shining on it showed us that it was globular, with a bulging surface, covered with rounded protuberant masses, which swelled and multiplied with a terrible energy. It rushed forward over the waters, directly towards us, boiling, and changing its form every instant. In its face there sparkled innumerable lightnings, short, and many of them horizontal. Especially at its base there was a continuous scintillation. The cloud itself was black as night, dense and solid, and the flickering lightnings gave it an indescribably venomous appearance. It moved with great velocity, and as it approached it got larger and larger, but it retained its rounded form. It did not spread out

laterally, neither did it rise into the air, but swept on over the sea in surging globular masses, coruscating with lightnings. When about a mile from us it was perceptibly slowing down. We then estimated that it was two miles broad and about one mile high. It began to change its form; fresh protuberances ceased to shoot out or grew but slowly. They were less globular, and the face of the cloud more nearly resembled a black curtain draped in folds. At the same time it became paler and more gray in color, and for a time the surface shimmered in the moonlight like a piece of silk. The particles of ash were now settling down, and the white steam, freed from entangled dust, was beginning to rise in the air.

The cloud still travelled forward, but now was mostly steam, and rose from the surface of the sea, passing over our heads in a great tongue-shaped mass, which in a few minutes was directly above us. Then stones, some as large as a chestnut, began to fall on the boat. They were followed by small pellets, which rattled on the deck like a shower of peas. In a minute or two fine gray ash, moist and clinging together in small globules, poured down upon us. After that for some time there was a rain of dry gray ashes. But the cloud had lost most of its solid matter, and as it shot forwards over our heads it left us in a stratum of clear, pure air. When the fine ash began to fall there was a smell of sulphurous acid, but not very marked. There was no rain.

The volume of steam discharged must have been enormous, for the tongue-shaped cloud broadening as it passed southwards covered the whole sky except a thin rim on the extreme horizon. Dust fell on Fort de France and the whole south-end of Martinique. The display of lightning was magnificent. It threaded the cloud in every direction in irregular branching lines. At the

same time there was a continuous low rumble overhead.

What happened on Mont Pélee after this discharge cannot be definitely ascertained. For some hours afterwards there were brilliant lightnings and loud noises which we took for thunder. That night there was a heavy thunderstorm over the north-end of Martinique, and much of the lightning was atmospheric, but probably the eruption had something to do with it, and the noises may have been in part of volcanic origin.

There can be no doubt that the eruption we witnessed was a counterpart of that which destroyed St. Pierre. The mechanism of these discharges is obscure, and many interesting problems are involved. But we are convinced that the glowing avalanche consisted of hot sand and gases—principally steam; and when we passed the hill in R.M.S. Wear a few days later we had, by the kindness of the captain, an excellent opportunity of making a close examination of the shore from the bridge of the steamboat. The south-west side of the hill along the course of the Rivière Sèche was covered with a thin coating of freshly fallen fine gray ashes, which appeared to be thickest in the stream valleys. The water of the rivers flowing down this part of the hill was steaming hot. This was undoubtedly the material emitted from the crater on the night of the eruption. There was no lava. We saw no explosions of combustible gases, and nothing like a sheet of flame. We were agreed that the scintillations in the cloud were ordinary lightnings which shot from one part of its mass to another, and partly also struck the sea beneath.

The most peculiar feature of these eruptions is the avalanche of incandescent sand and the great black cloud which accompanies it. The preliminary stages of the eruption, which may occupy a few days or only a few hours, consist of outbursts of steam, fine dust,

and stones, and the discharge of the crater lakes as torrents of water or of mud. In them there is nothing unusual, but as soon as the throat of the crater is thoroughly cleared, and the climax of the eruption is reached, a mass of incandescent lava rises and wells over the lip of the crater in the form of an avalanche of red-hot dust. It is a lava blown to pieces by the expansion of the gases it contains. It rushes down the slopes of the hill, carrying with it a terrific blast, which mows down everything in its path. The mixture of dust and gas behaves in many ways like a fluid. The exact chemical composition of these gases remains un-

The London Times.

settled. They apparently consist principally of steam and sulphurous acid. There are many reasons which make it unlikely that they contain much oxygen, and they do not support respiration."

To the report are attached excellent reproductions of some of a series of general photographs of Mont Pelée, with its huge, arid flanks seamed with deep ravines, whilst another most successful one represents the mountain in eruption enveloped in the rolling masses of steam cloud so graphically described in the last passage we have quoted.

A MOTHER-SONG.

(Devon.)

Time wuz I 'ad a nest o' little chillern;
 They chitter'd an' they chatter'd a' tha day;
 An' what with a' tha feedin' an' tha mendin'
 'Twuz li'l enough o' leisure come my way—
 Sure 'nuff,
 'Twuz li'l but toll an' moilin' come my way.

At marnin' 'twuz tha washin' chubby vaces;
 At night 'twuz teachin' little 'earts to pray
 'Twuz fillin' 'ungrateful mouths wi' fitty vittals,
 An' scoldin' 'm an' blessin' 'em a' day—
 My word!
 'Twuz frettin' with an' blessin' 'em a' day.

'Twuz combin' 'em an' tidyin' an' brushin',
 An' sendin' 'em to school-ouse ivery morn;
 An' settin' up o' nights when they wuz sleepin',
 A-patchin' and a-mendin' what wuz torn—
 My fey!
 Tha tiny tumbled clothes that 'ad been torn.

But now tha chillern's left me, an' I wants 'em;
 'Tis lonezome an' so quiet, dawntee zee;

My man is settin' smokin' or a-noddin'
But 'e can't fill tha chillern's place for me,—
No fey!
'E'll niver fill tha chillern's place for me.

They a' be gone away, grown men an' women—
They'm gone into tha town to make their bread;
The awnly one that bides a cheel for iver
Be yon poar little maidie that be dead—
Aw fey!

Tha awnly one that's wl' me is tha dead.

Arthur L. Salmon.

Pall Mall Magazine.

A LONDONER'S LOG BOOK.

XVI.

When I was describing the Church Congress at Brighton, I avowed a keen interest in Clerical Zoology. Just now I am "specializing," as the educationists say, in that agreeable science. I have forsaken the wider fields of Genera and Species, and concentrate my attention on a particularly fine Specimen. Ever since the foggy night in March when Jack Bumpstead, to use his own phrase, "got it off his chest," a livelier iris has changed upon that burnished dove; or, to drop the Tennysonian metaphor, there has been a remarkable alteration in our curate's personal appearance since he was engaged to Bertha. His hair, which aforetime looked as if he had been dragged through a quickset hedge backwards, is now carefully parted and smoothly brushed, while a faint odor of lime-juice glycerine pervades the "boudoir" in which he spends most of his time. His hands, which were a little unfinished and more than a little red, have, I fancy, been submitted to a process of manicure and are thrust, all unwillingly, into *gants de*

sûède. He has discarded the greased shooting-boots in which he used to perform his pastoral rounds, in favor of buttoned elegancies from the Burlington Arcade; and I have even heard rumors of possible developments in the way of patent leather. The shapeless jacket in which he formerly delighted is now reserved for parochial visitation. When he comes to see Bertha he wears a well-cut frock coat with braided edgings. From his watch-chain—no longer silvern, but golden—there hangs a large locket containing Bertha's photograph. The whole edifice is crowned by a "topper" of unusual brilliancy, and a neatly folded umbrella with a hooked handle of bamboo completes the transformation.

Surveying these outward signs of the soft passion, Selina, who never does things by halves, proclaims that Jack looks, as he always did, like a thorough gentleman and that for her own part she cannot conceive what anyone can see to admire in a namby-pamby barber's-block—by which injurious phrase I understand her to indicate her former idol, Mr. Soulsby. That divine, him-

self scrupulous in all matters of attire, murmurs approval of Bumpstead's altered appearance. "The interior man was always a gem of the purest ray; but the casket needed a little polishing."

The Fishers in Deep Waters, however, incline to a different view; and one or two of them who have toiled for a considerable period and caught nothing, are disposed to resent our Bertha's easy victory, and declare that they always thought there was a rather worldly side to Mr. Bumpstead's character and that he is now most suitably matched. But, after all, Bertha is the person principally concerned, and she is in a condition of radiant contentment. She has presented Jack with a silver cigarette-case and a sumptuously-bound copy of "The Road-Mender." They have just gone off together to the Academy, and have arranged with Selina and me to meet them for luncheon at the Carlton. A bunch of lilies of the valley in Jack's button-hole elicited some jocose comment from those of us who remember his studied disregard of appearances this time last year; but to all such obvious banter he replies, with genial equanimity, that when a chap's got to take his girl out, he's bound to tog himself up a bit.

It will be inferred from the foregoing particulars of our young friend's development that the course of true love is running smoother than it ran six weeks ago. This is so; and I attribute the improvement, in great measure, to Selina's decisive action at a critical moment. As we saw last month, old Mr. Bumpstead tried conclusions with her, and failed—as many another had failed on many a previous occasion. As I contemplated his discomfiture, Matthew Arnold's lines rose unbidden to my lips:

They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore
thee?

Better men fared thus before thee;

Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
Hotly charged—and sank at last,

It needed only the substitution of "She" for "They," to make the analogy perfect.

In his conversation with us about the engagement, old Bumpstead "fired his ringing shot" at Absurdity and Impossibility, stipends and settlements; and "hotly charged" against the idea that he was to support a daughter-in-law as well as a son. But Selina was fully equal to the assault, and the grand old warrior "sank at last." If only he had consulted me beforehand I could have told him what would happen. He now uses a very different tone; says that it's natural enough for young people to fall in love; that certainly Jack has been uncommonly fortunate in finding such a girl as Bertha; that a father must, if necessary, even pinch himself a little in order to make things possible, and that he could not bear the feeling that his son had any reason to wish him out of the way.

This chastened note is as music in the ears of Selina, who never spares a conquered foe. "Absurd old creature!" she exclaims. "I thought he would come to his senses before long. I really believe he thought he could intimidate me with those great spectacles and that shining head. As if I was going to let dear little Bertha's life be ruined to please an old goose like that! It was nothing in the world but stinginess, and I hope I let him see that I saw through him. Talking of his daughter's fortunes, indeed! As if anyone didn't know perfectly well that he has always been horrid to those poor girls, and would never leave them a penny more than he is obliged to! And then his impudence in talking about a second marriage! Really, the vanity of these old creatures is more disgusting than their stinginess. But, all the same, my dear Robert, you needn't give yourself any credit. I firmly believe you

would have let yourself be crowded over by that old goose, and talked into sacrificing Bertha, if I hadn't been there to keep you up to the mark. You have no more courage than a mouse, although you are such a size. It's I who always have to do the fighting."

It is bare justice to say that no lady of my acquaintance is better qualified for that particular function than my Selina, for whom life without controversy would have lost its savor. But the triumph of having subdued old Mr. Bumpstead does not account for the whole of her present elation: some part of it, I am persuaded, has its source in remoter memories. Mentally she is fighting all her battles o'er again, and thrice she routs her foes, and thrice she slays the slain. As she sees Jack Bumpstead figuratively (and not seldom literally) prone at her sister's feet, and glories in the triumph of her tactics, she recalls that long-distant evening at the Loamshire Hunt-Ball, when I "sate out" with her after supper, and she told old Mrs. Topham-Sawyer that I had proposed and she had accepted me.

Meanwhile I hear of certain transactions (which to my unaccustomed ear have something of a simoniacal sound) between old Mr. Bumpstead and the octogenarian Rector of Fox-Hole Magna; which, with the annexed parish of Fox-Hole Parva and the chapelry of Cubbington, has been, time out of mind, the Family Living of the Bumpsteads. But on these sacred topics a discreet silence is advisable; and it has been settled that for the time being at any rate, Jack is to retain the curacy of St. Ursula's and Bertha to energize, as usual, in her district. They are to be married at the end of July, and, on returning from their honeymoon, are to establish themselves in a "Bijou Residence," which Selina has found for them in Lower Stucco Place. As far as I can see, Jack's contribution to the furnishing will consist chiefly of pipe-

racks, pewter pots, and framed photographs of college groups and football teams. But Bertha has a very pretty taste in decoration; makes long voyages of discovery to Wardour Street and Brompton Road, and is in constant correspondence with Maple and Liberty. Of course, the *trousseau* engages Selina's closest attention, and it is distinctly understood that dear old Mrs. Topham-Sawyer is to pay for it. In the matter of presents, Selina has refurbished some rather pretty amethysts which were given to her by an aunt in India, and may therefore escape recognition; and I have added an Oriental Zircon—a stone much to be commended to those who wish to combine splendor with economy. The Cashingtons, rightly determined to lead the fashion of Stuccovia, have given a diamond star, and the Bounderleys have followed at a respectful distance with a coral locket. Old Lady Farringford has sent a print of Queen Victoria's coronation in a maple frame, which formerly adorned her back dining-room—not, of course, because it costs her nothing, but because "You see, my dear it's so appropriate to the present year."

Tom Topham-Sawyer with delicate pleasantry, says: "I suppose you expect me to fork out a cheque; and all I can say is that, if you do, you'll find yourselves jolly well mistaken. My mother's jointure is quite ridiculous for the size of the property. I don't believe she can spend half of it. The girls' fortunes were settled in the days when land paid. My income isn't half what it was when I succeeded; and Beach, with his blooming Budgets, has pretty well done for me. It's all mighty fine to talk about Income-Tax. Pretty soon it will be all Tax and no Income. So if I come down with something towards the expense of the Breakfast, that's just about as much as I can manage."

It will be inferred from this ingenuous allocution that Bertha is to be

married at the Sawpits. At first there was some talk of a wedding at St. Ursula's, and it was to have been made an occasion of high parochial festivity. Mr. Soulsby wrote a new wedding-hymn—or, as he preferred to call it a "sacred epithalamium"—which was to have been sung to music composed by Mrs. Soulsby. The Fishers in Deep Waters were to have walked in procession behind the bridesmaids, and the bridegroom was to have been attended by a deputation of grateful shop-assistants, whose teeth had been knocked down their throats at the Parochial Club. All this would have been, to use the Vicar's favorite phrase, "very teaching"; but Bertha set her face against it with unmistakable determination. The fact is that Mr. Soulsby's matrimonial ministrations are a little at a discount in Stuccovia. His taste in arranging an arch of artificial palms over the chancel gate is unequalled, and his white stole embroidered with love-knots and arrows, is the envy of all his clerical brethren; but his oratorical instinct sometimes runs away with him, and the extempore harangues which he substitutes for the prescribed discourse about Abraham and Sarah are not always felicitous. Only the other day the Barrington-Bounderleys' eldest girl was married at St. Ursula's to General Padmore—who certainly had one wife in Brompton Cemetery, even if we leave out of account his Indian experiences, of which old Lady Farringford had heard a good deal from her late husband. As this blushing bridegroom rose slowly from his knees, rendered a little stiff

By pangs arthritic that infest the toe
Of libertine excess,

the undaunted Soulsby opened his discourse: "Dear brother and sister, you are entering on a new phase of being. Strange and untried experiences lie before you. You will encounter little

trials of temper, little demands of daily self-surrender, of which you have hitherto known nothing"; and, after a good deal of maundering eloquence on this infelicitous topic, ended by saying that the knot which he had just tied was tied for ever, and that General and Mrs. Padmore were man and wife to all eternity.

This misplaced rhetoric roused all Selina's ire. "Did you ever hear such stuff?" she exclaimed as the wedding guests fought their way into the porch. "*Strange and untried experiences*, indeed! Poor Hildegarde Bounderley is inexperienced enough, I admit; but it must be forty years if it's an hour since that dreadful old General was first married. And as for all that nonsense about Eternity, I should like to know what the last Mrs. Padmore thinks of it—let alone the colored lady in Upper Burmah. Really Mr. Soulsby might have found out that the bridegroom had been married again and again, and have contented himself with the Prayer Book, which, at any rate, steers clear of these difficulties."

It probably was the recollection of this oratorical miscarriage which governed Bertha's decision. Anyhow, she said that she must and would be married at home, and that the ceremony should be performed by their dear old Vicar, Mr. Borum, who christened her and prepared her for Confirmation. To this arrangement Selina, who had been a little apprehensive that Bertha might wish to be married from our house, and might thereby involve us in a good deal of expense, yielded a fervent assent; adding that though, to be sure, poor old Borum mumbled dreadfully, and generally lost his place, still he was infinitely preferable to Mr. Soulsby, whose flummery addresses, all about mystic bonds and eternal unions, had often made her feel quite uncomfortable.

As I write these lines, the chilly

blast of May shakes the window panes, and the "unwelcome wild North-East'er" penetrates the jerry-built walls of Stucco Square. These cheerful tokens of incipient Summer remind me that we are approaching a season dedicated to national festivity. Even the preparations for Bertha's wedding must relax their intensity till the Coronation is over. During the month of June we shall live in a whirl of patriotic excitement, and the premonitory symptoms are already beginning to make themselves felt. Even the placid pulse of Stuccovia beats more quickly, and the madness stirs all bloods. Old Lady Farringford, who improvidently cut up the train which she wore in 1838 into pelisses for the present Lord Farringford and his brothers, declines to attend the ceremony, but has enriched the Parish Magazine with some "Recollections of the last Coronation," which her admirers call "chatty" and "chirpy," and her enemies stigmatize as doddering. Soulshy has conceived a highly spiritual design for the Parochial Dinner to the Poor: the eating and drinking are to be cut down to mixed biscuits and lemonade, and there is to be no tobacco; but each diner is to receive a "Souvenir Edition of the Coronation Service," printed on vellum and bound in Royal red.

The Burlington-Bounderleys who will be in the Abbey are naturally a little elated. Mrs. Bounderley gives private views of the gown which she intends to wear, and Bounderley retails conversations with Lord Hugh Cecil about the spiritual significance of the ceremony. "I said to him, 'Hugh, my dear boy, you've put the thing in an entirely new light to me. Your father couldn't have done it better. By the way I hope there's no truth in this rumor of his retiring directly after the Coronation? Tell him, from me that if he'll stick to us, we'll stick to him.'"

For some time past Selina has been worrying my life out about places for the Procession. She had "no notion of paying a fortune for the privilege of getting sunstroke on an open stand," and was bitterly sarcastic at my failure to obtain seats at Boodles'.

"That's you all over, Robert—muddling away all your time in those stupid clubs; and then, when just for once in a lifetime they might be useful, making a mess of the whole thing. You will never persuade me that you couldn't have got the seats if you had been a little sharper. My own belief is that you didn't try."

"That was the song, the song for me" during the greater part of April and May; but presently the tune was changed by a most opportune intervention.

Young Lady Farringford, whose husband is always fishing when he isn't hunting or shooting and therefore has no house in London, wrote to Selina, and made an unexpected offer. With a magnificence worthy of her father, Solomon Van Oof, who made the corner in canvas-backed ducks, this royal daughter of the great Republic offered to take our modest residence at a hundred pounds a week for the month of June, provided that we left servants in the house, writing-paper in the blotting-books, flowers in the vases, and dinner ordered at 9 sharp. For one moment Selina hesitated. *Budge*, said the Fiend of Cupidity. *Budge not*, said the Conscience of Birth.

"Certainly, it is very disgusting that we should see nothing of the Coronation, and people like Lady Farringford and Mrs. Bounderley should actually be in the Choir. But, as Robert has mismanaged so dreadfully at his clubs I suppose it can't be helped. And, for my own part, I shall be glad of a little quiet after all the toll of getting Bertha's *trousseau*. So we shall go down to Loamshire, and stay with

mamma till the wedding is over. Of course, Bertha will go with us, and Jack will come down as often as mamma will have him. And, after the wedding, there will be visits; and, what with one thing and what with another, I don't suppose we shall be settled here again before the winter."

And so my fate is fixed. For an indefinite period I am to be exiled from my beloved London, and of necessity the Londoner's Log-Book comes to an end. "To-morrow we part company, and each man for himself sails over the *ingens aquor.*"

With prophetic gaze I look ahead, and see the day of departure, and the luggage-laden cabs standing at our door. Muggins is struggling with Selina's largest trunk, and a little group

of neighbors is gathered on the pavement.

Robert: "Good-bye, Soulsby; don't overdo yourself with that Parochial Dinner. Good-bye, Bounderley; let me know if the King nods to you at the Coronation. Good-bye, Jack; I suppose we shall see you down at The Sawpits before very long. Good-bye, everybody."

Selina: Do get in, Robert. I'm sure you have said good-bye often enough. We're not going to the North Pole. I know we will be late. How tiresome you are! and what an age Muggins takes to get that trunk up! Robert, if you don't get in I shall certainly go on without you. Euston Station, cabman, and please drive as fast as you can. *Robert, get in!*"

The Cornhill Magazine.

(*The End.*)

MEMORIES.

A stone lodge on a hill-side high,
Beneath a vast and silent sky,
Where billowy undulations rolled
Of upland glebe and sombre wold.

Around it rose no mountains wild,
Below no fairy waters smiled;
Yet charm imbued it, peace possest,
You came,—you entered into rest.

A lonely home, austerey fair,
Washed by pure waves of English air,
And reached by all the strains that ring
From bubbling throat and beating wing;

With just some farm-cots on the ridge,
A drowsy brook, a mouldering bridge,
A drover's cry, a market-wain,
A tent-fire smoking in the lane;

An old-world gray-white steeple seen
Through a tall spinney's misty green,
A waving mill, a feathered wood,—
To blunt the edge of solitude.

Here once one lived her life serene,
Of noble thought, a stately queen,
And with each mood of Nature grew
Some likeness of the love we knew.

The large frank heaven that broadened there,
The bounty of the tolerant air,
Imaged her candid wisdom free,
Her soul's benign regality.

In April-bloom, in morning-beam,
In the soft cadence of the stream,
Our hearts were ever fain to find
The grace, fire, music of her mind.

And now,—eclipse is o'er the sun,
The blossom's dainty day is done,
And in the dark of night the rill
Steals to its doom, subdued and still.

A light is lost from lawn and field,
A fount of winsome fancy sealed;
Where matins clear rich vespers met
Aches inconsolable regret.

And her, her place remembereth not,
Her angel self is half forgot;
The haunt of dreams in prose is drowned,
And common voices babble round.

Joseph Truman.

Macmillan's Magazine.

WITH THE EYES OF YOUTH.

The writer of these lines has seen a few things here and there—the rose-white dawn awakening over Venice—the blue-black waves of the Euxine thundering along to the neck of the Bosphorus—the red sunsets of Egypt—the glamour of the moonlight irradiating the domes and minarets of Stam-

boul—but never, never, never, has he seen anything so beautiful and wonderful as a neglected little bit of coppice lying just outside an insignificant Scotch village. For he was town born and town bred; and when, as a small boy, he was suddenly projected into the country, and left to roam about pretty much at

his own will, the world seemed crowded with mysteries and surprises and bewilderments.

For example, in a town a rabbit is a commonplace object, hung up in front of a poulticer's shop: it is an entirely different thing when a brown living creature—looking for one thrilling moment about as big as thirty thousand elephants—springs suddenly from beneath your feet and bolts for its burrow: then the heart jumps and the whole frame trembles. But the great feature of this wood, or coppice, in the spring-time, was the extraordinary translucent shimmering greenness of the foliage—the beeches being our especial favorites, because we could climb up the smooth stems, and go out and still further out on one of the branches until the slightest motion produced an up-and-down swaying very much like what is experienced in the bow of a sailing-boat facing a heavy sea—which some people enjoy, and which some other people do not seem quite so much to enjoy. And of course we ate the young beech-leaves, and declared to each other that they were good; just as we professed to like the young tips of the hawthorn hedges—and that is about the bitterest food ever chewed by boy or donkey.

However, to come back to the wilderness of greenwood and sunlight, it was here I first discovered a bird's nest—to my own intense amazement: in fact I was so alarmed by the sudden scurrying away of the mother bird that I stood stock still, thus enabling an older lad (who knew the laws of the game) to rush forward and touch the nest with his finger, and call out "First pick!"—which means that the discoverer claims his first choice of the younglings.

This was not quite playing fair, for I had found the nest, and directed his attention to it, but it was nothing like what followed a few days afterwards. For I had been invited to the wedding

of a farmer who lived two or three miles further south; and as the festivities were of an all-night character, they had small attraction for me, so I went to bed early, and got up early, roaming about as usual. What was my delight to find that the ploughman, who was the great vocalist of this country-side, had never gone to bed at all, but was now at his work, while he regaled himself with snatches of song, sung in a high and clear tenor voice.

And now it was the charms of Annie Laurie that he chanted, and again it was the sorrows and sad fate of Prince Charlie, and yet again it was the sylvan beauties of Craigieburn Wood; but generally, (if memory serves) he came back to an Irish song which perhaps is still known as "The Rose of Tralee." The theme is familiar. The young man, while taking good care to particularize the outward and physical attractions of the young lady whom he celebrates, hastens to assert that it was not these that drew him towards her.

Oh, no, 'twas the truth in her eye ever
beaming
That made me love Mary, the "Rose of
Tralee."

The accuracy of this quotation is not guaranteed. And following the clear tones of his tenor voice, I might have been entranced away into the wild-wood, like the Monk Felix of *The Golden Legend*, only that the plough-share had to be turned at the end of the field; and just at the same moment there was a terrific tumult, as of the bursting of a bombshell, immediately behind my head. I wheeled round. I saw, not only the departing blackbird, but also her nest in the hedge; and when, with some apprehensive nervousness, I went to explore, behold there were four young "blackies" gazing at me from out of the almost hidden sanctuary among the leaves.

It was the last I ever saw of them.

Like a fool I went and communicated my great secret to a farm-youth, and I even had the indiscretion to bring him along to the precise spot and show him the nest. Something must have told me that this was an unwise proceeding; because subsequently, during the day, I sought him out and explained to him that for myself I did not want the young blackbirds, but that I was anxious they should be left alone. I also gave him a penny on his solemn promise not to reveal the whereabouts of the nest.

He was a scoundrel of the deepest dye. When I went along in the afternoon—cautiously and at a distance—to see if the young brood were secure under the ministrations of their mother, I found that all of them had been taken and the nest ruthlessly destroyed. From that moment my faith in human nature departed; and I have never spoken to a farm-lad since.

All the same, it was about this time I somehow became possessed of a bird of my own—a strange-looking fowl, that not one of the youths of the village could identify as belonging to any known species. He was a big, gaunt, half-fledged creature, with staring eyes, and a portentous yellow bill, and his sole notion in life seemed to be to keep that yellow bill open until it was stuffed full of "drummock," which is a decoction of oat-meal and water.

He was a most disappointing playmate. He never even tried to sing. There was no responsive recognition in the goggle eyes; there was nothing but the eternally gaping beak, asking to be fed from morning till night. His destiny overtook him. Drummock was his ruin—or rather overeating. He must have died of gout. In the end the unclassified beast passed away; and there were not many tears shed over his loss; for we could only associate him with unlimited drummock.

Far different was it with the bright,

alert little sparrow that my sister taught to eat out of her hand and follow her about; he was an object of general interest and admiration. More than once a stranger has stopped to watch the spry little Jackie trotting after his mistress as she went along the road, has courteously raised his hat and inquired whether so intelligent a small creature was to be bought. But Jackie was not to be bought, Jackie was not a purchasable commodity.

Besides, how was Jackie's affection to be transferred? No money could buy that result of long training and natural disposition; as soon as he found himself not in his own accustomed home, among familiar people, he would have taken to himself wings and fled out into the wilds.

Alas! to Jackie also the end came. He was accidentally trodden upon, in the dark; and notwithstanding that the most loving care was lavished on him, he never rallied; poor Jackie's life was gone forever.

Next day the boys in the village school were startled by an apparition; it was my sister, who boldly marched up to the schoolmaster's desk (the fact that the schoolmaster was also our landlord may have had something to do with this unheard-of temerity) and asked that I should be allowed to go out with her for half-an-hour. Permission was granted—though I thought the heavens would fall upon us for this infringement of all rules and regulations. And there in the garden, close up by the hedge, I was shown the carefully made grave of our poor little Jack; and at the head of the small space an upright slate had been inserted in the soil; and on the slate had been inscribed a few words recording his many qualities and virtues. We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

By the way, that garden was another wonderland of marvels; a beneficent feature of it was that it permitted one

to escape unseen into the forest-land. You had only to go away down to the foot of it, then get under and through a hawthorn hedge, then hop from one to the other of the stepping-stones in the burn, then across a wide meadow, then scramble over a wall, and you found yourself in a hushed and silent plantation of young larches.

And perhaps, by appointment, a companion might be found lurking under this wall; and supposing he had brought with him that formidable-looking thing, a "horse-pistol"—that is to say, a cavalry pistol of the flint-striking times—why, then, the mysterious and enchanting process of loading might begin in this safe shelter; first the charge of gunpowder, well shaken down to the bottom of the barrel, next a wad, next a charge of shot, and again a wad, finally a careful priming warranted to keep dry.

Then would these two poachers, slowly and breathlessly, sneak away through the awe-inspiring stillness of the bushes, whispering to each other, and pretending every second moment that they could descry something—a pheasant—a hare—perhaps even a roe-deer. And every now and again the pistol would be discharged at some imaginary object in the underwood, and a legend would have to be concocted on the spot about the kind of creature that had escaped destruction by just one-fifteenth of an inch.

As a matter of fact, we never killed anything—not even ourselves; we never saw a hare or a pheasant; nor yet a gamekeeper, who ought to have been attracted by our repeated explosions; but these furtive stalkings through the greenwood had an inexpressible fascination. There were other and wilder delights in this countryside of magic; but they must be dealt with later on.

It was an ever-memorable day when there arrived an enormous kite (a kite was usually called a 'draigon' in those

parts) which had been sent out to me by a good friend who had taken the trouble to make it himself; and the great size of the draigon, its weight, the length and variegated colors of its tail, and the huge ball of twine that accompanied the whole, produced a profound impression on the district, or at least on the younger inhabitants thereof.

But such is the irony of life: when, afternoon after afternoon, one had summoned one's comrades and had the unwieldy draigon carried out to an adjacent meadow, we discovered that it entirely failed to fulfil the purpose of its existence. We would set it up on end, and affix the cord, and try to raise it against the wind, but it simply fell flat on its face, like a woman in a faint, until there came the never-to-be forgotten morning.

There was a fresh northerly breeze; and we were having one more try. Then all of a sudden the hitherto inert draigon seemed to acquire life; when we heaved it up from the ground it gradually rose and receded from us; as we quickly paid out the line it was still rising and rising, until one began to fear it might smash itself amongst the chimney-pots of the cottages.

Nothing of the kind! It soared steadily higher and higher, sailing far above the cottages, and beyond the gardens, and beyond the unseen fields, until it was a mere brown speck in the sky, while the delicious strain on the line was just about all we could manage. Indeed, to try what that strain was, I tied the end of the cord round the waist of a very small boy, and asked him if he could hold his ground. He could not. He was slowly being hauled onward, a miniature Ganymede—when we had to rush to his rescue, and unloosen him from his bonds. Ah me! it was during this disentangling business that some mishap must have occurred.

When we turned, we found that the

remote brown speck was slowly descending from the silver-white skies. We pulled and pulled, to awaken the draigon to a sense of its duty; but the beast failed to respond; on the contrary, it gradually and steadily and remorselessly sank to earth; and still we pulled and pulled, in some wild forlorn hope of getting it to rise again.

And then the horror of the situation broke upon us. The draigon was doubtless lying in some distant field, and we had been hauling it, face downward, over stones and brambles and other obstacles. So, with shaking hearts, we ran off and passed by the cottages, and pursued our way down the gardens, and jumped or splashed across the burn, and got out on the meadow, in search of the thread of a line that would show us where our wounded kite was lying.

Well, when at last we made the discovery, there never was such a tragic sight. The great brown draigon was all despoiled—lying in rags and tatters—while the long tail had been almost entirely robbed of its fancy colors.

There was silence for a time, in contemplation of this melancholy spectacle. And then each one began eagerly to assure the other that it could easily be mended up. Why not—with paste and sheets of paper? The cane-work had not been much damaged. Oh, yes, we assured ourselves (or pretended to assure ourselves), we should soon have the mighty draigon again mounting into the skies.

And yet it was rather a silent procession that carried the bedraggled kite towards the village. We had inward qualms. To each other we were confident; but each one in his own mind was not so confident. Of course, when we got home, we set about repairing damages with such small skill as we had; and eventually the big draigon was tinkered up in a fashion,

and, after a few days' drying, was once more taken out into the meadow.

Anxiously we waited for the first performance. There was no performance. The creature lay flat on its face; and each time we hoisted it into the air, to give it a chance of the favoring breeze, it simply fell down again, and lay prone on the grass. Antæus would not rebound. He had shown us what he could do, in one remarkable and historical flight, and now he would not move.

We tried all the tricks we knew—getting up on walls or trees to fling him into the air and giving him a good send-off; but nothing was of any avail; down he would come flat on his face, and refuse to stir.

What finally became of the great brown draigon I cannot remember. It seemed to pass out of our existence. Probably we gave it to the smaller boys—to torture them with vain hopes and useless experiments.

But the concentration of interest and mystery in this magical neighborhood was a small, gloomy, sombre tarn set deep in the woods, and known by the name of the Water Hole. It was so deep set in the woods that never a breath of wind stirred its black surface; and the belief prevalent in the district was that this secluded small lake was bottomless, and therefore a place to be shunned. In fact, when any one of us made an expedition to this haunted mere, it was by round-about ways, as if one were afraid of being seen; and if one spoke to one's companion, it was in a low tone, so conscious were we of the brooding silence of the unfrequented place.

But what hobgoblin stories of the bottomless pit could deter boys from invading its sanctuary when it was known that perch inhabited the sullen waters? Nay, one could see them—the striped bodies of them could be seen—

moving through the clear deeps, and taking very little heed of anything happening on the banks. Now "bobbing" for perch is not an exciting form of angling, but how often its mild joys brought us to the tarn.

In those days we had no seventeen-foot split-cane rods with elaborate tackle to match; we had to select a stiff willow wand, and trim it carefully, and attach a line (I fear the line was usually and surreptitiously purloined from the cord belonging to the now discredited and discarded draigons), at the foot of the line being a hook, artfully disguised in a bit of hardly-kneaded paste. Then, when everything was ready, we sallied forth; we opened the wooden gate leading into the meadows; we passed the disused coal-pit—(now, is it possible for any human being to pass a disused coal-pit without heaving a stone into it, to listen to the long trundle—trundle—ending in a splash that told of unknown waters?)—and then we slunk down again into the valley carrying our fishing rods very low.

Why there should have been this concealment, or pretended concealment, it is hard to say. The Water Hole was never fished, for there was nothing in it but those perch, not attractive to an angler; the surrounding woods were never visited by any sportsman, so that we could hardly be accused of trespassing; and we had no dog with us, so that we could not disturb the game, if any. Perhaps the secret was that the elder folk of the village had impressed on the younger folk the extreme danger of going near the Water Hole.

The sides were so steep that a single false step meant a plunge into the bottomless pit. No rescue was possible. No cries could be heard. You would simply splash about in the horrible black tarn until death swallowed you up. Now these were sound and sensi-

ble reasons for our not going; they were also the reasons that compelled us to go.

All the same the wisdom of the ancienctry was nearly being justified on one striking occasion. My companion on this expedition was a youth named Andrew (he was named Andrew, but he was really called Anra), and when we had passed by the echoing old coal-pit, and down by the meadows, and were well out of sight of the village, we shouldered our rods with much pomp and bravado. Catching fish is not everything; it is the noble endeavor that enchanteth. And so we got on through the woods and reached the precipitous slopes of the Water Hole.

Certainly the perch were there; we could see their striped backs moving hither and thither; nor did they appear to take much notice of us, except that they gradually moved a little way further out. Our protracted efforts to inveigle them, either with paste or with worm, were in vain; and so one of these anglers, not having the true sportsman's instinct within him, laid aside his rod, and began to clamber up the bank in search of nests.

In that direction he was rewarded, for he found one quite close by, with three gaping young ones in it. He was patiently endeavoring to induce them to eat a little bit of paste, as a whet for the dinner their mother would be bringing them in the course of the day, when—

When there was an appalling crash behind; and turning round, one's startled gaze beheld Anra in the Water Hole, face upward, and kicking out his legs with might and main, to keep himself afloat. He had attempted to reach the slowly retreating perch by clambering out on an alder branch; he had missed his footing; and had gone headlong into the water.

What was to be done? The worst of

it was that he seemed unconsciously to be making for the middle of this solitary mere, instead of returning to the bank. I yelled to him to come back; it was all I could do—for he could swim and I could not; and seeing that these frantic counsels were of no avail, I fled away to the village, with the desperate cry "Andrew's in the Water Hole!"

Then there was a turmoil, the men searching for ropes, the women for cords; and presently a small crowd was running swiftly across the meadows with some wild hope that the drowning lad might still be saved. Well, when they got to the Water Hole, there was Anra standing on the grass in front of them, a pitiable spectacle, bonnetless, and dripping from head to foot. He was too paralyzed and frightened to run away; but the moment he had come ashore he had made haste to hide his fishing-rod.

And now he was being severely questioned. What had he been about? How dared he go near so dangerous a place? The men were angry (through having been called away from their work, and talked about giving him a taste of the rope's end; the women were more sympathetic, and said, "Poor lad, poor lad, come away home now and get some dry things put on you." And so

the bewildered and shivering Anra was escorted back by the *posse comitatus*.

As for the present writer, as soon as these people were well out of sight, he went quickly and sought out both rods, and put them into a better place of concealment. For of course we were coming back to the Water Hole. It was inevitable. The brindled perch were there. One could see them swimming this way and that, under the hazel and willow bushes.

I suppose that by now the old-fashioned village has been quite swept away. Probably the Water Hole has been drained, and the sides of it turned into terraced gardens; no doubt the plantations surrounding it are dotted with the villas of rich merchants; and the field in which the ploughman sang in the early morning the praises of Annie Laurie, and the Rose of Tralee, and Bonnie Mary of Argyle, is most likely transformed into a tennis-ground, with fashionable young ladies having tea under a verandah. But to one person at least it is the former condition of things that remains vivid—vivid to the trembling of every leaf and the flight of every bird; and of the various objects that memory summons up, most vivid of all are the beech-trees, swaying in the sunlight, in their splendor of shining yellow-green.

[*The Late*] William Black.

The Fortnightly Review.

CAROLL O'DALY.

The birds still trill at my window, Dear!
 Caroll O'Daly! Caroll O'Daly!
 Why are they happy and you not here?
 Once while the thrush sang his lay for us,
 His little heart's phantasy tremulous—
 On a bough of roses swayed to and fro,
 You told me the story I yearned to know;
 Now the bloom's on the thorn and I wander forlorn,
 Caroll, my lover!

They say you have wedded a lady fair,
 Caroll O'Daly! Caroll O'Daly!
 In that southern land of the perfumed air—
 Beauteous as she who Diarmuid wooed
 From a perilous court to the solitude;
 Gentle as Delirdre, whom poets sing,
 And I dream and dream that your kisses cling
 To my lips grown white for the lost delight,
 Caroll, my lover!

Anna McManus.

THE SHIFTING FOUNDATIONS OF EUROPEAN PEACE.

When announcement was made the other day that the Triple Alliance had been renewed for the fourth time, the question which seemed to agitate the public mind most was whether the terms of the Treaty were or were not the same as those originally subscribed. It is now established beyond reasonable doubt that the Treaty was in no way modified, at least so far as the 1891 and 1896 texts are concerned.¹ Nevertheless, the public have remained perplexed and perturbed. Even with the Treaty unaltered, there is a vague suspicion that the circumstances of the Alliance are no longer what they were. Things are happening which did not happen when Prince Bismarck governed Europe, and although everybody is protesting that everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, the thinking politician is far from reassured.

As a matter of fact, the question of the actual text of the Treaty is of very little essential importance. It is so with all treaties of offensive or defensive alliance, for no one can ever be certain that their obligations will be observed in the contingencies for which they are supposed to provide, or, that if they are not repudiated or evaded, their inter-

pretation will, at the critical moment, assume a given form. The essence of such documents lies in the motives and intentions of the contracting parties. This is all the truer of the Triple Alliance because the text of its treaty has never been officially divulged. The confidence of the public has been won by the conduct of the Allies, by their known psychology and by the fact that their cooperation, whatever its documentary basis, has been attended by a very solid preservation of the peace. Moreover, the Triple Alliance has connoted in the public mind a certain mechanism of European peace which has not always been confined to its own members. At one time it took the form of a veritable European edition. At another it presented itself as a balance of alliances. Now, to-day there are distinct signs of a change in both the psychology of the Powers and the general mechanism of peace. The Triple Alliance has been renewed, but with very ominous difficulty. The outward semblance of an equilibrium of alliances has been preserved, but with the elimination of the mechanical principle of mutual counteraction. How will this novel experiment work? What are the motives and intentions of its authors? These are the questions which are more or less consciously occupying the public

¹ It was in 1891 that the military protocols were first left out of the Treaty.

mind, and which are reflected in the popular anxiety to know whether the text of the renewed Treaty is precisely the same as its forerunners.

Suggestive material for a solution of these problems may be found by comparing the structure and aims of the Bismarckian system with the changes which, during the last eleven years, have come over the relations of the Powers and the consistent tendency of those changes.

The Bismarckian system, of which the Alliance with Austria was the nucleus and the Triple alliance the most striking manifestation, consisted of a European coalition to preserve the *status quo*. Its primary aim so far as its author was concerned was the isolation of France. In this respect it resembled curiously the Metternichian system which followed the settlement of 1815. This point is of importance in any study of the instinctive springs of French policy, because the persistent efforts of European statesmanship to hold France in leading strings during the whole of the last century necessarily aggravated the normal restlessness of the people and gave to French policy an aggressive bias which it has never really renounced. The success of Prince Bismarck was, however, far greater than that of his Austrian predecessor. More subtle than Metternich, he avoided the touchstone of a uniform set of principles and was content with any device and any concession to local interests and prejudices so long as the result was to attach the Powers more or less directly to his Anti-French chariot. Thus in 1884 he effectually prevented a Franco-Russian Alliance and insured himself against an Austro-Russian *modus vivendi* in the Balkans, which

would have weakened the Austrian allegiance to the Triple alliance, by negotiating the Secret Neutrality Treaty with Russia.³ In 1887 he turned the disaffection of Italy to his own account by inducing Great Britain to come to an understanding with Italy in regard to the *status quo* in the Mediterranean, thus at once binding Italy more firmly to the Triple Alliance and formally identifying Great Britain with it.⁴ Ostensibly to complete the security of the Mediterranean he promoted an agreement between Italy and Spain also for the defence of the *status quo*, the result of which was to bring Spain into the orbit of the Triple Alliance.⁵ Portugal was already assured by her Alliance with Great Britain. Finally in 1896 the support of Servia and in 1895 that of Roumania were secured by separate military conventions with Austria for the defence of the Balkans.⁶ The upshot was that in one way or another the Bismarckian Alliance against France consisted of all the other five Great Powers, together with four of the minor States—a combination which for magnitude has not its parallel in history.

Now there can be no question that while this huge combination lasted peace was absolutely assured. But if, to this extent, it effected its purpose, it did nothing to allay the passions by which the dangers to peace were animated. On the contrary, its very magnitude and completeness aggravated those passions. It added to the French consciousness of spoilation a deeply mortifying sense of isolation and subservience. The consequence was that the *Reranche* idea became gradually relegated to the background of practical politics, and in its place there arose a

³ For the objects of this treaty see Bismarck's "Reflections and Reminiscences," vol. ii, pp. 271, 277.

⁴ The terms of this understanding were fully dealt with by the present writer in the "Westminster Gazette," May 30, 1902.

⁵ See "Tribuna," June 6, 1902.

⁶ Details of these agreements are given in "Petersburger Zeitung" 2-15 February, 1902 (Servia), and "Neue Freie Presse," August 22, 1895 (Roumania).

fixed determination to reconquer the national freedom of action. In short, to smash the Bismarckian system now became a point of honor with all French statesmen, and this has been the mainspring of all the changes which have since taken place in the European situation.

The first opportunity came in 1891. In the spring of the previous year the great Chancellor had retired from office, and his successor had found considerable difficulty in sustaining the complicated system of foreign policy to which he had succeeded. He was especially revolted by the disingenuousness of the secret Neutralité Treaty with Russia, and as it was on the eve of expiring he resolved not to renew it. The idea that this step would be followed by a Franco-Russian alliance does not seem to have been seriously entertained in Berlin. The *Neue Kurs* was full of amiable delusions, and among them were a firm reliance on the anti-Republican prejudices of the Tsar, and a naïve belief that French hostility could be killed by kindness. All the Kaiser's friendly overtures, however, only resulted in exhibiting, in a clearer and more sinister light, the irreconcilability of the French. Towards the end of June the renewal of the Triple Alliance for the second time was announced. A month later the French fleet under Admiral Gervais appeared at Cronstadt, and the conclusion of a Franco-Russian alliance was made manifest to the world.

It is curiously illustrative of the optimism which still prevailed in Berlin that when Count Caprivi was interrogated about the demonstration at Cronstadt, he said that nothing essential had been changed in Europe, "only the balance of power was re-established." He went on to explain that inasmuch

as this balance deprived the French of the grievance of isolation, the stability of the European situation had really acquired a fresh guarantee.⁶ So far as the re-establishment of the balance of power was concerned, the Chancellor was right; but one has only to read the French newspapers of the time to see that French public opinion had not the remotest idea of resting satisfied with its reconquered sense of freedom. The accumulated bitternesses of twenty-one years of humiliating constraint were not to be cured in a day, and behind them rankled not only the old wound on the Eastern frontier, but a new one in the Mediterranean, where France was confronted by an overwhelming naval coalition. The Russian Alliance was consequently regarded not as an end but as a means, and the next step was to attempt to upset the new balance to the advantage of France.

In which direction was her diplomacy to operate? Which of the allies of Germany should be the object of her disintegrating attentions? Thirteen years before, in the reactionary Presidency of Marshal Mac Mahon, her choice would have been clear. At that time it would have been possible for her to have concluded an alliance with Austria on a clerical basis, and had the Marshal remained in power there can be little question but that such a combination would have been one of the results of his policy.⁷ Since, then, however, the Seize Mai had made the Republic irrevocably anti-clerical. Moreover, the tension of Austro-Russian relations in the Balkans was as serious as ever, and it was largely on that account that Russia had agreed to the alliance with France. Obviously, then, Austria was not to be thought of. There remained Italy. Here the prospects were far more favorable. Growing

⁶ Speech on November 27, 1901. See Schulte's "Europäischer Geschichtskalender" (1901) pp. 146-158.

⁷ Chaudordy: "La France en 1889," pp. 193, 206. *

financial disorder, aggravated by the disastrous effects of the tariff war with France, had evoked a widespread antipathy to the Triple Alliance in Italy. For the first time for many years, too, a Francophil Cabinet was in power. In its anxiety to conciliate France, the new Ministry had even gone to the length of insisting on a modification of the terms of the Triple Alliance, abolishing the military conventions and eliminating the causes pledging Italy to the territorial integrity of her allies.⁸ It had further taken the trouble to give assurances to Russia to the effect that in its new form the Triple Alliance in no way threatened France, and there is good reason for believing that it communicated to St. Petersburg the changes it had secured.⁹ Clearly then, Italy was the more hopeful field for the new Anti-Tripical diplomacy of France. Thither accordingly its efforts were directed.

Signor Luzzatti recently declared that had France liked she might have come to an understanding with Italy in 1891.¹⁰ The statement is very general, and it is doubtful whether it takes due account of all the forces which at that time were still making for loyalty to the Triple Alliance in Italy. It is, however, important as showing how strongly disposed was the Rudini Cabinet—of which Signor Luzzatti was one of the leading members—to pursue a Francophil course. Indeed, but for the King and the *exigeant* attitude of the Quai d'Orsay it is probable that the Triple Alliance would not have been renewed in that year. The chief impediment, however, was the arrogant state of mind of the French statesmen at the time. They saw that the Triple Alliance had worked badly for Italy. They saw, too, that the Tariff war,

which they had instituted in 1888, had struck Italy almost to her knees. When, early in 1891, M. Léon Say brought back from his mission to Venice a message from Signor Luzzatti that Italy desired to reopen negotiations for a commercial treaty and to float a loan in Paris, they imagined that they had only to give the screw one more turn and Italy would succumb. Accordingly they replied that before any commercial or financial transactions could be entertained the question of political relations would have to be settled.¹¹ Acting, it is said, under the advice of Great Britain, the Rudini Cabinet declined this proposal and two months later the modified treaty of the Triple Alliance was signed.

The opportunity thus missed did not reappear for six years. Signor Crispi returned to power and war to the knife was resumed on both sides of the Alps. Owing to the Anglophobia which had now taken a strong hold on the French populace the efforts of the Quai d'Orsay became directed more to upsetting the maritime alliance of Italy with Great Britain than to bullying her out of the Triplice. The methods, however, remained the same. Hectoring and threatening and pin-pricking were still the instruments on which French diplomacy relied for a solution; but on Signor Crispi they had little effect. When the Franco-Russian naval demonstration at Toulon in 1893 revealed the Mediterranean bias of the new alliance it was firmly answered by Anglo-Italian demonstrations at Taranto and Spezzia. The denunciation of the Italo-Tunisian Treaty of Commerce by France in 1895 gave fresh point and strength to Signor Crispi's anti-French policy. Italy, too, was rapidly recovering from the ill-effects of her Tariff

⁸ Revelations of Signor Rudini's friend, Maggiorino Ferraris, in "Corriere de la Sera," June 6, 1891.

⁹ Schulthess: "Europ. Gesch." (1891) p. 252 (1896) p. 247.

¹⁰ "Temps," April 17, 1902.

¹¹ "Berlin, Wien, Rome," pp. 129-131.

war, owing to the favorable terms she had made with Germany and Austria in the commercial treaties of 1891. It now only required some striking propitiation of Italian jingoism in the colonial domain to silence the Francophils forever and to convince the whole of Italy that in the land alliance with the Central Powers and in the sea alliance with Great Britain all her chances of salvation lay.

Unhappily this crowning mercy was not vouchsafed her. On the bloody field of Adowa not only were Italian ambitions in Abyssinia shattered but a decisive blow was struck at the foundations of Italian foreign policy. Signor Crispi was hounded from power as the *homme néfaste* of his country and into his place the Francophil Marchese di Rudini once more stepped. The circumstances, however, were not yet ripe for a definite breach with the Triple Alliance. Its Irredentist enemies were loud and numerous enough but they were divided. In view of the still menacing attitude of France an influential section was in favor of a direct understanding with Russia. Their idea was to secure Italian interest in Austria and the Balkans as compensation for Tunis, and ultimately to lead through reconciliation with France to a great Latin-Slav combination in Southern Europe and the Mediterranean.¹² At the tacit head of this section was the then Prince of Naples, whose antagonism to his father's policy had been accentuated by his contemplated marriage with Princess Helen of Montenegro. With the anti-Triplicial forces thus paralyzed, with France hostile and Russia not yet approached and with a great national humiliation ringing in the ears of the nation, the friends of the *status quo* found an opportunity to assure the country against an imme-

iate change in foreign policy. Pro-Triplicial elements were introduced into the new cabinet and when Germany astutely proposed the renewal of the alliance for seven years, the overture was accepted. For a moment, indeed, public opinion was persuaded that the renewal was a precious set-off against Adowa, inasmuch as it demonstrated to the world that in spite of her misfortunes Italy's rôle in Europe had been neither effaced nor diminished.

It was, however, only for a moment. Within a few months the movement against the Triple Alliance was stronger than ever. Even while the renewal was being negotiated the Francophils in the Cabinet had found means to strike a serious blow at the Mediterranean understanding with Great Britain and thus to let France know that their sympathies were still with her. There had been difficulties between the Crispi Ministry and Lord Salisbury in regard to the Abyssinian campaign. As soon as Signor Rudini returned to power he published three Green Books in which, side by side with documents designed to discredit his predecessor, he printed all the confidential despatches which had passed between London and Rome. This was done without seeking the previous permission of Downing Street,¹³ and the documents were so framed as to make it appear not only that this country was grudging in its friendship for Italy, but that the delays and hesitations of Lord Salisbury had been largely responsible for the disaster at Adowa. It is impossible to account for this gross violation of diplomatic etiquette—especially in the light of surrounding circumstances—except by the hypothesis that Signor Rudini was resolved to discredit the Anglo-Italian understanding in the eyes of his countrymen. A few

¹² For an account of this idea see "Revue Politique et Parlementaire," February 10, 1901.

¹³ Statements of Mr. Balfour (June 5, 1896)

and Mr. Curzon (June 11) in House of Commons.

weeks later, owing to its discordant elements, the Cabinet resigned, and Signor Rudini was able to reconstruct it on frankly anti-Tripical lines.

This time the Francophilism of the Italians fared better than in 1891. Both in Russia and France—and no doubt in France through Russia—it was recognized that the chance of detaching Italy from her allies was too good to be played with. Events in the Balkans were becoming more favorable for Russia. Bulgaria had submitted to her, and Servia was for the moment at daggers drawn with Austria-Hungary. The betrothal of the Italian Crown Prince to a daughter of the Prince of Montenegro—the most Russophil and the most ambitious of the Balkan Chieftains—opened up an alluring vista of an extended Latin-Slav combination. Prince Lobanoff, who was then Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, was a man who knew an opportunity when he saw it. The last great act of his life was to establish firmly the starting point of the new European situation. Before the end of the year the policy of the Rudini Cabinet had amply justified itself. Within a month of the betrothal of the Prince of Naples the Tunisian question was settled by direct negotiation between Rome and Paris. In October the Princess Helen of Montenegro became Crown Princess of Italy and less than five weeks later, thanks largely to the good offices of Russia and France, an honorable peace with Abyssinia was signed.

The Dual Alliance now had the ball at its feet. Everything depended upon the way in which it was managed. At this moment France was fortunate in finding a man to represent her in Rome who thoroughly understood the great game to be played, and who possessed in a remarkable degree the subtle qualities by which victory might be secured. This was M. Camille Barrère. Although he had been in the diplomatic

service for seventeen years he was not of the profession. It must indeed be a source of some mortification to professional diplomatists that the two men who have done most to undo the work of Prince Bismarck, after so many duly qualified professors had failed, were both ex-journalists. M. Barrère first studied foreign politics as a writer for newspapers. While a Communard refugee in London the *Manchester Guardian*, I believe, sent him to Germany to report the Berlin Congress. There he made the acquaintance of M. Waddington who introduced him to Gambetta and for some months afterwards he was on the staff of the *République Française*, sharing the same desk with another amateur diplomatist who was destined for great things, M. Théophile Delcassé. M. Freycinet made him a Secretary of Embassy, and after a year passed at the Quai d'Orsay learning the routine of diplomacy he set out on his travels. His promotion was rapid. When in 1894 he was appointed to succeed M. Arago at Berne he was the youngest ambassador in the *Annuaire*, but his mastery of all the problems confided to him, the soundness of his judgments and the tenacious and—in Mr. Chamberlain's sense of the term—unscrupulous activity with which he pursued his ends marked him out as one of the most valuable servants of the Republic. It was not, however, until he reached Rome that his combative *finesse* found a fitting theatre.

From the beginning M. Barrère recognized all the dangerous futility of the bullying policy of his predecessor. He saw that if the Italians were to be won, they had to be convinced that France was indeed their friend, and that this could only be accomplished by caresses, by judicious sacrifices, by deferentially humoring their grievances against their allies and by tempting their ambitions so far as they did not conflict with those of his own country.

The caresses came first. From the moment of his advent in Rome he beamed upon everybody with the most charming amiability. A few months later his old brother journalist of the *République Française*, M. Delcassé, became French Foreign Minister, and then the opportunity presented itself of showing that the caresses were translatable into practical kindnesses. Towards the end of 1898 the Tariff war went the way of the Tunisian conflict. A commercial treaty was signed in which solid concessions were made by France.

The chief and obvious sources of irritation were now removed from Franco-Italian intercourse. France had reconquered almost all her old popularity in the Peninsula, and M. Barrère was free to address himself to the larger questions of policy which determined the rôle of Italy in the European balance of power. His choice of campaign was characteristic of the astute intelligence of the man. To attack the Triple Alliance directly was to blunder against influential prepossessions, and to concentrate men's minds on certain practical necessities of Italian policy, which it was desirable to keep in the background. Moreover, the Alliance still had five years to run, and it was impossible to foresee what might happen in that time. A more promising field was afforded by the Italian understanding with Great Britain. This, indeed, was the key of Italy's position in the Triple Alliance. The circumstances under which it had been negotiated had just been made public by Signor Frassati, a henchman of the senator Chiala, and it had been shown that but for it Italy would have left the Alliance in 1887.¹⁴ Since the disclosures of the Abyssinian Green Books in the spring of 1896, a cloud had settled on Anglo-Italian relations, and somnolent Downing Street

had done nothing to disperse it. The new British Ambassador, Lord Currie, was less supple and expansive than his French colleague, and it was not difficult to insinuate that his deficiencies were due to want of sympathy with Italy. These elements of the problem suggested but one solution, and M. Barrère worked towards it with all his skilful energy. People now began to recall that the Salisbury-Waddington compact in 1878 had been the origin of the Tunisian trouble. The fortification of Biserta, they querulously declared, was all the fault of Great Britain. They were persuaded by some subtle whisper that but for their desertion by their English ally they need never have surrendered their rights in the Beylick.¹⁵ At the same time their anti-English grievances in regard to Abyssinia became daily more accentuated. So sensitive became public feeling on the subject of the alleged apathy and even perfidy of Great Britain, that when the thoughtless and ill-managed adventure at San-Mun came to a humiliating end, the blame was very generally laid on her shoulders. The culmination of this intrigue came early in 1899, when Great Britain and France settled their differences in the Eastern Sudan.

This transaction is strikingly illustrative of the conditions of the diplomatic struggle then in progress in Rome—the disingenuous alertness of France, the somnolence of Great Britain, and the credulous sensitiveness of the Italians. British and French ambitions had come into conflict on the Upper Nile, and it became necessary to delimit the sphere of each. The object of France was to get some sort of an access to the Nile; the object of Great Britain was to exclude her altogether from the Nile valley and the countries formerly tributary to Egypt. Ultimately the question

¹⁴ "Nuova Antologia," October, 1897.

¹⁵ There was no foundation for this impression. The treaties between France and Great

Britain and France and Italy were signed within a few days of each other.

was settled by a line drawn south-west and south from the limits of Tripoli proper, which gave to Great Britain all she wanted and left France free to do as she pleased with what remained.¹⁶ The result was that although Great Britain did not actually recognize French dominion in the Hinterland of Tripoli, she virtually gave her a free hand in that region. Now, ever since the French occupation of Tunis, the ambitions of Italy in Northern Africa had all been concentrated on Tripoli. She had watched most zealously the movements of every French exploring expedition in the interior, and had vainly tried to persuade Great Britain that the Mediterranean understanding of 1887 ought to be interpreted as applying to the *status quo* of the Hinterlands of the states bordering on the sea as well as to the states themselves.¹⁷ The abandonment to France of the back-country of Tripoli, under the Italian agreement, consequently aroused a storm of indignation in Italy. That this was altogether justified will not be pretended by any impartial student of the transaction. The *status quo* in Tripoli had been scrupulously safeguarded; the Turkish claims to the Hinterland had never been recognized by the Powers;¹⁸ Great Britain had consistently refused to acknowledge that under the 1887 Understanding she had contracted any obligations towards the *status quo* in the North African Hinterlands, and finally the dividing line did not recognize either French rights on the west or British rights on the east, but merely laid down a barrier beyond which both Powers agreed not to acquire "territory or political influence." None the less the concession to France,

such as it was, evinced a deplorable unconsciousness of the true nature of the diplomatic peril by which Great Britain was confronted in Rome. It would have been quite easy to have introduced a few words into the Convention reserving Turkish claims in the Hinterland, and had this been done all trouble would have been avoided. The omission of such words convinced Italian statesmen that the interests of their country were a matter of absolute indifference to Great Britain, while by the general public the transaction was regarded as a betrayal only comparable to the French invasion of Tunis.

The opportunity thus afforded M. Barrère and his astute chief at the Quai d'Orsay was not allowed to escape them. When they were interrogated about the agreement by the Italians they manifested the most *naïve* surprise and the most touching sympathy. They had not the remotest idea of taking advantage of their Latin neighbor. The fact was that in dealing with Great Britain, who was the ally of Italy, they naturally imagined that Italy had been consulted and that it was with her consent that the Hinterland of Tripoli had been abandoned to them. Was not the blunder reasonable? Could France with her lofty notions of loyalty recognize that Great Britain would act otherwise?¹⁹ Since, however, she was mistaken she would do her utmost to put matters straight, and forthwith she gave the most positive assurances to Italy that whatever else she might do in the Eastern Soudan she would not interfere with the trade routes between Tripoli and Central Africa. Lord Salisbury hastened to give an assurance to the same effect, but it was too late,

¹⁶ "Documents Diplomatiques" (*Déclaration du 21 Mars, 1890*), see especially pp. 8, 9, 10, 12, 19, 20.

¹⁷ Article signed "Un Ex" in "Tribuna," June 6, 1902. See also "Westminster Gazette" article by present writer, August 6, 1902.

¹⁸ These claims were set forth in a note

from the Porte dated November 30, 1890. The note has, I believe, never been published, but its effect was given to the Italian Chamber by the Admiral Canevaro on April 24, 1890.

¹⁹ See statement by M. Delcasse in "Giornale d'Italia," January 2, 1902.

besides being obviously superfluous. The mischief was done and even when Great Britain added an assurance that she had no desires against Tripoli proper the Italians had become too suspicious to attach any value to it. With the death of King Humbert in the following year the last obstacle to the final renunciation of the Anglo-Italian understanding was removed. The new King, as we have already seen, was of the Irredentist school and his hopes were centred in Russia and France. In his view it was only through them that Italian aspirations in the Eastern Adriatic could be realized and Italian interests in the Mediterranean safeguarded. In April of last year the establishment of closer relations between France and Italy was manifested by the visit of the Italian fleet under the Duke of Geneva to Toulon. A few months later a Mediterranean agreement was concluded between the two Powers by which France left Italy a free hand east of Tunis, and Italy made a similar concession to France to the west of Algeria. The Anglo-Italian understanding of 1887 was at an end.²⁰

In the light of this rapid survey of the leading diplomatic events of the last eleven years, it is now possible to measure with some approach to accuracy the transformation which, during that period, has come over the European situation. Although the Triple Alliance has been once more renewed, scarcely anything remains of the old guarantees of peace. The Bismarckian mechanism is crumbling on all sides. The European coalition against France was destroyed in 1891. The

²⁰ "Ibid." This is the only account which has been given of the Franco-Italian Agreement, but it is authoritative. See also speeches of M. Barrere (January 1, 1902) and Signor Prinetti (December 14, 1901). For an important avowal that the Anglo-Italian Agreement is at an end see article by "Un Ex" in "Tribuna" already quoted.

Balance of Alliances which succeeded it is now on its last legs. The Mediterranean understanding between Italy and Spain has gone the same way as the similar agreement between Italy and Great Britain.²¹ In the Balkans both Servia and Bulgaria have become Russophil, while the military convention between Austria and Roumania has become little more than a meaningless document owing to the inability of Roumania to maintain her defences in a state of decent efficiency.²² But the most serious signs of decay are in the Triple Alliance itself. Italy has signed the Treaty, but in doing so she has made it quite clear that her affections are given to the common enemy and that should the *casus fæderis* ever arise, she would interpret her obligations in the sense of her inclinations.²³ It is probable, indeed, that she would have given up the Triplice altogether and formally joined its rival last month, if Russia could have been induced to give her the same pledges in regard to Albania and the captive Italian provinces in Austria that France had given her in regard to Tripoli. Even as it is, however, her place in the Triple Alliance no longer possesses a practical *raison d'être*. She joined it originally as a protest against French clericalism and French aggression in the Mediterranean. Neither of these dangers exists for her any longer. She is practically the ally of France in the Mediterranean, she is secure on her western land frontier, and as soon as Russia agrees to secure her on her eastern frontier, she will give up even the pretence of being a member of the Triplice. In the light of these circumstances,

²¹ "Un Ex" "Ibid."

²² "Roumanian Finance" (Clowes, 1902), pp. 10, 16.

²³ Statement of M. Delcasse, "Tempo," July 3, 1902. See also article on "L'Accord Franco-Italien," "Tempo," July 10, 1902.

the significance of the recent visit of the King of Italy to Russia is no longer obscure.

The change which has thus come over the Bismarckian mechanism of peace would be of little consequence if the motives and intentions of the Powers to whom preponderance in Europe is now passing were the same as those of the old coalition. This is not the case. The Bismarckian mechanism made for peace because it was a coalition of the Haves; the coming combination will be an alliance of the Have-nots. Russia, France and Italy are all Powers with grievances to avenge, with lost provinces to redeem, with disturbing ambitions to realize. This is strikingly shown by the revival of the *Revanche* idea in France and by the fact that whereas the old understanding between Great Britain and Italy provided for the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Mediterranean the new agreement between Italy and France frankly con-

templates partition in Northern Africa. Hence we must be prepared in the near future, if not for an actual catastrophe, at any rate for an era of instability and unrest. It is true that all the Powers are still deeply penetrated by the terror of war, but the Have-nots among them are no longer deterred by the certainty of defeat in the event of war. Hence they will be less consistently conciliatory in the future, less prudent, less averse to dangerous intrigues and to adventures of the Fashoda type.

The moral so far as Great Britain is concerned is contained in Prince Bismarck's watchword: "Toujours en vedette!" If this watchword could become the common property of a new and sane Pan-Germanism, reaching from Berlin to London and perhaps thence to Washington, something effective might be done towards reconsolidating the foundations of European Peace.

Diplomaticus.

The Fortnightly Review.

IN CENTRAL ASIA.

The geographical regions which were the principal objects of exploration during my journey in Central Asia in 1899-1902 are indicated on the accompanying map. It will be seen that I endeavored to avoid travelling over again routes where other explorers had been before me.

1. The River Tarim from the Environs of Yarkand to its Lower Extremity.—This river has been mapped out on about 100 sheets, on the scale of 1 : 35,000, large enough to display all the characteristic and changing features of the stream. The alluvial de-

posits, which have been laid down in the bed of the river since the current dwindled, as well as every accumulation of mud and every sandbank, have all been indicated. So also have every angle and curve of the bed which the stream has now abandoned; and wherever it has been possible to do so I have noted the time at which these desertions took place. I have ascertained that throughout the whole of its course the stream shows a tendency to shift its bed to the right—that is, to the south. It is especially on that side—namely, the right—that the main

stream sheds off its numerous arms or secondary channels, and it is a very common occurrence for the river to follow, for longer or shorter distances, first one and then another of these auxiliary arms; and the tendency increases in frequency the nearer the river approaches its terminus, and is most extensively developed immediately before the terminus, where, instead of emptying into the ancient lake of Lop-nor, it now goes on past it and forms the lake of Kara-Koshun, further to the south.

Throughout the journey I was accompanied by native hunters and shepherds; but as soon as each man's local knowledge came to an end he was dismissed and another guide engaged in his place. Every name given to the stream was recorded, every channel mapped, and the diverse characteristics of the country adjacent to the banks, the graves of saints, the towns, the shepherds' camps, the fords that connect the highways on each side of the river, the lagoons and lateral lakes, the boundaries of the sand-deserts, and so forth—all were noted and plotted out on the sheets of the map. In this way I gathered a mass of material for a minutely detailed monograph upon the course of the Tarim, and the conditions which characterize this the greatest river in Central Asia. In fact, the map is so detailed that with its help it would be possible to construct a profile of the river-bed—at all events to form a clear conception of its structural formation. A number of astronomical positions were determined for the purpose of fixing and controlling the longitude and latitude. Every day, or at least every second day, the volume of the stream was measured instrumentally; it was found to vary very considerably during the course of the journey. This, however, is neither the place nor the time to dwell upon the causes of this changeability in the levels of the river. Indeed, throughout the whole of its

course the conditions of the Tarim are more complicated than would be presupposed, and not a year passes without the channel undergoing very considerable changes.

A large number of photographs were taken all through the journey; meteorological observations were recorded three times every day; and the self-registering instruments used for this purpose were employed throughout the whole of the day.

2. The Desert between the Lower Tarim and the Cherchen-daria.—This part of the desert of Gobi, which had never been visited before, was crossed from Karaul to Tatran (north of Cherchen), and proved to possess an entirely different conformation from the desert of Takla-Makan. The sand, which is heaped up in dunes that go to over 300 ft. in altitude, is not continuous, but is interrupted by tracts of perfectly level soil entirely destitute of sand. In the southern parts of the desert small patches of tamarisk and *kamish* (reeds) were met with occasionally, and in such localities water can be obtained by digging down to 6 ft. or 7 ft. in depth.

3. The region between Cherchen and Andereh.—This consists of a narrow strip of *tograk* (poplar) forest and steppe, lying between two sand-deserts on the way from Cherchen to Keriya. The more southerly of these deserts is of no great extent. The region itself is watered by certain of the streams which flow out of the Kwen-lun mountains.

4. The Lower Course of the Cherchen-daria.—The regions on both sides of this river were explored, and it was ascertained that the Cherchen-daria also shifts and changes its bed.

5. The Lower Course of the Tarim between Yanghi-köll and Kara-Koshun.—This part of the course of the Tarim is the most intricate and the most difficult to disentangle of any section of the entire system; accordingly I devoted

several independent excursions to its exploration. For example, I was at work there in February, 1900, in the end of April, and the beginning of May, 1900, and again in June of the same year, and each time I adopted a new route and travelled along different branches of the river, all of which were mapped. The contours here are so flat that the stream is subject to the greatest changes, and the current is continually seeking out new channels. At my last visit the little settlements which have grown up on the banks of the river since the Chinese created the Lop region a separate administrative district were in danger of being deserted by the stream, and the inhabitants were considering the advisability of building dams to retain the water. How far they will be successful in this the future will determine, but the likelihood is against them.

The tendency of the Tarim to form lateral or marginal lakes begins as high up as Yanghi-köll, where I had my headquarters from December, 1899, to May, 1900, as well as an observation station, at which my self-registering instruments were uninterruptedly at work. Between Yanghi-köll and Arghan the right bank of the river is accompanied by a chain of long lakes bordered by sterile sands, with sand-dunes as much as 300 ft. or more in height. The lakes are elongated, and stretch from north-north-east to south-south-west, and are in every instance continued by a series of depressions penetrating into the heart of the thick masses of sand. These depressions, which the natives call *bayir*, consist of a clay soil without a particle of intermingled sand, and, except for a few sparse patches of *kamish* and tamarisks close beside the Cherchen-daria, are absolutely barren. The discussion as to the origin and construction of these depressions must be reserved for another occasion. The sand-dunes turn their

steep sides towards the west, whereas on the east they mount up more gradually and by a step-like formation to the summit, which is usually 300 ft. to 350 ft. above the general level. This arrangement can only be due to one cause—winds from the east.

The greater part of the lakes which thus accompany the right bank of the Tarim were mapped and sounded during the summer of 1900. It is impossible here to enter into fuller details with regard to the labyrinth of lakes, marshes, and collateral river arms which constitute the changeable delta of the Tarim. In fact, it would be labor in vain to attempt to do so without a general map, and a general map can only be constructed when the cartographical material which I have brought home has been digested, a task that will require at least three years for its completion. The lakes which I mapped on the occasion of my first journey—Avullu-köll, Kara-köll, &c.—still remain of the same dimensions and keep the same positions; but a number of fresh lakes have been formed in the same region. In fact, the lower Tarim seems disposed to change its course entirely.

6. The Position of Lop-nor.—This interesting problem is now solved. The ancient historical Lop-nor is situated precisely where Baron von Richthofen considered that it had been discovered; but its basin is, of course, now dried up. On its northern shore I found ruins of towns, settlements, and temples, as well as a number of manuscripts, letters of local origin, and tablets of tamarisk wood written on with Chinese script, and dating from 264 to 465 A.D. Further, I discovered on the same northern shore of the ancient lake unmistakable indications of a great caravan route. With the view of ascertaining definitively and thoroughly the contours of the region, I made in the spring of 1901 precise levellings

throughout the whole of the lake basin, and the result showed conclusively that the former Lop-nor and the present Kara-Koshun lie practically at the same level, and are only separated from one another by an insignificant swelling of the ground. Kara-Koshun, however, shows a decided tendency to return to its former situation—a large lake which took me four days to travel round having been formed to the north of it. This new lake is fed by several new streams issuing out of Kara-Koshun, and carrying a volume of not less than 1,060 cubic feet in the second.

7. The Mountain Chain of Astyn-tagh from the Meridian of Charklik to An-ambar-ula.—This mountain chain was crossed and explored in several different places during the course of the year 1901, and the result of my investigations shows that the chain is a double one, not, as shown on our maps, single.

8. The Desert of Gobi, west of Szechou.—This was journeyed across from the south to the north in January, 1901. It consists of the following belts or sections:—accumulated drift-sand, clay terraces, carved by the wind, and *ka-mish* steppe. Then follow the low hill ranges which form the eastward continuation of Kurruk-tagh; there again we discovered traces of ancient caravan roads.

9. Eastern, Central, and Western Tibet.—This mountainous region of Central Asia was the particular object of my interest during this my last journey, in that I had made up my mind to explore as much of it as I possibly could. To this end I made several separate excursions into Tibet. Profiting from the experience learned in my former journey through the same region, I deemed it expedient to travel with a smaller caravan of perfectly fresh animals, and as small a quantity of baggage as might be, and so planned my expeditions that I was always able to go back to my base or principal camp.

where the various members of my caravan, human and animal, were, from time to time, able to rest and recruit themselves. In this way I was always able to start with a fresh caravan, thoroughly rested and vigorous. My first expedition was made in the months of July, August, September, and October, 1900. Starting from Mandarlik, beside Gas-nor, I travelled due south as far as 33 degrees 45 minutes N. lat., thence west, north-west, north, and north-east, until I came back to my starting-point. A large part of the caravan, including one man, perished under the incredible hardships which are incidental to journeying in these lofty regions, destitute as they are of every species of vegetation. On both the out journey and the return I had an opportunity to cross over the various mountain chains encountered, and clear up the orographical structure of the Kwen-lun and the complicated mountain system of Northern Tibet. The positions of a large number of salt as well as freshwater lakes were determined, and their waters navigated by boat. At the same time I took a number of interesting soundings, the greatest depth measured being 157½ ft. The topographical results of this excursion were embodied in a map of 150 sheets.

My second expedition started from the same base. Its object was to complete the mapping of Northern Tibet, especially of the mountains to the north of Kum-köll. This lake also was sounded. These Tibetan lakes are dangerous to navigate in a small open sailing-boat; to do so is always attended with a considerable amount of peril.

But my principal and longest journey through Tibet began at Charklik on May 17, 1901. The route I selected went first up the valley of the Charklik-su, then on to Kum-köll, and over the Arka-tagh. After that I struck a line between the route followed by Littledale and that followed by Prince Henri

of Orleans and Bonvalot, and penetrated southwards as far as 33 degrees 45 minutes S. lat. There the caravan encamped, whilst, accompanied by two attendants, and in disguise, I made a perilous journey as far as the vicinity of Tengri-nor. There we were closely examined, and compelled to return to the caravan, though the Dalai-Lama's emissaries treated us with the greatest respect and politeness. A second attempt to penetrate south from the same camping-place was frustrated at Selisly-tso by a force of 500 horsemen.

After that I directed my course westwards to Leh, avoiding both Nain Singh's and Littledale's routes. This journey cost me the lives of two men and of almost all my animals. The baggage animals were yaks, which were everywhere placed at my service by command of the Dalai-Lama. The results of this last journey in Tibet are recorded on a map of 370 sheets.

Whilst the survivors of my caravan were resting at Leh during the winter of 1901-2, I took a run down into India, and shall ever retain a lively recollection of the hospitality and kindness which were shown to me by Lord Curzon at Government House. In Bombay, also, I was welcomed as if I had been an old friend by Lord Northcote, and in every city I visited in India the English people vied with one another in their friendly office towards me. Nor can I withhold the expression of my admiration at the brilliant way in which England has for more than a century administered that vast Empire.

In April I broke up from Leh, and, crossing the Karakorum Pass, went down to Yarkand; thence travelling *via* Kashgar and the Caspian Sea, I returned to Stockholm, where I arrived on June 27, 1902. The successful issue of this journey, which lasted altogether three years and three days, was in great part owing to the circumstance that his Majesty the Emperor of Rus-

sia most graciously appointed an escort of four Cossacks to attend upon me throughout. Than these I have never had more honest, more capable, or braver men in my service. Whilst I was absent on my excursions I always left my headquarters camp under the charge of one or two of them, and always had my confidence justified by finding everything in perfect order on my return.

My first journey of 1893-97 has been regarded as marking an advance in the knowledge of the geography of Central Asia. The last journey of 1899-1902, from which I have just returned, has yielded results three times as rich as those of the former journey, and in the course of it I have been enabled to lift the veil which for a thousand years had hidden vast stretches of the mountainous and desert regions of the heart of Asia. My cartographical material extends to no less than 1,149 sheets, and if these were arranged end to end in a long row they would stretch over a distance of 1,000 feet. This material I hope it will be possible to publish, either with the help of public funds or by private support. It will then constitute a mine of detailed information about certain of the central regions of the great continent which have never before been trodden by any European, and very often by no Asiatic either. This cartographical material is controlled by 114 astronomical determinations of place. For making these I used an altazimuth theodolite and three chronometers.

A complete meteorological journal was kept without interruption throughout, in part during my expeditions, in part also, and simultaneously, in my principal fixed camps, where a barograph and a thermograph were in constant operation. The abundant materials thus gathered in are now being worked up by Dr. Nils Ekholm, and will in due time be published, along

with the meteorological results of my first journey. I took also over two thousand photographs, using for this purpose an English camera and English-made plates, and the results leave nothing to be desired. Anatomical collections of the higher animals were made, including aquatic animals in spirits, and a herbarium was brought together. All these materials will be studied by experts. The geological profiles of Tibet will be illustrated by some seven hundred rock specimens collected in that region. I have also brought home a number of archæological treasures from the ruins we discovered in the desert, amongst them several objects of extraordinary interest; and I made, further, a great quantity of sketches, diagrams, and draw-

ings, to illustrate various features appertaining to the provinces of physical geography. In a short *résumé* such as this it would not be possible even to indicate the great variety of different observations which are embraced under this heading. It must suffice to mention the measurements made in the basin of the Tarim, upon which a vast amount of time was expended, but which supply the essentials for deducing the hydrographic character of that river system.

For the present I have my hands full with the preparation of a popular description of my journey, which will be most copiously illustrated. The scientific results will be published later on in a work especially intended for scientific students.

Sven Hedin.

Geographical Journal.

SOME MOTHING MEMORIES.

There have been mortals whose boast has been that they could see with open eyes the winged creatures of the night; green-clad men, fierce but courtly; snow-white women, black-eyed and yellow-haired; bloodless beings, reputed treacherous, but all the same adorable; singing troops, which swarm upon moonlit nights, circling round tree-tops, or where dark circles remain on the grass next morning to attest their passage. Such sights and sounds, however, are for the chosen. For others they may be now and then visible, but hardly with eyes open. Usually with eyes remarkably tightly closed, and ears pressed too closely to a pillow to distinguish very accurately the words of the singers.

There are winged creatures, not singers, yet musical some of them after their kind, which are less chary of

their presence, or less exclusive in their selection of witnesses. Perishable mortals, built up of mere palpitating dust like ourselves, yet, given the right hour, the right environment, and the right weather, with methods of flight hardly less fantastic, hardly less captivating than the more famous fliers. To see these also as they ought to be seen some little preparation is needed. You are not obliged to be a seer of occult sights, a mystic, a visionary; nothing more poetic is necessary than that you should be a prosaic and quite ignorant naturalist. Let that claim once have been presented, and you, too, have the key of the fields in your pocket; you, too, may roam the wood, the bog, the stone-strewn glen, and may moreover do so, at strange and unrecognized hours, in the ascetic gray of dawn, or at the blackest hour of godless mid-

night. Even if met and interrogated by some surprised guardian of the night—a gamekeeper or the like—you are pretty sure to escape with the very bearable penalty of the poor man's bewildered contempt.

I.

It is good to find yourself upon a moonless night—always moonless, for the taste of the moths exactly reverses that of the *sidhe*—in an old, but still upright wood in West Ireland. I say upright, because many of the woods in that region have been so bebattered by storms that they have given up their upright position altogether, leaning away eastwards till it seems as if their tops were about to take root upside down in the ground. This will not do, for in such a wood you cannot manipulate your weapon as you ought. A wood large enough to provide tracks you must also have, and if it gives some central place in which you can stand, with many tracks converging towards you from various points, you can scarce do better.

The wood found, the night come, a lantern lit, the entomologist in his place, what of the moths? Light is still hovering vaguely about, a flickering pink or lemon-tinted glow between the trunks, but night, impenetrable night, has already settled in all the deeper places, turning to a narrow red lane whenever the intrusive beam of your lantern turns its policeman's eye that way. Be still now for your very life: everything depends upon your stillness. See yon burly fellow! common, doubtless, as the dust, but with what a gallant dash he comes towards you, and with what gleaming eyes, reflecting the light like pin-points as they pass. Behind him another, swerving suddenly to the right as he perceives the pencil of your beam ahead; doubtless, therefore, you say to yourself, a

desirable rarity. Over it an undulating gray shape—a geometer by the flap of its wings—sauntering along, steering its way between the forward stretching twigs by grace of that sensory apparatus which seems to cover every inch of it like its feathery dust. Crossing that sober flight, swift as a bat and hard as a bullet, come two or three boomerang beetles of the night, things to be avoided, especially when they fly full tilt against your face. Missing you by a bare half-inch, off they go, the red gleam lighting up the steel of their wing-cases, and the harsh “*burr-rr-rr*” of their going running after them loudly through the black and solitary glades,

Faster and faster now more moths, excited themselves, and exciting to you, as you stand and watch for them. Emerging unexpectedly into view, see yon large and quaker-colored person, an unlooked-for visitor this, a child of deep night and the small hours, roused from his sleep in some bed of nettles by that unseemly lantern of yours. Next, lob-lobbing sideways down the track, a large underwing, showing its orange-and-black border for one minute, before hurrying away in the opposite direction. Clouds, meanwhile, of nameless things, pyrales and tortrices for the most part, are skirmishing up and down, mere dust of the air and uncounted atoms, nature's most redundant, and one would say most superfluous, offspring. Suddenly, high in air over everything and out of reach, what was that long-winged shape which shot past? Speculation goes to work; a Sphinx, you say to yourself; but which Sphinx? “*Ligustri*,” “*Ocellatus*,” “*Elpenor*”? Other names occur, but these are idle guesses. Back again, swifter than light, and with a shrill rustling, that sounds like the chance touching of some harp-string of the woods, see, it goes again. You upturn your lantern; you crane your neck to see into the topmost twigs. At first, nothing.

All at once you catch fleeting glimpses of a swallow-like flight, so rapid as almost to defy the eye. Again and again, and now the impression comes to you of a bewitching dance, a wild mazurka, or serpentine saraband, being danced somewhere between you and the nearest star-points. And, as you watch, gradually all base and brutal thoughts of capture pass from your mind, lost in mere pleasure and admiration. What the falcon is amongst birds, the stag amongst hoofed beasts, that the Sphinx-moth is amongst its rivals in the insect world; supreme in mastery, a dream of delight to those who love perfection, and can recognize it when they see it. You, who do so, stand still, and watch, and watch. And while you watch a distant clock begins slowly to toll out one of the larger hours, and the night deepens, and the world rolls in its orbit, and you wonder how many of the more intelligent of your acquaintances have ever stood as you are doing to watch such a sight?

After a while, leaving your crossways, you saunter up a track, plunging your red beams into wells of blackness to right and left of you as you go. Faster and faster, moths come flying through the tepid air. Into sight, and outagain; towards you, away from you; now lost in profound darkness; now seen for a second in the glare; flit, flap, whirl, dart, flop, tumble, roll; buzzing noisily, flitting silently, on they come; moths of every size, sort, color, and description. So fast do they swarm on some nights that your eye ends by being unable to distinguish anything beyond an endless succession of swiftly gyrating wings. Brown, fawn-colored, reddish, greenish-gray, grayish-white, full white, almost full black. In and out, up and down, to and fro they go, in a wild, kaleidoscopic twirl and tangle of living, moving, possibly enjoying, certainly vigorously palpitating life, a vision which is apt to follow you

when at last you reluctantly go indoors, and to thrid once more its serpentine mazurkas and sarabands far into the recesses of your morning dreams.

II.

A second mothting experience may be yours, if you will. This time you shall pursue under the shelter of a roof. That it is a weather-excluding one I will not go so far as to assert, indeed, seeing that some two centuries have elapsed since it was slept under, that seems to be scarcely probable. You are in a castle, let that suffice; one of ten thousand castles scattered over the face of Ireland, wherever Norman marauder came, or native imitator found stones, and the men to pile them. Like others of its kind it stands close to a modern dwelling-house, therefore naturally suggests itself to the entomological mind as the very place for an extemporized moth-trap.

A few mouldering window-sashes exist, kept for the benefit of wintering plants. Push these aside, and lean out for a few minutes. The night air reaches your nostrils plainly salt, though the wind is not, from the west, but the southeast. Across the narrow encompassing cordon of trees—a mere barrier reef of greenery—you can dimly discern, stretching indefinitely away from you, the great stone-strewn plain of Galway, a waterless sea, or grassy desert, flat and featureless for the most part as the very Sahara itself.

But the moths, you ask, the moths? "They are coming, they are coming." Hear you not that gentle humming. Hark to the flutter of wings; hark to that soft but solid "plop, plop," as a fluffy but substantial body glues itself for a moment to the glass, peering in at you with amber eyes, and the next moment, having decided to enter, goes rustling noisily to and fro amongst the onions which depend in festoons from

the ceiling. Thicker and quicker now they come, from many sides, and from many occupations; from the grass and the garden; from the stream-side and elsewhere; all drawn together by that false glare and glitter, the treacherous illumination of your castle window.

And now, in place of carrying our imaginary adventure to any imaginary end, I am minded to give you the finale, the deeply humiliating finale, of a *bond-fide* adventure, carried out in much the same scene, and much the same conditions, upon a certain night long past and dead.

For it befell years ago that an entomologist of my acquaintance, being in just such a scene as I have depicted, and alone, and the night an exceedingly black one, there began little by little to grow up within his entomological brain thoughts of a somewhat quaking and disquieting character, the last to be expected of any votary of natural science. For more and more, as the night deepened, and the wind rose in short gusts, making the candle flicker, there rushed with like gusts through his mind the thought that this place in which he stood was a very odd and a very lonely one, and that many strange scenes and deeds must certainly have taken place there in the old days, which scenes and deeds might well be thought to have bequeathed leavings, as it were, and after effects, calculated to perturb mortals who rashly intruded themselves upon it, especially at ungodly hours.

For the further perturbation of that entomologist, it happened that there was in this ancient castle a certain ancient clock, which clock, being like itself somewhat out of gear, had a fashion of prefacing its strikings with singular grunts and grating discordances, due to some defect in its internal economy. And such discordances, with many odd and uncomfortable croakings, having prefaced the hour of eleven,

our friend's already well-strung nerves were yet more disturbed by the same. When, therefore, a few minutes after that goblin striking, there came a resounding double rap upon one of the remaining panes of glass, and, looking up, our quaint scientist beheld a face—plainly and unmistakably a face—peeping in at him through the glass; a face clothed, or it seemed to him, with long, dusky, reddish hair, having in it large, seemingly human, eyes, which opened and shut with extreme rapidity—not assuredly the face of any moth that ever came out of cocoon—at that sight the overthrow alike of reason and of zoology became complete.

What or whose that face really was; whether it belonged to night-bird, to bat, or to other natural visitor of illuminated windows, let the demons that preside over causeless panic determine. To suppose for a moment that you, my stout-hearted reader, would have shared in so ignoble an alarm is, I am well aware, to insult you causelessly. All the same, whenever that scientific night's entertainment recurred to its projector's memory, he was unable to imagine any other finale to it except the one with which it did, as a matter of fact, conclude—namely, a swift turning away from that eye-haunted window; a rapid descent of the broken stairs, leaving the candles to gutter themselves to death as they pleased; a tremulous race across a mercifully short space of garden walk, and the loud and most consolatory slamming of a back door!

III.

Here is yet a third mothing experience. This time your feet are set, not in a decaying wood, the last fragment of a once widely-pervading forest, but upon a scrap of sea-wasted rock, a tiny Kerry islet, nearly small enough to take up betwixt the thumb and finger,

quite small enough, therefore, for you to call for the moment your own. A roof of some sort—cottage or cabin—is in this case a necessity, for “sugaring” is a strictly dead-o-night’s delight. That concession to sophistication secured, let me entreat you to have no other. If your islet boasts retainers—boatmen, gardeners, or the like—see that they are despatched at night-fall to the nearest mainland. By this means, and by this means only can you be sure that no human eye will survey your proceedings. The true naturalist is as shy a creature as the very prey he pursues, and of all forms of discomfort dreads most the cold, the supercilious, even the merely perplexed eye of his non-zoologic fellow Christian.

As for the preliminary arrangements —sugar, treacle, rum, and a painter’s brush to put them on with—those I leave to your discretion. Two points I would, however, impress upon you. In the first place, whatever you do, do not, I pray you, spare the bottle! This is not a case, believe me, for sobriety; bid the preachers of temperance for this night betake themselves elsewhere; for this one night let Bacchus, rosy Bacchus, beloved of Ariadne, and of our moths, reign supreme over your islet.

Another point concerns the laying on of your stuff. Be artistic with it, I implore you, and do it delicately. Remember that a moth, even an intoxicated moth, is a dainty feeder. He may gorge like any Roman Emperor, but he loveth not to entangle his feet, still less his wings, in your sugary concoctions. See to it that these are laid on then in thin and dainty strips, so that, alighting silently beside it, he may delicately insert his proboscis into that glutinous stream, so miraculously provided, and be able to carouse long and deep, without hurt accruing to that marvellous feather cloak he wears.

The night has come! You are practi-

cally alone upon your islet. Your retainers have been despatched long since to the opposite shore, and the rest of its inmates are, with the exception of yourself, either asleep, or on the road to that condition. Now is the moment for you to steal from the house, stealthy as another Guy Fawkes, closing the door behind you with a careful hand, and so out into the black pervasive night.

Black, but not cold, for the month is July, and you are in the very track and chosen path of the Gulf Stream. A mild breeze, honey-scented though salt-laden, is blowing to you from the illimitable West, and across a row of gorse bushes that bristle along the top of the cliff. Points and rills of light trickling thinly here and there, bewray the scattered habitations of the mainland. Across the narrow strip of water that lies between you and these comes a sound like slow subdued sighing. There is hardly any wind, but the Atlantic seldom really sleeps, and a thousand restless little wavelets are running in and out of the hollows, getting caught and delayed for a moment, then escaping again, and throwing themselves with these sounds of satisfied longing upon the breast of their mighty mother.

You meanwhile are making your way as you best can down a small, but very steep and rocky defile, which your lantern turns into a sort of Aladdin’s staircase, all glittering points, and jewel-studded knobs. Ferns—hymenophyllums and the like—are hanging by myriads out of the holes, but there is no time for thinking of these now. Groping and stumbling, you at last reach the lowest point in your islet, consequently the best for sugaring. Tree-trunks of any bulk it boasts not, trees yet it has, and old ones; for in all these Kerry islets plant-life flourishes, happy in having escaped that brutal devastation which has left the neighboring shores a mere desert, wrecked

and desolated. Making your way to the tree already selected, you turn your light upon it. Too quick by far! At least a dozen cautious topers have been scared by your precipitancy. Wait and do it again, this time stealing the light upon them as though it were a process of nature; as though the night for some reason had been curtailed of half its rightful hours, and you were the Dawn herself in proper person.

Behold the results of discretion—and of intoxication! Several of the company were so far gone that even your first rude onset has had evidently no effect upon them. Others which had sidled away have now returned. See that row of "Peach-blossoms," fairest and daintiest of all the daughters of Dissipation. Pill-box them swiftly, lest they repent them, and begone. Alas, the potent spirit has o'ercrowed them; they drop in helplessly, without even an effort to escape. More and more, and all in the like estate; large and small, gay or the reverse, chiefly the reverse, for your average noctua is but a dull and sober-looking dog, even when he has been up all night drinking rum. Send now for the preachers of temperance! Let them come in their myriads, and be presented each of them with a pill-box—a transparent one—in which sits a living image of the Complete Drunkard, set and framed, a warning to man, and to every other insect.

But morality must wait till the morning, when a sort of rough assize will be

held, and half your captors dismissed, like other sobered drunkards, with a warning. Sugaring is not a lengthy process. If the company have not assembled of their own accord, and at the summons of intoxication, there is not much use in waiting for them. One more round therefore of the trees, one more exhibition of the detective lantern, of the reformatory pill-boxes, and you may go home. Again you grope and stumble along the Aladdin passage, this time upwards, glancing ahead of you as you go, and half expecting to meet—you know not quite who or what. As you come out at the top, quickening your steps, with thoughts of your neglected bed, you once more hear the Atlantic, still rolling restlessly to and fro on its own vast bed. Once more the honeyed scent of the gorse comes to your nostrils; once more you perceive the scattered, now nearly extinguished, lights of the mainland. And, as you stand for a moment on the threshold to extinguish your lantern, you turn back—at least it is my intention that you should turn back—with a very kindly feeling in your heart for your own little islet; so wild, yet so well clothed; so near shore, yet so secure against intrusion; a mere toy in one aspect, yet dignified too, in its rock-girt completeness, in its wave-encircled isolation. Lastly, as you betake yourself indoors, you heave possibly an involuntary sigh, remembering that as a matter of fact your bewitching islet is not really *your* islet at all.

Emily Lawless.

The Monthly Review.

WHAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

Why man should spend a considerable part of his sleeping hours in seeing sights, hearing sounds, and undergoing experiences that have no easily discoverable connection with actual fact, is a problem that must have al-

ways vexed the curious. The savage accounts for it by supposing that his incorporeal part leaves him during slumber, and that his dream adventures are but those which happen to his spirit in the spirit-world. The sur-

vival of this idea may be traced in all the religions of antiquity, which looked on dreams as one of the means by which the gods communicated their will to man. But when these ideas were outgrown, a logical explanation of dreams seemed farther off than ever, and it was not, perhaps, until that versatile genius, Alfred Maury, undertook, some fifty years ago, a series of experiments upon himself that any theory of dreams could be founded upon a scientific basis. Even now it cannot be said that the facts upon which the best account of the matter rest are indisputable or thoroughly ascertained. For, as Maury himself pointed out, our only record of our thoughts during sleep is what we remember of them when we wake up, and the remembered is likely to differ considerably from the original impression. It is as well to bear this in mind in listening to any stories of remarkable dreams, or even to any theory that may be derived from them.

With this caution it may be said that the theory to which nearly all physiologists since Maury have inclined is that dreams are for the most part the result of impressions received by the senses of the sleeper from the external world. Maury, when a child, dreamed that his head was being hammered on the anvil of a smithy, and discovered on awaking that a blacksmith was in fact making horseshoes in a neighboring building. When grown up, he dreamed that he was about to be guillotined, and woke up to find that a lath from the head of the bed had fallen and was pressing upon his neck. Dr. Gregory, in like manner, went to sleep with a hot-water bottle at his feet and dreamed that he was climbing Mount Etna and walking over hot lava. So it has been shown by actual experiment that water dropped into the open mouth of a sleeper will make him dream that he is swimming, a silk handkerchief laid over the mouth and nose that he is suffocated or buried

alive, and a mustard plaster laid on the head that he is being scalped by Indians. The strength of such sensory impressions, which may even translate themselves into actions without awaking the sleeper, may be easily observed in the case of dogs asleep before a fire, who will often move their paws and open cry as if they were actually hunting. In this case, it is probably the increased flow of blood to the legs caused by the heat of the fire which is the determining cause of the dream.

From this it might be gathered that everyone in the same circumstances would dream the same thing, and to a certain extent this is no doubt true. The tendency of shipwrecked sailors upon short allowance of food and drink to dream of abundant dishes and flowing streams has often been noted, and it is said that the dreams of soldiers the night before the battle often bear a strong family likeness to each other. So, too, we can explain the practice of "Incubation" in many ancient temples, where he who would enquire of the god was allowed to sleep near the shrine, and generally managed to dream something which could be twisted into an answer to the question he had come to ask. But it should be remembered that the concepts of our waking moments are never simple, but are largely made up of memories of our former impressions, and it is not reasonable to expect that our sleeping concepts should differ from them. Just as an artist and farmer see different things when they look at a beautiful landscape, so does the personal equation count for much in dreams. Dr. Maudsley tells us that in his experience those whom years of practice in observation and reflection have trained to think coherently will alone have coherent dreams; while M. Lorain says that the amount of cerebral activity manifested by the individual during the day is the measure of cerebral capacity shown by him in

dreamland. People who do not use their brain much—children, women, and handicraftsmen, as he rather ungallantly puts it—according to this last, seldom show any intellectual power in their dreams.

So far, therefore, it might be said that all our dreams are composed of impressions received from the outer world, and this would be the end of the matter were man only the "bundle of sensations" that Kingsley's Aben Ezra once thought himself. But the fact that the great organs of the body—the heart, the lungs, and the liver—continue to work when the senses are drowned in sleep, shows that this is not so, and that behind the "moi sensoriel," or sensory self, there stands the "moi splanchnique" or visceral self which discharges all the functions necessary to the maintenance of life and well-being without reference to the individual consciousness. What part this second personality within us plays in the composition of our dreams is not yet clear, and it is possible that it never does so directly, but only by such a disarrangement or interruption of the machinery as forces itself upon the attention of the senses. The question seems for the present to be outside the range of experiment, but it appears to be well established that any lesion of the more important viscera, such as paralysis, locomotor ataxy, and certain forms of heart and lung disease herald their approach by nightly-recurring dreams of the most terrifying character. To go further into this subject would take me beyond the scope of these articles, and I will only refer those curious on the subject to Dr. Tissié's little work *Les Rêves*, which forms a lucid and readable introduction to its study.

Subject to this, however, the theory that dreams are made up of past and present impressions holds the field, and this receives nightly confirmation in the case of most of us. Fantastic and odd

as our dreams—or rather what we remember of them—appear to our waking minds, patient analysis generally decomposes them into a sort of kaleidoscopic combination of sensations received during sleep with the events or thoughts occurring to us in the past. Thus, in Maury's decapitation dream mentioned above, the guillotine in the affair is accounted for by the fact that he had been reading before falling asleep some of the chronicles of the Reign of Terror. So, in a case quoted in Weygandt's *Entstehung der Träume*, a man who cherished delightful memories of a country house where he had for the first time met with a certain scent, used to direct his servant to scatter, at times unknown to him, that particular perfume upon his pillow with the certainty that he would again visit in his dreams the scene of his enchantment. It may even be said that the same proposition can be proved conversely. The dream of entertaining royalty, which the cynical say comes to every lady at some time during her life, is probably composed of the memory of past social triumphs coupled with an acquaintance with the features of august personages gained from photographs or otherwise; yet it is said at the same time that no woman ever dreams of entertaining persons utterly unknown to her. So also children who are born blind never dream that they are seeing; while those who become blind after the age of seven dream frequently of sights seen by them before the failure of their eyesight. Unromantic as the idea may be, everything goes to show that our nightly dreams come neither through the horn nor the ivory gate of the poet, but are partly drawn from what is going on around our sleeping forms, and partly from the memories of past experiences stored up within our bodies as within other forms of matter.

F. Legge.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is going to lecture in Glasgow next January.

The Nestor of English poets, Philip J. Bailey, the author of "Festus", died at Nottingham Sept. 6th.

It is announced that General De Wet has nearly finished his book on the Boer War. Generals Botha and Delarey will furnish a preface for it.

Professor Woodberry's long-promised Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne in the American Men of Letters series is on the list of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for publication this fall.

With reference to the mention of his name which is made in Mr. Leslie Stephen's "George Eliot," Mr. Frederic Harrison says that although he suggested the legal scheme in "Felix Holt" he had absolutely nothing else to do with the book, and never discussed with the writer the characters or the plot.

Browning figures conspicuously in the English autumn announcements. Besides Mr. Stopford Brooke's monograph upon him, he is dealt with by Leslie Stephen,—now "Sir Leslie Stephen"—in his "More Studies of a Biographer" and Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton is writing his life for the Macmillans' English Men of Letters series.

President Kruger's Memoirs promise to be one of the chief sensations of the present literary season. Messrs. Lehmann of Munich were the successful firm among many houses competing for them, and editions will be printed si-

multaneously in different languages in November. T. Fisher Unwin has secured the English and American rights.

It will be learned with regret that George Douglas Brown, the author of "The House With the Green Shutters", whose recent untimely death followed quickly upon the success of that remarkable book left no work far enough advanced to admit of its publication or of its completion by another writer. His fame, therefore, must rest upon the one novel.

Some one has been wondering lately what has become of books for girls. There seems to be promise of several good ones in the fall list of Little, Brown & Co. which includes "Nathalie's Chum" by Anna Chapin Ray, "In the Green Forest" by Katharine Pyle, "The Princess Kallisto" by William Dana Orcutt, and a new "Brenda" book by Helen Leah Reed, entitled "Brenda's Cousin at Radcliffe."

A. W. Elson & Co. of Boston publish a brief monograph on Italian Painting by John C. Van Dyke, L. H. D., which is primarily intended as an introduction to the study of an extended series of carbon photographs of Italian paintings which the same publishers have in preparation, but which will be found independently serviceable as a kind of thumb-nail sketch of the general subject.

Katharine Prescott Wormeley, one of the most skilled and graceful of translators, has undertaken to render into English Alexandre Dumas's "Speronara", the first volume of which will

be published this fall by Little, Brown & Co. The clear and limpid English of Miss Wormeley's *Balzac* is a delight to every reader who is weary of the crudities perpetrated by translators who mix idioms and have but an imperfect mastery of either language with which they deal.

The new edition of Brander Matthews's "Aspects of Fiction and other Ventures in Criticism," published by the Scribners, is enlarged by the inclusion of several new papers.

The Macmillans are about to bring out a collection of short stories by Zangwill, called "The Grey Wig" and dealing with the London Ghetto, which has so often furnished Mr. Zangwill literary material.

The Baroness von Hutten, whose story "Our Lady of the Beeches" has been running as a serial in *The Atlantic* and is soon to be published in book form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. is an American by birth, and has won an agreeable reputation by her earlier books "Marred in the Making" and "Miss Carmichael's Conscience."

Mr. Stopford A. Brooke's monograph on Robert Browning is to be published this month. The work is intended as a companion study to Mr. Brooke's "Tennyson: his Art and Relation to Modern Life" and follows very much the same lines. The principal subjects dealt with are "Browning and Tennyson," "Browning's Treatment of Nature," "Browning's Theory of Human Life," "Browning as the Poet of Art," "Browning and Sordello," "The Dramas," "Poems of Love and of other Passions," "The Ring and the Book," "Last Poems."

Dr. Washington Gladden's seven discourses on "Social Salvation" (Hough-

ton, Mifflin & Co.) combine, like much else that the author has written and spoken, the hard-headed sagacity of a man of affairs with the high standards of an idealist. Their aim is to direct the energies of ministers and laymen to such problems of our complex modern life as the care of the poor, the relation of the state to the unemployed, prison reform, social vices, public education and municipal government. This last invites special study at a time when in Dr. Gladden's own state of Ohio the legislature has just been convened in extraordinary session to frame a new municipal code for the towns and cities of the state.

The Roycroft form of Philistinism seems to have found lodgment in England, where there has just been published the first number of a new monthly called "The Protest" and described as a "Journal for Philistines." It is announced that the journal will be unconventional in character, and also that it is the work of a number of young literary and artistic optimists who are settling at Crockham Hill in Kent. Moreover, the same coterie proposes to publish eccentrically printed and whimsically bound books at prices far above their real value. All this has a familiar sound.

Of Mr. Carnegie's great gift of the library of the late Lord Acton to Mr. John Morley, *The Spectator* remarks:

It appears that the philanthropist millionaire, finding Lord Acton oppressed by the magnitude of his collection, which exceeded a hundred thousand volumes, purchased it some years ago, but left it with him for life,—a courtesy very rare, though not quite unprecedented, in the history of literature. We hope Mr. Morley may see his way to retain the library for his life, for he is probably the only Englishman living who can use it as well as Lord Acton,

and that it may find its place of final rest in Cambridge or Oxford, preferably the former, since the collection was made by a Cambridge Professor. It is by a singular irony that a library collected by one of the first of Liberal Roman Catholics falls to a writer of Mr. Morley's opinions; but he may readily reply that learning and literature are always catholic.

"The Speaker" in its notice of Mr. Bernard Capes's book "The Mill of Silence" congratulates him on having "not altogether forgotten the ambitious ideals that were evident in his earlier works" and adds that his style "has gained in firmness and reality." This is rather amusing, in view of the fact that the book in question really is one of Mr. Capes's earlier stories, which has been republished without his consent and against his vehement protest.

"The Concise Standard Dictionary" is the latest and one of the most serviceable forms given to the monumental and invaluable dictionary which, in one form or another, ought to be in every well-furnished library and within the reach of all intelligent writers and readers. This is a compact and clearly-printed book of less than five hundred pages, which gives the orthography, pronunciation and meaning of about 28,000 words. For quick reference and convenient use there could scarcely be anything better. The Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Mr. Herbert W. Paul's volume on "Matthew Arnold" in the English Men of Letters series of the Macmillans will be welcomed as the first compact biography of the eminent writer to whom it is devoted. If it suffers somewhat by comparison with its two immediate predecessors in the series, Leslie Stephen's "George Eliot" and Augustine Birrell's "Hazlitt" the fact may be in part attributable to the many-sided

literary career which it essays to portray. There was not the same concentration of activity in the life of Arnold as in the case of the others. To describe him adequately and to estimate him justly as essayist, critic, philosopher, poet, theologian and educator, all within less than two hundred pages of moderate proportions, was no easy task; and if the work seems at times a little scrappy and falls below the reader's expectations, the limitations under which it was written should be borne in mind. This is not a brilliant book, but it is a just and serviceable one.

American journalists can scarcely fail to envy their Danish brethren when they learn that a daily paper in Copenhagen stopped publication from June to September this year to enable its staff to enjoy a long summer holiday. The proceeding so commended itself to Mr. Punch that he sang about it after this fashion, under the title "The Princes of Denmark":

O toilers of Fleet Street, who painfully
write
Through the lingering hours of the long
stuffy night,
Which throbs at each quarter as time's
laggard flight
The echoing strokes of Big Ben mark,
Ah, think of your brothers across the
North Sea
As idle and cool as a mortal can be,
And I make little doubt you will
warmly agree
They manage things better in Den-
mark.

A "problem novel" in which the human interest is developed in a way to give unexpected and increasing pleasure to the reader is "Luck o' Lassendale" by the Earl of Iddesleigh. It is the gambling problem that is involved, and the narrative traces the influence of horse-racing, company-promoting and the like on the fortunes of the ancient

house of Lassendale. Sir Francis, the sanguine, generous, head of the house, Alfred, in prudent possession of a bit of property inherited from the maternal side, and Robert, the young barrister with his way to make, are all clearly individualized, and their sister's personality stands out equally distinct. A brother and sister who represent newer wealth, acquired in the engineer's profession, add variety to the social picture and furnish the element of romance for the plot. From the ethical point of view, the story is effective, in spite of a disappointing weakness at the climax, and it has the readable qualities of the "society" novel, while entirely free from the flippancy and coarseness that mark so much fiction of that class. John Lane.

Few story-tellers who cater for children understand their tastes better than Carolyn Wells, and the mammas must be many who count on her now for at least one book a year for the nursery shelves. "Folly in the Forest" shows the same blending of fun and fancy that made its predecessor so popular, and the boys and girls who followed its piquant little heroine to Fairyland, last season, will be eager to share her adventures among the famous animals of "Literachooria," "Historalia," and "Mythologia." Reginald Birch's illustrations are admirably adapted to the text. The Henry Altemus Co.

The heir to an English title and estate—stalwart and handsome, but thrown off his mental balance by an illness in childhood and now wavering between imbecility and madness—is the hero of Clara Louise Burnham's new story; "The Right Princess" is an attractive American girl who enters his household in a subordinate capacity; and the spell with which she breaks his

enchantment and restores him to the privileges and duties of his position in Christian Science. Mrs. Burnham is always readable, but she is not at her best in this story, which is too obviously written with a purpose. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Apropos of the announcement of a new volume of essays by Mr. Austin Dobson "The Academy" recalls a long list of his previous prose writings which will surprise readers who think of Mr. Dobson chiefly as a writer of graceful verse. No one, says "The Academy" needs to be reminded of his two volumes of *Eighteenth-Century Vignettes*, or of his recent work, *A Paladin of Philanthropy and Other Papers* (1899). It is, too, scarcely ten years since the second edition of his *Four Frenchwomen* was issued. In the field of biography he has achieved admirable things; note his *Hogarth* in the "Great Artists" series (1879), and his *Hogarths* of 1891 and 1898; note his *Fielding* in the "English Men of Letters" series (1883), his *Bewick and his Pupils* (1884), his *Richard Steele* in the "English Worthies" series (1885), his *Goldsmith* in the "Great Writers" series (1888), and his *Horace Walpole* (1890 and 1893). That he is the author of the *Civil Service Handbook of English Literature* (1874 and 1880, and recently brought down to date by Prof. Griffin) is not, even now, at all universally known; and yet how many students have found it of great service to them. Further—apart from the works he has edited and annotated—Mr. Dobson has helped to popularize literary and pictorial art by the introductions he has penned for works by Addison, Jane Austen, Beaumarais, Boswell, Defoe, Fielding, Gay, Goldsmith, Herrick, Hood, Prior, Charles Reade, and Steele, Bewick, Albert Durer and Holbein."

In some remarks in "Longman's"

based in part upon Mr. Sidney Low's suggestion, in the article on "The Plethora of Poets" recently printed in this magazine, that music has eclipsed poetry, Mr. Andrew Lang discusses the question why so much poetry is written nowadays and why so little of it is read. He says:

But music has always been more popular than poetry, ever since English verse and English music were divorced. Words for songs now are trash, or in foreign tongues, or are so sung that you no more hear the sense of them than you pick up the meaning of Latin prayers when chanted. Moreover, music and poetry are as antagonistic as mathematics or science and the classics. There are, indeed, "double firsts," happy people who can take pleasure both in music and poetry. Mr. Browning was one; Mr. Bridges is another. But, as a rule, poets and lovers of poetry rather hate music than otherwise, and lovers of music are indifferent to poetry. "Music is the most expensive of noises," said Theophile Gautier; Dr. Johnson could not abide it; Scott liked a "ill," ar oratorio would have sent him to sleep; and though Shelley wrote charmingly about music, he had no turn for that art. The people to whom scientific music appeals vastly exceed in number those who care for verse. They pay for seats at concerts; they grudge the same price for a book of the verse of to-day. There is no competition in their minds. They want music; poetry, of to-day, they do not want, except that of Mr. Phillips and Mr. Kipling. We pipe unto them (not that I personally pipe any longer), but they do not pay for our sweet pipings. Why not? Because, I fear, the piping is not good enough! Even if it were good, not many people care for poetry; if they do care, they have an inexhaustible body of the poetry of the past.

"Dead men outsing and outlove us."
That is truth.

Referring to the close of the bookselling season in the London auction rooms, the London Times gives the fol-

lowing interesting details concerning the origin and growth of the auction system of selling books:

Last year, ten libraries alone produced an aggregate of 12,441 lots, yielding £85,008, or more than £6 15s. per lot. The custom of selling books by auction in England dates as far back as the seventeenth century. According to Dibdin, the bibliographer (1776-1847), the first sale took place in 1676, when Cooper, the bookseller, issued his catalogue to make sale of books by way of auction, or who will give most for them; with the following preface:—"Reader, it has not been usual here in England but it having been practised in other countries, to the great advantage of both buyers and sellers, it was therefore conceived (for the encouragement of learning) to publish the sale of those books in this manner of way." The honor of introducing the custom appears to belong to an English Nonconformist minister in Holland named Joseph Hill, as a letter (now preserved in the British Museum) addressed to him on June 25, 1697, by David Millington, the leading bookseller of his time, expressly thanks him for the "great service done to learning and learned men in your first advising and setting on foot the admirable and universally approved way of selling of libraries by auction amongst us." The first library to be sold was that of Dr. Lazarus Seaman, who had been Master of Peterhouse and Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University. His books, to the number of between five and six thousand, realized about £700. The result was considered satisfactory. By 1678 the number of auction sales during the year had increased to six. It is interesting to note that among the lots then sold were the second and third folios of Shakespeare, which were knocked down for 16s. and £1 8s. 6d. respectively. Last year two good copies of these folios produced respectively £136 and £385. In 1678 also the 1598 Chaucer was bought for 4s. 6d., while three Caxtons, "The Book of the Knight of the Tower," "Boethius de Consolatione," and "Æsop's Fables," went for a paltry 7s. 10d. By that time the book auction had become so firmly established that nearly sixty sales took place within the next five years.

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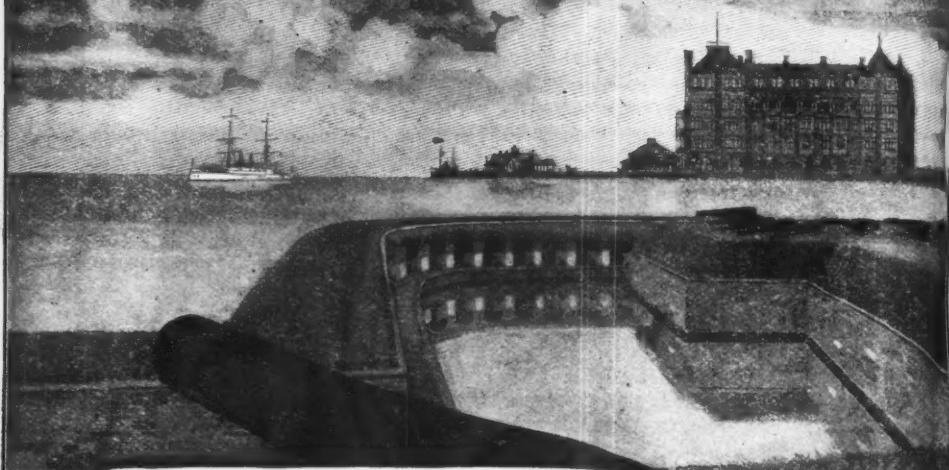
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